

Marcel Ray Duriez

Falling

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166,380 words

Romantic suspense

(Yes, this is a planned series with the same cast, and protagonist “Nevaeh” running throughout the story.)

Thus, far you have books:

1. Moonlight
2. Nevaeh
3. Falling

Interval: 1

Falling to You

‘A BOOK OF WHAT NOT TO DO- as a teen girl. This book shows the life of a girl and how she will be remembered- and what you may say is- wow- yet this was her life, online- and at home- and most importantly at school! Is it all about being the cool girl? With that cute boy and that girl- if you are like me- you cannot make up your mind- on what was wrong or right or was right or wrong at the time.’

Preface:

I have been told by many that their life is wonderful, that life’s a game, but it is not fair, I break the rules, so I do not care! That it is thrilling to be part of the freaking world of butt holes. I got news for you; I wanted all that. I have been taught,

that dying you understand something clearly at last too, along with the flashing by of your stupid pathetic life.

Yet at least I had a stupid pathetic life. Just like my great-grandma Nevaeh Natalie, grandmother Jaylynn, and my freaked-up Mother Kristen, oh, and my dad, and mom said- 'she was born on May 12, 2001.'

She had me later in life to another freakier she is even more freaked up than my step-monster, after Brandon my real dad passed from something that I cannot protonate, I do not want to talk about it- finding out how she left him, for someone else other than him, which she said she would happen or never-ever do. He ended it... Besides, that was it... I am not saying more; I do not want to... I do not freaking have to. Freak that crap in the butt! Yet sometimes, I feel like such a steep child, yet in a way that is just what I am. However, my daddy loves me anyway, yet my little sis is their biological child.

I was adopted before they realized that freaking one another in the old-school hallways would not work for them, anyway, it would not be long until she gets pregnant, with my pain in the butt sister Kellie. When she dropped out.

I never really knew my real dad; my dad was always the one that was everything to me. Yet my mom is the monster, and I the mutant, (E-ugh! She said- 'When she saw me as a baby girl in the nursery.') However, she felt that way about me since day one, and I feel the same, damn- yes, the same way the same damn way. It was a new day... that fell to me... to me if you think about it; I have always been falling.

Honestly, I thought that someday, 'I would do wonder and crap cucumbers.' Never truly pondering my last moments on this gray-green dying plant we call earth. Looking over those visions from my past, my mind seems dreadful, nasty, and bleak. Just plan sadly really.

Lonely in my memories, I felt that if not all things would have improved if it were just covered up, covered over, and forgotten about completely in sixth grade. A failure to recall if you do well. That would be awesome.

It was the time of the change... no longer a little one, the time when, I was starting to see things happening to me that I did not want to see. Like- passion pink braces on my unperfected overbite teeth along with 'Pimples, periods, hips, and boobs- oh my... I just want to cry or die.'

Moreover, I was utterly feeling all kinds of things that I did not want to feel. I was feeling too old for toys and wanted to feel up one of the older boys. I was an 8th grader, yes, I was at that stage of my life... it feels strangely good and yet very weird too. 'Oh yes- Live's through middle school all over again.' All the days off. All the days on... all the days- I was turned off, to all of them.

And yes, every day, I was turned on!

Yet really can anyone stand to relive that day... I mean really! Let us not forget I had to spend time with the family, on the breaks, then to come home and do all the pointless homework like advanced mathematics. When I got most of that crap done sitting in long study halls not able to move or say a sound, with period cramps, yeah- I know fun right!

Kissing with open mouths, like breath sucking and tugs brushing Frenching.

As well as thinking about what boy, I want to have sizzling, exhilarating, desiring sex with is all I thought about! Plus- when, where, and how! Yes, I have had some bad kisses, make-outs, and hookups... who has not? So much so, I barely survived through them the primary time it happened. Just like

the world keeps going around, this was not my first go-around either.

Frankly, I thought I would not have minded living through all that again. What I thought were the ultimate times of all. Like the time I made out with a girl in the hallway slammed upon her locker, she was touching me in all the right places, let us just say. Anyways her name is Jenny Stevenson. She is the type of girl that is a friend to try things with. Yes, I have been with a girl too. Mostly, I just wanted to see what being in a lesbian world feels like. It was okay, it feels just as good. Though, I knew boys were my thing. However, I am the type, I will try anything once, even sex-wise!

Though I thought, my paramount triumphs were with Ray Raymond, and like when we first hooked up underneath the football stadium bleachers. I knew everyone could see us doing it with his pants down, and my bare butt sticking out and up, as the game was going on. Still, we were in the moment, we did not care.

The PDA was half the fun of doing it, it was all about getting some.

I remember being wasted too, with my friends like Jenny, Kenneth, and Madeline. Yet we just called her Maddie. Like- I said we got so drunk and high, that we went skinny dipping in like old man's pool weather thirdly two degrees, and then made messed up looking snowman, and running around the street ass naked flashing whomever we would get to look at us.

Naturally, we even made snow angels in the backyard as we stumbled around and passed out. No one cared what we did really, thus far that was the fun of it all. Oh, and Kenneth was just the boy that only wanted one thing from Jenny.

He had no personality to speak of... he would hit on me all the time, and sometimes he would get it from me too, or I would be out of the group by her if he said I was the one that wanted it from him.

We could break windows of old buildings and homes, and who would stop us? Sure, we got chased by the police officers, yet that was the fun of it too. There is nothing else for us to do. I remember Maddie leaving her handprints in the wet mud, Jenny her butt, and some of her lady-ness, when the town thought it was time for new sidewalks. Yet we all did, something that would last forever, we thought. Maddie drew a few other things too. You can get the picture! All inappropriate... all there for life.

She was simply crazy like that, like squatting down pissing, and doing number two in the old man Jackups yard. She has more balls than most guys... I knew. Old man Jackups called us, 'Mindless slutty hooligans' So that was payback. At the time- I thought like what is wrong with that, we are just having some fun here... your old windbag, like go and sit on your cane! You know what I mean... I think?

I remember being so smashed at my sweet sixteen too, that I do not even remember it. Yet that is what having an enjoyable time was all about, so they say. Bumping and grinding on all the boys with loud music. And as the twinkling lights shine on your skin, that lights the way up to your bedroom.

You know that your puffy dress is going to be pushed up a couple of times on that night. I just do not remember how many times it was, and I did not remember who it was with, I am not even sure if I know them at all... all of them or not. All I know is I did it all and was happy to do whatever they asked me to do. But- but I thought I was having the time of my life. I was the birthday girl that had the rosiest pink lipstick on most boys

at the party. I thought it was such a horror. In my mind at the time, I thought that I high jacked the rainbow, and crashed into a pot of gold! All the girls my age did it, yet I was the best at it!

I recall the time Liv and I went trick or treating. I was dressed as Hermione from the Harry Potter movies. Liv was a sexy witch! With the pointed hat. So, original...! That is what I told her. That was the night we scared the pants off Ray in the not-so-scary haunted house. And before you ask, he was dressed as Harry. So, I wanted to play with his wand, that is why I dressed the way I did at the time. Liv was one of those good friends... I thought, which would tell everyone what you all did the day after, to all the girls at the lunch table.

She can text faster than anyone I know. Anyways... we jumped out at him, and he nearly craps his nicely pressed pants. I am sure there was a skid mark on his tighty- whities or something. Yet he did yack on Liv's chest, and that was hilarious to me. She was dancing around and flapping her hands while doing the funky chicken while yelling, 'Ou- ou- ou- wah!' As I dribble over in lather, it was funnier when it does not happen to you too many times.

I- Karly takes their fingers in me when I masturbate, just thought you would like to know.

Jenny and boy, we-we's she takes them all, sometimes she has two going in the same whole, two boys in there rubbing their crap seem guy to me even if it is three-way.

Maybe... all of this is not what I wanted to be remembered for. I guess what I am saying is, I wanted to be remembered for how I have- 'Fallen to You!'

However, before I died... I did think of Ray, or anyone- or another boy. No one is other than my selfish self. The clueless girl I was, living for the now, and not the happily ever

after! Hell no...! I did not think about that. I did not think about all the dangerous, shocking, and even offensive things I have done with my friends. I did not even think about my family, like if they would even care about me being or not being around. Nope, I was too busy sucking off chill dogs and running around silly doing honorable things.

I did not even think about my adorable girly bedroom, and how the sun shined silky waves of light, in the window. Besides, how it woke me up as my days started. I did not think about the soft and cozy things in that room either, or the selfie photograph of me, and Ray kissing sitting on my night table. I did not think about how you can smell the rain rolling in on a spring day, as the window was open, or feel the chill in the air as I stood by it in the middle of December.

'Oh, let the sun beat down on my face, and let the sounds caress my ears, I have been blind!' I do not think about all the smells and feelings of food and family coming from down the steps or in the home at all. I completely ignored everything and it all just to be the cool girl.

Instead, I thought of Jenny and Maddie back in the third grade and how we used to play kickball and missed in our gym class. I also thought about that girl that no one liked too that no one wanted on the team including me.

Her name was Madilyn, I remember this because I was the last one to pick, and she looked so sad, and I did not say anything as she sat crying in the grass picking yellow dandelions for the whole class. I was such an ass for my friends. Guilt gets you at some point. I member how they and I said she was too weird and disgusting to play with us, and that she could not see what she was doing, because of her blue-eyed four- eyes.

Meaning her glass on the fragile flushed face. I got to be friends with these girls because they were what I wanted to be.

I was not always friends with them I remember from second grade and back. Yes, I was just like her before, I joined their team. I would have done anything to be one of them, which is what I did.

'Look at the little freak over there sitting' Jenny said, and we all giggled.

'Let's kick our balls in her face, so she runs off crying for her mommy again like before.' And that is what we all did; the goal was to break the glass in her face.

'Like she is not even going to try to move, said Maddie.' BAM smack one! BAM smack two...! Me- direct hit- BAM! Furthermore, she goes running away just the way we wanted! Jenny always found a way of making us snicker at the dumbest crap, like that. I- we- never forget that girl's face! Red with pain, and dripping with her tears, dandelions in hand that she picked for us. Just so, we would like her! That all faded away from me. Just like the furry white ball of seeds that blows away as she rains inside.

I cannot believe that is what I remembered!

This was more my beforehand death instant when I was theoretic Madilyn meant to be having vast revelation about my past. My moment froze like in time to the recollections of the slight of nail polish, and the squeak of my white dollar store flats as I walked on the waxed high school floor. The tightness of my skinny blue jeans, with one of my lacey junior's nine-dollar Walmart thongs. The smell of my wild cherry blossom shampoo and let us not forget the laughing chatter in the resonating cafeteria of about sixty other teenagers.

Oh...! Yes! Moreover, Jenny's face was all up in mine.

The odd thing is that I have not thought about that like what seemed to eternity ago. It was one of those reminiscences I did not even know I kept. Like lost in my brain somewhere... If you know what I am saying.

It is not like Madilyn was disturbed or devastated by anything like that. That is just the kind of thing that kids due to girls like her, and what kids do to one another.

Like they are just asking for it! However, come to think of it, no one wants that. It is no big deal, it is not.

Like there is always going to be that girl laughing and picking on other girls. Crap that happens every single day, walking the halls of the schools or just sitting in class, which is just the life of every teenage girl in the United States of

America- damn... it happens in other countries too for all I know. That is what life's all about laughing at what is less than you.

Additionally, I feel better because of it.

Madilyn was not stupid, she was just a little sightless, and by the time she went to high school, she lost the glass and was not a bad-looking girl at all, just shy. She was always tiny; at that time, she had boobs and hips that would not quit. Yet she was still the one that got picked on. I do not think I had ever said more than two words to her.

Though Maddie was hushed friends with her just, so she could get her homework done. Madilyn was the smarty-pants in our grade. Likewise, she was on softball time too, with us yet she sits alone most of the time. Yet she did not seem too minded.

One time, during our first-year student, it came to one of the big parties and said that she was a virgin and did not

drink. We all laughed at her. I remember Jenny- saying get down on your knees girl and see what it is like. And she did, and I got it all on my phone and posted it on my web page.

Then Maddie said to me, "we need to get that girl popped." Therefore, I found her a random scuzzy guy to do her. I had to yet I do not know why, but I feel as if that was so wrong now, yet I did it for my friends at the time. It was no different than what I went through really. If you were not given it all away by the time you were in training bars then there was something majorly wrong with you, or so the boys and some girls thought. I was the one that had her purity taken away, to some twenty-five-year-old loser. Like she was only fourteen! But like I said... I was a lot younger my first time, so maybe that makes it okay. What do you think?

I remember Madilyn doing the walk of shame, we all went there. Yet like I said that was the fun of it, seeing all that taking place in front of everyone at the party. I am not going to go into detail, but you can see that she was ridden hard and put away wet.

We all laughed at her after the fact because she said it hurt and did not know what all that 'stuff' as she called it... was all over her face and body. 'What do you think it is?' said Jenny. 'I- I DON'T know,' said Madilyn downright freaked out. Just so, you know I am not saying this to be gross or anything like that... No! This crap is what happens to us pre-teens and teens, I was one of them. Yet will I always be remembered for being one of them, just like that I am afraid so, I am afraid to live it all over?

That was just one of many weird things we have done.

Even weirder to me than that, was the fact that we all talked about- like how it would be for one of us to die... if we would. Sex, drinking, and death were the main topics most nights. Yet that nightfall I do not remember how it came up in

the conversations, other than Kenneth complaining that I got to sit in the front seat- aka ‘shotgun’ with Jenny after the party I was where he thought he should be, and you know that wearing a seatbelt is for pussies.

I do remember us talking about what a bucket let would be, yet to me, I thought mine was almost complete. The rap music was so loud that we were yelling at one other just to overhear. Jenny kept going through her I-phone to change the song and text her other friends and boys, her phone was in her right hand in her lap. One reason I sat there is that- I was the one that was meant to pick up the music so she could drive. I remember hearing the lyric- ‘To the window to the walls...’ the song was ‘Get

Low!’

However, Jenny was so high, and Maddie was singing in the back to the words making her hands go in-between the front seats, and that was comical because she is as white as they come. I remember that is when we started shouting our theory on death and the afterlife, or if there is one. I thought there was... yet I was not sure. We were all gathering what those would be.

Jenny was bitching about how it could be and going to be, in the ground, and like her beautiful body is going to be eaten away overtime in her sealed casket. That made my skin crawl.

We were all like you are going to die you are not going to feel anything dumb ass. Then Maddie said my dying wish is to hook up with Lizzy, Sam, and others all at the same time and never stop.

Hey, why not they were both very sexy hot girls. I could see that fantasy of doing it until death. I was a little pissed that I

was not one of the girls in that scenario, but it is her death wish not mine. Yet this is surprising to me because Maddie was never that way at all. Like she has a boyfriend of two years. However, their love life was always on again and off again. The makeup hookups are all that kept them together... I think...?

(#- Hashtag: Wcw- Women crush Wednesday)

Jenny was gaping down yet another whole can of bud light, as Kenneth was puffing on one of his homemade joints. I had to roll the SUV window down a crack just to catch my breath. The freezing rain was pelting the windshield; the wipers could not even keep up to brush it off. The trees were rushing and swaying in the ghostly breeze showing up in the light cast of the headlights of our SUV, as we are doing at least ninety-five down the small, dark ruff, and narrow road.

Yes, the slush was coming in on me and getting me cold and wet.

Then Kenneth grabbed Jenny's phone from her lap and changed the song to 'Hero' by Enrique Iglesias just to piss Maddie off because that is her and her boyfriend's song. That is when she started to cry and said he broke up last Friday via text, he knew about it before I did. Yet no one likes getting dumped, so I forgave her for not saying anything.

Tom was a drippy twerp what can I say. I was only with him once that I remembered. At that sometime ken in the back was slumped forward in between me and Jenny, when he graded Jenny's phone... Manly, so he could also touch jenny's lady business in between her inner thighs. I could see it all as he moved her skirt up and undershorts off to one side, and he was rubbing it up if you know what I am saying.

Anyways that made her- jump!

Then scrum plus freaking shriek in my ear! I grabbed the steering wheel to get the SUV back in our lane, as Ken's mouth dropped open and his smoking joint fell in between my boobs as the SUV rocked, and it was burning hot in my bra cleavage.

Around that time, Maddie elbowed me in the one eye trying to get my clasp undone to get it out. The joint then fell in between my legs and was burning my set yet I did not know. Yes, so then Jenny was b*tching and about that too, saying you cannot trash my car. Like she did not care that it was burning my sensitive skin. I was cushioning her to... as well saying it a good thing I shaved today! Well, I was trying to brush all the embers off the seat, and me.

As all this was taking place the tires of the SUV were skidding and slipping on the frozen slash a little. Then just like that, there was a flash of white in my eyes. Jenny was yelling something- words I could not make out.

Son- of a- Sh- sh- hit, oh my-y goo- that is all I heard.

That is when I knew that the SUV was wrapped around a tree it hit the passenger side front door. It hit so hard that it bonded off the then and then rolled onto its roof. We skidded to the other side of the road next to the woodlands that were on that side. The last thing I heard, other than screeching Jenny's big mouth, was the sounds squealing of the metal of my door, glass, airbag exploding, popping, and crunching into me. The SUV folded in on me like a pretzel, and caught fire, mainly because of the gas leaking out and maybe that one joint that fell to the floor.

As I said, that is when Maggie's little faces flash out of the past into my view. It is like I could hear her from the past, her giggling echoing her crying too. It was all spinning around me dragging out into a screaming yell. Then nothing- nothing at

all but silences! Like what gets me, if you do not get to know, it is not as if you wake up with cramps and go on with your day.

No, you do not remember to tell the boy you like that you think you are falling in love with him. You do not remember to say goodbye to your parents, or that you readily do love them even though you do not show it. In my case, I did not remember to say anything annoying at all to them that day. That was not nice, and what I was made about with them was so minor compared to not saying goodbye.

If you are anything like I am, you wake up and do what you need to do in bed and leave it a tangled mess. Then jump in the shower and scrub it up. Hop out wet to air dry while dancing around naked as you look in the mirror glass to get all partied up, and then just like that five minute and ten seconds later. Your child is at the crab going Beep-beep to pick you up, you rush out the get into the car, and speed so you are not both too late. You are not worried about seeing your mom and dad as a teenager.

If you think at all like me, you think... I am young, I am not going to die. You are more concerned about what boy you want to kiss if he misses you when your dating anniversary is coming up, if you are going to get a flower on Valentine's Day and what color it is, and if you are going to be in his arms in the halls at some point in the school day.

Too busy with that stuff like your clothing, brushing your long hair and teeth. Plus, make sure that you put your make-up and other things in your handbag, so you can make the final changes in the homeroom and the girls' bathroom. Said to say that the time I was supposed to be praying to God at that moment before the bell, I was not caring about anyone but myself and my wants and needs. So, if you are just like me then your failure day on this plant goes something like this:

Chapter: 1

Beep, Beep, Buzz, Buzz

My day begins with Jenny aka (Jenna) Talya- laying on the horn in her black 2003 ford focus with the paint peeling on the hood. And reading a text from my bestie Jenny saying- ‘Don’t forget b*tches, it’s love-o-grams day!’

My mom yells out the door every day not to do that, yet it goes in one ear and out the other with Jenny. Jenny does what Jenny wants to do. Yet that horn has a way of like going through you... you know. Especially at five- fifty-five every single morning.

‘Hurry the hell up, I am not getting any younger over here!’ She yells out the window of the SUV. And my mom yells about that too, ‘stop cursing!’ Then I say something like ‘Keep your pants on... I am coming! I am ‘Cumming!’’ As the nosy neighbor lady peps- out one of the slats of their window blind at us. It always is I am running to get where I am going, even from house door to car door. Most of the time passing up that one book up on the floor, which you need for class on the way out without thinking, in such a rush. I did not even put on Ray's varsity athlete jacket he gave me to wear, I balled it up in my arms. Just like my purse and backpack zippers were open, that was just a horn in my one right shoulder.

Right before that my darling pain in the ass little sister Kellie, who is ten years old. She grabs one of my bookable handles and tugs me back off my footing. WHAT- is it! I spun around looking like a demon child just snarling at her. She said crying. I just wanted to hug you, Karly. And I said- forget it... I am late now, and cannot you see I am texting my ‘BF! - Boyfriend’ So stop wasting my time little girl.

(No- I know I am not a genuinely nice person. I know that now! Yet I did think! I thought I was going to see her letter that night. I would give anything to have gone back and hugged her that last time... that day.) I was always too busy to spend any time with her.

As a teen girl, like I said. My time was mostly spent on boys- well mostly Ray, talking and getting together, and partying to be popular. I thought that was what living a good life was all about. It is just as if she always picked the worst times to try to bother me. Um- I am not perfect, and there is only a lot of time in the day to play, and she wanted to play all the time.

Though, I can see her turning into a little me. I was the one she looked up to. Mom was certainly trying to get her some help for her impulsiveness; we all think she has ADHD (Attention Deficit Hyperactivity Disorder) or something for how clinging she is. She is mom and dad's favorite though girl is not what I would call under-loved that is for sure. Yet mom and dad do not see anything wrong with her having all that energy, and to be like running around, sucking down the soda, and cramming down the junk food. She is picked on to like me; I was before I fell into Jenny's hands of friends. I hope she can do the same. All at the same time I hope she does not, I do not want to see her fall into the wrong as I did.

I want to see her fall for a nice, sweet boy someday that she loves. Not give it all away like- it did, just so I would not get teased about it. I guess the apple does not fall far from the tree though, she takes after me! In like every way. She is just like me! I have always fallen for the wrong people too and stumbled on the ones that loved me... like Ray.

Love is complex, something that I guess I will never understand; I think... I have fallen in love with him. Until now I

held out another day to tell him how I feel. That I must mean it when I am fallen. (Little did

I no... he would never truly know.)

~*~

My little sis is always touching my stuff like my make-up and trying on my sexy short dress, short shorts, bras, and thongs. I must just pat her on the head and say what did I told you about going through my thing. She is giggling- I am not too. Yes! That is right... so do not do it again- I say. (Ugh how would you like your sis putting your underwire and stuff like that on?) She thinks it is okay to run around in the house in just underwire bottoms and less mom and dad say that okay, it is cute she is only seven. Yet if I would try that- oh my... the only place I can do that, is in my room.

Little sis is always asking a personal question too. Like why you have this and that and I do not on my body, or can you teach me to do what you are doing- please sis. Because she is always busting in on me when I am on my bed.

Like hello- embarrassing! Yet she still witches me even if I grunt out to leave. I have no privacy at all. She always jumps up on the bed with me and must ask a lot of questions.

'What yah doing- Karly?' Um- what do you think? 'I don't know... like- what's that purple thing you're using that's humming?' Oh, my God- Just go! 'Can I try?' No- get! 'I want to see and try...!' Not now!

And she runs out of the room crying saying to mom- 'Karly won't share with me!' And mom yells out 'Be nice to your sis and share.' Mom just does not get it, I do not say anything back, as sis comes busting back in my room, all happy to learn

how to ‘share’ as she calls it with me. So-o yah my sis started to finger her vagina when she was 3 and was Cumming.

(Awaked! If there is a hell, I am proudly going there to teach my sweet little seven-year-old sister how to do that, use my old transparent glass dildo with the cute pink-sh hearts on it, to cummie 7 times a day, like me. I thought she could get one and the glass can wash clean, it is hers. Yet mom did say to share, so I did- and we do now, together!) My sister giggled like a dork and spoke. This is so awesome, we love to masturbate together, time shared. The most fun I have ever had with you Karly; she said for the first time. Yeah- well do not tell mom or dad! -I said. ‘Okay, Karly!’ - She said.

Though, she giggles all the time, but never quite like that.

(#- Hashtag: Is that weird, playing with the kitty, and sis)

Okay, TMI- Too Much Information! By the time, I did not even make it out of the house as you can see, there was not much time at all as always. And round that time Jenny is yelling out her Ford window at me and my mom. ‘How the freak is it hugging today, Miss. B?’ And my sister has that gleam in her eyes... like- I have a secret. (What a way to start my day. With all that pulsating around in my head.) Jenny and Maddie Jobs have their cars.

Me, I can only hope for one, I have made it clear to mom that I am not riding the bus with the creepy pre-teens to school, that is the most swagger-less thing you can do. The same can be said for getting dropped off, however, I am guilty of that one from time to time. I just want a car that runs. Maddie slammed to the ground a blue and black Honda with a bumming rattling base, and a fart can muffler. You can hear that car long before you can see it, and when you do see it, you know it is her!

Loving people, you do not realize, just how deadly that type of loving bond is. It is like a disease that sucks down on you harder than any person can! At least that is the way it was with me. I have loved for all the wrong reasons, with all the wrong ones... they were slowly sucking the life out of me, and I was happy to give it all to them. They are what killed me. (They did not pull the trigger; however, they did drive me into the side of a tree!)

I was killing myself for them anyway. Yet I always thought real love is even more dangerous because I have never had it... yet I was so close to having it with Ray. That is why I never said anything to him. I loved my friends more than anything, yet did they love me? I was constantly grading what I was feeling.

How I wanted to be, all because of them, and only them... my friends. (Come to think about it now, like if they were my friends, they would not be carried, or haven't been envied of whom I want in my life or not.)

(#- Hashtag: my life, I am a dumb ass, and ruthless friends kill.)

Speaking of cars, sometimes I get to borrow my dad's red 4-Runner if necessary. But most of the time he needs it for work, so that is like never. Ken drives a gray pimped out Dodge Cummins diesel truck, which his daddy bought for him that he was all jacked up. And poor Madilyn must drive her mom's old, sad, and pathetic looking 1985 Toyota Tercel. I do not even know what color that thing is... rust- maybe. Crap, they do not even make that anymore, that thing hardly wants to go in the wintry weather.

As of now, the air is always cold around here at the start of the fall. Yet the sky shines that orange cast on the changing leaves, which feels, so picture-perfect, the blue-gray October

sky. The warmth of the sun is there; I can feel it rising on my face as I walk into the school. Yet, not as strong as it was in my bikini-ready body in the summer, as I laid out, at the beach with my friends.

The sun in fall is a week like me, fallen to the mercy of the horizon line... just burnt out from all the changing sessions, which it had to indoor that year.

So, for my last day as you know- it looked like it was going to storm cats and dogs. It was going to gush thicker, slippery wetness than me and my sis did when we were sharing. I had to say that. Anyways the sky was sinfully looking back and stayed evil black and deathly milky foggy. The sun did not shine.

It was not one of those nice-looking days, it looked like hell was coming!

‘Oh!’

Speaking of cats and dogs... why is it mine to look at me, and start licking me and sis’s toes from the bottom of the bed? That is so strange! I thought it would start dumping down after we go to school. Mother Nature has a mind of her own, she did not have her crap together this morning. As far as the local news goes... who has the time to look at the television at that time, and the severe storms that they forecast are never as harsh as they say they are going to be.

I bounded into the passenger bucket seat. Jenny is puffing on one of many Marlboro Lights, surprising today she was not vaping Marry-Jan with it too. I stopped smoking after I heard it makes your hoo-ha taste bad...! TMI, sorry- but it does! I was never one for smoking that crap, I did it for my friends. Plus, unlike Jenny, I did not want to die of any type of cancer. Pulls being stoned in schools... ha now that too funny, it is like

being in one of those whacked-out dreams with the melting clocks, it is like I can hear a pin drop.

So, paranoid, and so freaking hungry. Hell No- I would not recommend trying it- do not do it!

(If you want to be cool to get a job and a life, you cannot be stoned all the time... that is why you feel so alone and well fat.) Yaw knows- I think I have ADHD too. I cannot seem to stay on topic! Just like I say to my teachers along with all my friends that we all suffer from Tourette's syndrome for all the F-bombs and other profanities worlds, and free birds we drop-in class. Oh- oh, I remember this one time my teacher Miss. Riley said that finger should be used in public, and we all busted out giggling, And Liv said- I am using that finger right now, is that okay!

(#- Hashtag: Blowing smoke, day by day, and throwback Thursday)

Okay so, back in Jenny's car on that last day. She gives me the once over from top to bottom. Not bad- she said. Then Jenny lifted the fabric of my skirt and smacked my butt so hard and snapped the pink string of my thong and said love that flirty short skirt. I said- Not so ruff... I am rubbed raw right now! She said- oh! Though it needs to be rolled up a little higher on your hip's girl. She pulled it up for me! Show them their legs off.

I sat down with me behind red and numb, as we spun-out of my street...! I was thinking to myself... I am showing more than just my legs, more like rosy cheeks too. Yet that is how I am going to school. Jenny was always saying I was not slutty enough. I am not as free to show off all the goods as she is. Oh, I told her about my weird morning. So not a clever idea! She was like- 'for-reals' that is humorous, you unfortunate thing! You just wanted to get off, and you had to help her get in.

I- cannot- believe- it! I can wait to tell the girls that one...! How do you get yourself into those things, she said? I was mortified! I knew I was not going to be eating lunch at school. Um- My mom I said, and she giggled even harder and rolled her big sparkly eyes.

Note to self: Something is I should learn to keep to myself only! I was never going to live that one down! On the drive:

She said- 'Want to hit McDonald's?'

'What do you want,' Jenny asked me?

'I want a McGriddle and a hot- chocolate.'

Jenny- 'I will have an Mc-muff-in... And an old lady's coffee! she said!' Sarcasm- I was thinking awesome! Just what she needs!

They do not know how old you are when ordering at the drive-thru. So, you can get a small drink for fifty-five cents. The look on their faces is priceless when you bag and go! You know if I knew that was going to be my last meal, I would have gotten something else! Oh, I said I liked her skirt too, that I would have to borrow it sometime. She said- Okay... but you are going to look cuter than me in it!

(Looking back- I did not seem like just how jealous she was of me. I was a good girl going bad. What she and my friends made me become.)

I looked up at her and batted my eyes at her sweetly and said thank you sheepishly. She was a good friend. Still, I always felt so uneasy with her so close to me, yet I did trust her with my life. There is only one week out of the whole school year Liv, Jenny, Maddie, and I dress the same, and that is spirit week. Like PJ's day, clash day, twin day, custom day, and school

colors day as we call it boyfriend's jersey day. I was going to be wearing number 14.

I always- loved wearing his jersey. The scent and the feel, I felt so cozy in it on football Fridays. I like flannel PJ'S day too you do not have to wear anything underneath and that comfortable. I love these adorable PJ's Ray bought for me the previous Christmas, they are pink, white, and sexy and have a drawstring in the front! Jenny, Liv, and Maddie went to Victoria's Secret and got the same ones so that we all could match. Which is the only time we have ever matched, other than a skirt here and there?

(Yet now my PJs do not feel' so special to me.)

But- you know your boy loves you when he gets you gifts from there, or he will go out and buy you tampons no questions asked! And will hold you in his arms even when you are all b*tch faced and emotional from PMSing.

Oh, let us not forget that, yes, we all match on Friday. All the popular girls have their own guys' jersey also. Liv likes to wear number 19, Jenny 59, and Maddie is sporting number 3. Come to think about it. Maddie distastes pink and Jenny thinks it the only color in the world.

Yeah, I forgot to say our school colors are red and black. It is always so much fun to go to the mall together because Jenny is a girly- girl and Maddie is an active child. It is funny to see what they think is cute or not. The catfights they get into are very amusing! Like Jenny saying that a real girl should not wear all Camo or boy shorts undies and sports bras all the time. It shocked me that Maddie did wear the same PJ's as me.

Like do your things if you want. Just like I like Hollister, and Jenny likes American eagles. Just like liv cannot leave the

freak'n mail till she goes in and sees the old blue truck at Old Navy.

She got her first kiss at nine on the hood along with a few other things.

Though she always said he would be back for her someday. Sweet but unlikely! That where they were supposed to hook up... yet he never did. We all keep saying to her that it was just puppy love. He is not going to be there to wasp you away Liv, and like do it in the bed of the truck or something, get real!

Liv- 'He will! I know he will, I believe!'

Jenny- 'Do you believe in Santa, faith, and not using a condom too, she said.'

We all giggled at Liv as we walked out of the store!

'Yeah, that kind of love only happens in novels, like the Nevaeh books.' We spoke. 'What was that guy's name that wrote those?' Maddie asked. Liv showed us my books as she pulled them out of her oversized handbag. 'How the hell do you say that?' Jenny said. I got Marcel, we have one dork named that in our school. Maddie started to babble- 'Marcel Ray-

Dur-reez, Door-ez, it is Dur-e-a?' Jenny blurted out overtop- 'Diarrhea!'

'WHAT!!!' We all shouted at the same time, looking at her with confusion!

Jenny- 'I don't know!'

Maddie- 'Who cares... the Moovvviieee- not the book is all we care about.'

Liv- 'I guess you're right she pouted, and stomped her feet, holding her books in her hands.'

Me- She has those books with her all the time. Me- Thinking to myself, I wonder if they will make it a movie. I hope so because I am not sure... that I cannot sit my ass through yet another wolf or vampire movie! I will end up strangling Maddie with Jenny's spare pair of undies that she keeps in her purse! Or at least put them in her mouth... so that she will shut up about it! Like her... gag on that crap, bit, and suck down on that, as well as see how those tastes! Girl you are driving me crazy! Yeah- I could see that happening!

So-o, if you have not guessed that was the day, we get outfits for twin day! On twin days we all chose to go with short white miniskirts and brown and pink camo spaghetti strap tanks. OMG- they were so- so very perfect, pretty, and cute! I was content that we finally found something that- we all liked; it only took four hours. I love those times so much when we all mull over every stupid little detail, everything must be exactly right or to us, it is an epic fail!

At my school Clinton High, Jenny has a nickname for it, yet I am not going there, right now! We do not have a snotty preppy uniform; we were what we have. It is just like a slandered crappy public school that is falling apart. The boys have it so easy ripped-up blue jeans, plaid boxers showing, a shabby T-shirt with some dumb saying... Like- I lost my phone number can I have yours. I remember this one-time Adam-James had this squirrel with two nuts on it. And the saying was... You can rub my nuts for luck. No- that is okay... I would rather not! Looking down you will have something like Nike sneakers, nothing too fancy. There is not much of a dress code for them to flow.

We, girls, work so hard to look good, it just does not happen this way! Sometimes- I think Ray is the only one to notice or that appreciates me, yet was he the one that I was falling to? Most of the other boys here do not care what we are wearing just if everyone can come off after school.

I have a choice at the end of the day. Love is love and to me that something I am not sure if I can have with any guy, all I get is a one-night stand, where you wipe your mouth and walk away.

At school, you see this a lot in all the popular boys hooking up with all the girls that they think they can score with, and the loser boys never get any at all from any girls. We girls have standards to whom we sleep- you can understand, can't you? It is like one... two and done!

Yet, I wish it were that easy for me to know my true feelings, with the one I should want. (Perhaps- it would be too hard to fall, or that I am so scared to fall in love and be committed. Perhaps- he would not love me back? Perhaps- my friends would not like me being in a relationship. I do have to think about them and my reputation. Perhaps- I would just be used like I always am or be excluded by everyone.)

It is smart to be the same as the others rather than standing out... you do not want to be that one that gets chosen and nagged about for looking different.

Amusing- we do not have uniforms, yet we cannot be individuals it seems. In school, you also see a lot of hoodies, with the school's name on them with our p*ssycat looking baby jaguar mascot on the front. That is where the joke comes in. We girls blow dry our hair and style it if you are like me with a curling iron, like one out of ten of the boys even comb their hair.

We shave from the neck down! We must squeeze ourselves into skin-tight skinny jeans, which you must lay down to the button. We look good so we get all the right attention, you know it is not easy to make a pink North Face jacket look sexy, yet that is what you see on most of the girls, and they work it because of the time they put in doing their hair and make-up. All these wonderful things we do... yet the whole objective, in the end, is to let some boys miss it up, one way or another.

It is going to happen- Smears- If it is tears, fears, or boys- juices. You are going to end up with all kinds of smears, on the inside and out! Yes, there are smears on your face from boy's things and crying. Smears you are going to have to face because of. Smears that cannot be erased and cannot be changed. All the smears you get from your peers with fears, too... I should know I have lived with all of them. I choose to get smeared by a boy, so I would not get smeared not being popular. Not being approved by the ones that smear, that is the teen seaside.

Like when you cannot hide... I died because- I was smeared in another way. Some smears you should not take to heart, be smarter than I follow your heart. Do not be someone smudge on the side of the road just to wipe away. Be someone's reason to live. I guess- I miss being all girly, I miss that I did realize that he was the only one that counted. The only boy I need to be all girly for! The one that had a tough time, walking away from the crash scene when I died.

I try to be all hardcore, blunt, and not care about ample anarchy. All the same

I- Karly Barnes... I do have feelings. I am just an adolescent girl here nothing more, and I am not trying to be your dirty little slut that yells oh-yeah in your X- rated fantasy

movie, she is not real. I am just a high school girl that is trying to fit in real life. I am not going to forget what you all do to me, just because I must. I never thought to be popular I would have to be just like her, I just wanted to fall in love, and you to fall for me. I just want to carve pumpkins and kiss and cuddle in the fallen leaves, I have confidence that I wanted a real love story! Would I have had it...? What if... and if only... are the questions I appear to have!

Yes, our school has all kinds of clicks, some crazier than others. You have the scammer girls that every time they see a girlfriend or girlie friends, in the hall there obnoxiously yelling. Then there is the one that can keep their hands to themselves the PDA's. We have hipsters, Emos, and dorky geeks that cannot seem to get some.

We have some that never shower, and we have cheerleaders that shake what their momma gave them, and we have stimulating jokes. Then there are the dramas and smarties, which you are only going to see to do the impossible homework that you copy. Most of the time they just Email it to you, the night before.

Everyone, but the complete loser geeks are the only ones in the school that are not on some type of drug. About everyone drinks... I would say. Other the rejected losses that cannot get laid, because they are so freakily weird, awkward, and creepy. You know the type!

Some in-schools have nine or more books, which are getting knocked out of their hands. Then some never carry a book in their life. For some... school is their life, and for some, it is a hell of a death sentence. Some are cheerful, and some are miserable! Emotional states in school all come down to what click you are in... it shows if you want it to or not. Some are in the rush of their life, and others could give a crap walking

around without a care in the world. Some are so jumpy if you say hey, they crap themselves or babble in disbelief.

That reminds me... like me and the girls sometimes just for amusement we will go and pick out some loser virgin boy and say hey there- you like me. Do you want me? The way he acts is priceless, it is sweet yet pathetic how they are around me and my girls. I am not trying to be conceited, but I am the type of girl they want! That they can never have! So, we tease them with that fact. They have even drooled over me and my girl in the click I am in. Oh, sometimes they even must cover themselves in front of their books, when I lightly brush up against them.

All I must do is talk softly in their ear with a sensual bowing breath! And they are all hot for me! It is like all they must do is just think about me, and I know they must run to the bathroom. Oh, harmless fun! I am beautiful, and I know it.

Conversely, I feel ugly on the inside. I knew what I was doing was hurtful, I was there when I was little.

Yet, I did it to get a giggle and approval from my clique of girlfriends. Plus, it makes our boys so jealous when we look at other boys regardless of how dorky and shy, they are. Sometimes I look into their love-sick eyes, and then kiss them on the cheek, just so they have something to feel okay about. I try to be sweet. I am not a mean person, really- I am not! (Every boy should get a kiss, even if it is just a peck on the left check from a pretty girl. The other girls do not do that or think that... they are heartless.)

Those are the types of boys that we will treat you right, I think... because, they have never had any, and once they get it from you, they will never want to let you go, they will do anything to keep your love. They would love to love you only if

you love them back. It is said that most of us girls do not want that.

That is too easy and clingy and would hurt our reputation. Anyways because of being stressed out, I started to drink when I was about twelve at parties, about the same time I started rubbing off the older popular boys that do not even remember my name. That is how most girls I know started too. You feel around and go from there. Yet do they care about you... or just the high they get? I do not know that... but I do know that I drink too much, however at least- I pass out.

Just like there are some photos from my past that I wish I had, and there is one that I was never tagged in. Like I wish I had more pictures of me with the band kids and those types, and all the other ones out of my senseless click.

Yes, some even with the drum major too would have been incredible. She was a friend I left behind way back in the younger grades, the one that got away, I never felt like I was part of the band because of whom I was friends. I could have done without all those unfulfilled flashbacks. I could have done without all the one with my tongue hanging out, and held red plastic cups all silly, or the sexy boobs shot, swimsuit shot, duckfaces, and peace signs.

But I can get back what I never- ever had, and to me, that is just incredibly sad. The saddest memories of all are the ones that were never made.

(These are the photos in memory of me on Facebook. You can put wings on me, but I was no angel.)

I do not mind what they do in my memory. Ha, it is not like I did not have friends drawing a penis on my face when I was alive.

I- Maddie and the girls always planned to rent a small house together in

Pittsburgh. Maddie and I were going to share a bedroom and a bed. And Jenny and Liv were going to have the other one. So, if we want to have boys over, we could.

We could do what we wanted, that was the plan. Just like when we graduated that night, we all planned to get forever anchors tattoos, plus getting three more parsing that we could have before, I have my ears and belly button and the tongue is done, my mom was okay with that... dad not so much... yet he got over it. He always said that he did not understand why a party girl like me- would want to do that. I would say to be a cool daddy.

Thus far there were some other types, which I and the girl wanted to have, that mom or daddy will never know about. Jenny said that any girl that wants to be a good lover must have them.

She called the one the hood emblem, I am not sure about that one. But if she thinks so... then it is a must-do! We could not weigh to be on our own. Like we would not have our little siblings come in on us either, and even so... with us girls, if we wanted to do anything at any time, we are just that close that we do care what we see or hear. Like we have all been there together bent over bare in a row at some point at a party anyways, like with the same boys at the same time. We all know each other well, you could say.

So, we know that we could live together.

(Showtime, it happens every night with me if I can, it is a blue kind of night, spin the wheel, and I do what you want if you are a top guy.)

The show- Though there was that one time that Maddie and I did run away for two weeks to ocean city we had more boys that night than ever before. That was how we got a room at night to say like we did have any money. I planned to drop out of school anyway, and I did, till my dad found me and made me go to school, dragging me by the hair. Saying no girl of mine is going to be a runaway dropout. Yet daddy still thinks I am a virgin! He would be crushed if he knew.

(Well, he did find out when I was naked under the white sheet on the table when he had to try to identify- before I got all pumped with embalming fluid. He asked the mortician, and he said yes, she has been with someone.)

Daddy always thought I was his innocent little girl, who was going to save all that for when I had that white dress on. Yet to be cool you can be daddy's little darling girl forever.

(Now I think like daddy... as a dying girl. Ray should have been the one that got to be the first and the last. If I could go back in time. I would have done that. I do think- I could have weighed a lifetime for that boy if I had had to. He was something so incredibly special to me. Yet now it is never going to be the way it should be. That is something you cannot get back even in a white dress someday, and I did even think about it at all.

Like just because I was always on the pill and could not get pregnant, that should not have meant that I should be with every boy that wants to have sex with me. What was I thinking... was I even thinking at all? I let my friend take over me and my life.)

If I could say one last thing to Ray, it would be: Do not forget about me!

(#- Hashtag: Do not judge me, runway, and non-virgin roadkill.)

I am not saying that I do not like being at home, it is comforting to know I am always welcome, yet to be popular you must have a place as soon as you turn eighteen. Or you have forgotten about. Like no guy wants to be with you in your room when your mom and sis are in the next room over. I like living at home as of now, yet the girls do not know that I love my family secretly, even if my sis is the only one that tells me that she loves me face to face. The love in the family started to die when I became a teenager and got into my click.

Leaning frontward, trying to not smear on my mascara with one eye shut. Looking into the small visor glass. Jenny has never been the safest driver... I think she has taken driving lessons off Beth Cooper. That is just how wild and crazy she is. (I knew that she was going to crack my head like a walnut at some point.) She tends to run all the lights, stop signs, pass on a dubbed yellow line- on hills and blind spots.

Jenny jolts me around harder in her car, then I get jerked around on the Thunderbolt at 'Kenwood Park.' And that is a roller-coaster...!

Both have about the same oh-crap factor.

(Ironic- I thought I was going to be thrown out of that ride and not of Jenny's car.)

She floors the motor harder than that first hill coming out the station. She has even burnt her beak because she stops too fast. Her brakes squeal louder than she does when she flat on her back getting pounded by her boy! Ha!

(She cannot kill me now for saying that...)

I am already going to be dying!)

Kenneth better gets me a teddy bear or flowers or something before long! I am getting tired of getting used to it here, Karly. Jenny cries frantically out of her mouth because of her hormones going all crazy. Running through yet another stop signs nearing missing an oncoming car, I nearly stabbed my brain out with my eyeliner pencil when she slammed on the brakes snapping my head forward and back.

As you know Jenny and Ken are a couple one minute broke up the night, just in a text.

They were on and off for as long as I remember. Yes, there is some love there I would say, they just need to settle down some and trust.

They have broken up at least nineteen times since the beginning of this school year.

That must be a new record for them! They cannot seem to live without one other!

~*~

The office- I was sitting next to Ray Raymond while he was filling out one of the permission forms, to be somewhere... I betted my eyes up at him and then rolled them to the one side. ‘It’s like slave labor isn’t it!’ Ray and I have been going out since September without anyone knowing what we are more than just hookup friends. Yet again I think truly that I have been in love with him since I was a fourth or fifth girl. Back when I was nothing and he was too popular and cool to talk to me. I never forgot that I should not hold that agent, though, should I?

I think- I have ... anyways, Ray was my first crush, that I feel all tingly over, or at least he was the first genuine crush! I did just once kiss Steven Tucker in first or second grade, but that visibly did not rack in my mind or anyone else’s. We were

playing an imaginary house, as a married mommy and daddy... Maddie was our make-believe baby! We even had tiny-like play rings with hearts cut in them. So really, I just wanted his chocolate chip cookie before nap time!

You know the first time you fall to someone like it changes you forever and no matter how hard your strain not to fall completely head over heels, that emotion and sensation that they give you just never- ever go away regardless of the others that have been with you. However, in life, you should know that you are going to discover boys that you love. They will say all the right things, at all the right moments in time in life.

However, in the end... it is more about their ways, and the way they are with you. If it is real or just an act. You should judge them on their true actions, what they feel with you, and what you feel with them. Those actions of thoughtfulness and not the words they say are what matters in the end.

That is the way that you will realize that you have fallen for them. That love... should be more than confrontations and hooking up. It should be more than a text at bedtime, or a pass by in the school halls muffled and muttered softly in crowds.

Love is a sensation and feelings of actions you do not hear; it is what you see in person and feel. Love to me is a devotion that I do not feel. Yet it was understood after it was too late to feel. Though I had that sensation each day of my life, with Ray... though I did not understand what it was, I reflect I was truly in love.

Just when you think it cannot get any worse it does. And- just when you think it is never going to last it does. Life is a gift and if you do not understand that it is... life can be taken away too fast, and you will be left in the past.

For me to understand I was in love and what it meant, I had to see things differently.

I understand that now... love is when you care for another individual's contentment more than your own and do not care what others think. No matter how painful the choices you face may be, to feel the love you must feel the pain of losing them or them losing you. You must care! The most significant things are the toughest things to say audibly. Why is it that it is so freaking hard to say- I love you, and I only want you in today's world of life?

There is a boy out there that was meant for you, just as he was meant for me... I feel. Someone is meant to be the love of your life, even if you have missed up. Be sure to see it... just do not die for loving the wrong things as I did. There is that boy out there like Ray, that will brush your hair out of your eyes too as he did with me. And send you flowers when you do not need them. He will look down at you sweetly in a hug, or see you far down the hall, text you all night long, and be there when you are not feeling okay.

He will be the one that will tell you every chance he gets looking into your eyes that you are the most beautiful girl he has ever seen. YES! I had that with him, and I did not believe in a loving feeling like that. NO! I did not understand what being in love was, I thought love was just hooking up and being with my girlfriends. As well as crying over all the boys that were the one-night stands, that I thought loved me more than mom, daddy, and little sis.

I have never really had faith in anything when I was alive as a teen, it is just not something I thought was needed to live life. Jenny and Maddie and most my age are atheists, though I would have to say I believed in something. I had a bible under my bed most of my life, yet never read a line of it.

No, I do not blame God for taking me, if the others can live life and see what they are doing wrong. Then that was the right thing to do. God is forgiving... too forgiving in some cases.

(#- Hashtag: Clueless girl)

Back in Jenny's car before my last school day- I say- Last year I got a dozen- pink roses! Jenny hits her cigarette butt on the cracked window glass flicking all the red and black embers off in the chilly air breeze as we were speeding. At that moment, she slouches over the other ways grabbing her cup of strong coffee in the cardholder, and then starts chugging down her mostly cream and Splenda concoction, well-exhaling puffs of smoke out her nose. I am hoping for a stuffed animal this year, or a ring would be nice!

So, anyways after spirit week, starting Monday, we have this... I want to fall in love- 'Secret admirer week.' It corresponds to the auntie drug relies upon,' where you wear those red ribbons pinned to your chest or inner leg. Jenny and the girls always find ways to destroy theirs so that it will fray and fall apart. It looks like they have been chewed on. Any- how's 'Secret admirer week.' Like- is important, the student set up tables outside of the lunchroom, for a dollar fifty each a boy can buy their secret love a colored rose with a love note attached.

While- I am glad we are friends, or I am crushing on you.

Pink- I like you, I have a feeling for you, and let us get together.

Red- I am totally in love with you, I want to be with you, and I am glad we are together.

The fun of the game is trying to find out who is sending them to you. Girls can get boys some too. Yet that is not that common with the upper-class students and getting flowers for

the same sex is not allowed, why I do not know. However, it is an old-school custom, that is why.

Though every girl wants to feel loved this week! Said to say that no girl cares about the white ones. Only the nerdy boys send us those... they are wasting their time and money. The stronger the color the stronger the passion, or the boys that want to be or have been with you.

Every girl wants one regardless, and if you do not get at least one, you look like a damn fool! Every girl wants that pink or red rose. Yes, I have seen a girl run out crying on Friday at the last class bell when they passed out. Hell, after a week of hunger, desire, and yearning you need to have a hookup! I feel for them... yet why should I, they just need to change their ways... so the boys would like them too. 'You have to give some, to get some!' If you know what I mean!

(However, looking back, I should have only given that out to one boy, and not them all the only one that mattered... should have been Ray.)

We also get a lot of those white ones to form the first-year boys that do not understand what it is like to get in girl pants. Cute, but- NO! I am not going to be your teacher! Plus, if a girl does send out a flower to a boy it is usually a first-year girl, sending to an upper-class student's hottie...! So, she can hook up for the first time.

Yapper she is getting- desperate to lose it, and kiss it, and hit it at this point. So, she is not a loser next year as a Cherry- Mary sophomore.

(There are so many more life-changing peer pressures being a girl. Being that young to make those choices... you give in, I know that I did way before then. Only you- can say when is right! In the end, you are the one that oversees your vagina!)

I would be okay with one flower- maybe. But only I knew if it was from him, but though I do not- know. Hopefully- I get fourteen or more that is what I am truly shooting for this year! I say it is important like how many roses you get. You can tell who is the most popular, and who sucks at life. Just by looking at the girl's hand, I am hoping that I will have so many- I will not be able to hold them all in my little hands.

If you get under two, you are either ugly or faceless in the school like the sped kids, both... they do not get anything ever. I am not sure if I could take that kind of humiliation as they do. Some said girls get themselves some, and that is just pathetic because we all know that she did. Like you know when it is real, plus the girls at the table... that run the sign-ups, let us know what they see!

Jenny looks down her nose at me with her glistening eyes. So, are you enthusiastic as I am for this big day, Friday, or what? Looking forward to the de-flower day, she giggles- saying no joke. We are going to the open mic out tonight, and then the hookup party right. "You- coming-" she asks me, and giggles even harder. Shrugging my shoulder while looking out the SUV window. I said- I may be coming many times that night, and Jenny said- stop, I am going to pee myself.

Drawing a heart on the glass after my hot berth frosted the window. 'It's not that big of a deal really.' I said- groaning softly. I was not amused by Jenny's perverted- twists of words, so early in the morning. Jenny is always like that... yet as for me, I run hot and cold. I have my moments- I presume.

I was thinking about how Ray said that his mom and dad are going to be away for that weekend. And that is where I wanted to be, he told me about them going away like two weeks ago. Long be before Jenny even thought about this weekend's parties.

I know that Ray was eager and preparing me ahead of time. Because he wanted to have warm sticky sex with me all over the weekend in his bed, or mom and dad's bed, on the loveseat, or anywhere really in the house. Besides, we would be able to run around his house stark naked, that is so what I want to do in all honesty! I wanted to be with him, and do him only, and be his girl! So that he could shoot his ha-hum- tasty stuff all over my face and body after he was finished sliding it in and out.

Certainly, about the same time, I start squirting him down with my shaking drooling orgasm! That boy makes me tingly in all the right ways, just thinking about him!

Thinking back- when I was about twelve or so, we got so close so many times of going all the way in... like in the back of the school bus, yet that more like foreplay to get us there. As we got older, we tried at the football games, and in my basement or my bedroom, with mommy, daddy, who and sis sleeping in the next rooms over. We have tried a lot of places. Though someone always saw us, every time. Oh yeah- we have even played around with my daddy 4-runner. So many times, it just felt so wrong. It would be tremendous to have it perfect this weekend!

So, when he asked me to stay the overall night, I said- OMG-Yes! Without thinking about it at all. Because I just want to be with him so badly! Jenny starts freaking out at me, slamming her half-empty coffee cup down in the holder, and then whacking the steering wheel stiffly with her long fingers curled up into a fist. Not that big of a deal? Or you- joking with me...? Like what is wrong with you? I do not know; I am growing out of it.

I am changing into a woman that descent wants a bunch of guys, I just want one. Jenny laughed senselessly, and said- my darling baby girl, it sounds like you are in love, and my little girl

is big now? She is a woman! That is hilarious she said, you cannot be for real... are you? she said, with a sneaky suspension. Nano? - I guess not. I said shackled and regrettably.

'Give me a break.' I can now feel the scorching warmth move stealthily moving ever so rapidly from my toes to my legs into my quivering chest, and then to my face. Naturally... I knew that my fair-toned skin was starting to radiate a blemishing, throbbing, and trembling cherry red glow.

My embarrassment always shows my emotional state, when I did not want it to, like this. Why do I do this when I am ashamed, self-conscious, and just uncomfortable? Why now! This is something I cannot even cover up with more makeup.

Is it just disgusting that I am feeling now too?

I tried to be persuasive about everything. 'I saw my expression in the mirror, and I knew that it's most likely not going to happen the way I want it to.' He would- like- must kidnap me away from the girls so that we could go wild without anyone knowing. Making sure that all of them were completely off our trail. We are going to have to take a roundabout route to have sex and spending time together, of course, like always, yet if it were some other assholes at a part or in the backwoods, it would all work out.

'Leave me alone!' I muttered through my one or two tears at Jenny, she was just rubbing it in that I can have true love... that I really cannot have anyone but her and the girls, if I want to be in the click. I started retrieving through my bag to cover my mood. I reached swiftly for a Kleenex before Jenny called me a crybaby and nosed into more of my personal life anymore. 'I do not know. For everyone, the pain of changing your ways is the sharpest dagger of memory that you will have in human life.

(‘Her voice was always so melancholy.’) At this moment I felt that all the X-out cream in the world would not fix my face after this morning!

Jenny, like my lovely family, makes me want to break out. We pick on Madilyn for that... I cannot show this. Like we call her ‘Pimpled skank face’ too. I do not want to look like that.

~*~

(Madilyn is the lonely loser- that I should have been friends with... she would have never hurt me as I hurt her, she was not a slut. Nevertheless, being that sweet and kind-hearted girl does not get you anywhere. I mean really what is in it for you? If you are a good girl, you spend all your time at home; with mommy and daddy, wondering why you are so misunderstood.

With no friends at all to see or hear from.

Looking at photos and wall posts, and feeling in your belly all the things in life, you are not a part of... It is sad but true!

Being that good girl, you lose out on so much, you lose touch with reality- I know she has... but in the end, does it matter anyway? I have partied my tight little ass off, and what do I have to show for it? I have gotten so drunk that I do not even remember half of it... I have gotten so high, so many times to not feel the pain of life... I was running away from everything!

Just like I have used plan B pills to stop pregnancies at thread teen and up, many times like most my age... that stuff flies off the shelves in stores! I did not want a baby, yet I was killing lives... before they started, to have a red death period, to be a normal girl... that is okay. So, I could just be a careless teen, and not even think about it, and do it all again. Being a teen girl,

you just do not think about what you are doing to yourself and others! When really, I did not deserve to live by myself.

So, what is the point? No matter what you do, you are going to regret it in the end. In the end who is your friend? Plus, what kind of a life are you having if it is rushing by and you cannot remember it... the day after, and you must take pills to terminate lives to please others just to be cool and popular... yah- right, you do not have a life worth living!)

~*~

Shaking in the seat of Jenny's SUV. I quickly nodded my head for her approval, and then rubbed the steam off the window. Things are detracting fast outside, looking out I see that Jack Frost has done his wonder, it was a very odd start of the day. Everything is looking for sparkly slick and shiny. Unusually cold... for this time of year. I could see my breath on the side, Jenny's heart was never the beast as she tried hitting it to get it working, I was beholding demand like drips everywhere on the trees, power lines, and buildings. It is freezing rain, it is magical- I said. Jenny- it is like everything is frozen in time. Though at the same time, I felt like my chafed intimate skin was cracking, it is that chilly.

I hate that it is like you shave your legs too, and all that in between before school and then you get goosebumps or cold, and just like that... you can see the dark little hair pop out, in front of your eyes.

This day just keeps getting sweeter!

(Not!)

I went from feeling on fire to shivering with my knees knocking. Within like fifteen minutes! Jenny in deep thought she

just blurts out the question, which she had an inkling about. I knew it was coming, she knew me that well.

Jenny- So when did you and Ray do it... anyhow? I know that you have done something, it is obvious- you like- like him! I lied and just said we did like two months ago. I would like to make up for lost time this weekend, just him and me!

Jenny slams her butt back in the driver's seat.

Jenny- 'Oh my flipping God... baby girl,

Gross! Wah- why?'

'Don't worry about it, I am fine just being with him only.'

Jenny- 'I am worried about it, why him, you could have anyone. He is not right for us.

Any boy would be better than that.'

'I do not feel that way, and it is not for you to decide. Why does it always have to be us, when it is what you- want... you just... do it... you do not ask me... you just do it... why?'

Jenny- 'It most serenely is... Because I love you, and you are going to have to choose who is the love you want in your life... if you look-vv-ee him a baby girl, then you cannot love us. You see what I mean.'

'I can't do both.' -I whispered.

Jenny- 'NO! No- Kar- you cannot, I think you have been swelling way too much stuff, you lost your mind. To want that offbeat boy. Jes-z He is cute, but he is not for you!"

Why! -I squalled.

Jenny- (Panicking) He is just not. Baby girl- do not talk to him, do not look at him, you know what. Do not even think about him that way... you got it!

'Do not call me baby girl, I am not your freaking infant that you need to pamper. I am going to have sex with him tonight, and you are not going to stop me!' I screamed!

Jenny- 'Okay then, have it your way!

You will- be- sorry!'

Have sex with him, I know he is still a V- card virgin, just because he plays on the team, he is not that popular you never see him on the field. I was thinking to myself, yes that is because we are trying to do it under the bleachers or somewhere someone is not stopping us. Yet it never fails if someone is there...!

Jenny- Do you want to be his first, with him being all clingy- creepy with you? I did not say anything back. If you do this, you know that everyone is going to mob you and make fun of you again. I am sure you will go back to being- that girl. Us girls- we would not have any admiration for you anymore. Karly- We got you where you are now, and we can take that all away in an aching heartbeat! 'It's no big deal, I know you'll do the right thing!'

'If you say so.' – I mattered.

Jenny has always found a way to make me nervous before the school day even starts. I see all the buildings with their shiny glass rush by, wording if tomorrow everything would look and feel different to me or if will I get starched out; I know he will feel different to me, I know what I am dealing with... with him, he is unlike the other boys, one he is a lot bigger, and two he is fully intact. So, I had something new to play around

with there. I do not mind that... I do feel that I am falling for him. He is so sweet to me it is not even funny. Really if you care about someone nothing is going to stop you from having all types of sex.

Nothing at all!

Jenny said that he is gross for that reason, I should stay away because he is unclean or has an STD. But I do not feel that way at all. That is just ridiculous, she likes him? And she thinks that going to keep me away, yet I know- I think other girls my age has the wrong ideas to what they think should be standard practice. I hope that the other girls do not look at me differently for wanting him. But if they do; I still have him in the end. If I must fall to that boys' level that is okay with me.

Sometimes, you do not choose who you want to be, or what you have, sometimes it just happens that way, and you must live with it; because it is not for you to decide on. Jenny and the others do not get that. I must be in love, there is nothing wrong with him in my eyes, and he is simply perfect!

Jenny and the other girls in the click do not see the cemetery we have together, all they ever think about is the hookup. I just hoped that everything would work itself out!

We arrive at Olivia's Hansom- Liv's place and before Jenny can even honk the horn- me-p.

The door bursts open and swings radically on its hinges smacking back and then forth. Liv comes trotting down the walkway like a model. She is strutting in her brown pointy toe high heel boots looking sexy as hell. Though the sidewalks are- a sheet of glass.

I do not understand how she can bounce, jiggle and wiggle like that with four-inch heels on ice. Like- I fall on my ass

just looking at ice! That takes skill- when I wear heels they turn over on the sides when it is not on the ice. She runs out of the apartment complex in the morning like it is on fire, I just do not get that... like- how can you be that freaking perky this early. I wonder what she is running away from. Liv opens the door, Jenny blurts out nice nipples you got pointed out at me, you think they are showing enough there?

Liv- yes, yes- I do... they are just so cold their rock hard, I did not think it was going to be this cold! Liv is in a short belly button showing tank top with a little blue washed-out denim jacket over top a thin white tank top, paired with a short brown ruffle skirt. Even though the weather report said that she took the time to look at said... It was below freezing this morning. This is what she picks to wear. I say- it is a little nippily today, right liv! A quote from one of her favorite books, she just giggles awkwardly and says- yes, yes- it is. Jenny says you are doing better than Karly, and her sisters that are rubbed raw! Ask her about Jenny snickers.

Liv looked at me with a look of confusion, I said please do not ask! And I pouch Jenny's arm. Liv says- Okay then. Jenny said- I will feel you at lunch Liv! I just shook my head- no in disbelief. She was going to bring more than that up at the table, today I could just feel it, just like I thought.

~*~

Flashback- That reminds me of last Friday night the night of the bonfire, we all were run and dancing like wild cave dweller around the shooting flames, as the worm heat and glow shined in the skin as we would flash the boys that would pass us by, so primitively we were acting so, that we could have a matting afterward.

So anyway, after running around the boys found their girls, I remember seeing Liv and Jenny getting kissed sucking

faces, and their boobs and butts getting felt up. Their boobs looked the same as Liv's does right now, cold, and flawless. Ray and I just had to look at one another from afar, though his eye never stopped looking at me.

All the hocking up was making me hot and thirsty. Yet, I could not get what I wanted so badly.

At about that time we all stopped noticing me if I was there or not, they were in the passion moments. That was the time I chose to cut loose, so I ran up to him and I said let us get out of here, we did we sneak past all the couples, to get into his truck down the way.

We got out of the school field with the motor running softly, as we thought completely undetected, yet that is never the case. Anyhow, we went to Walmart and were in the back of the parking lot.

Fourteen minutes later- The bonfire is now being soaked with water by the firefighter, as the event is over, and everyone is heading to their cars. Did Jenny ask where Karly was? Liv- how should I know like it is not my time to babysit. Maddie- I thought she was with you!

Jenny- okay then... she can walk home for all I care. I am not spending my night looking for her. I have my boy, let us just go.

Karly- I started slowly, pulling off his briefs downwards to his knees, his erection triggers up and out at me. I got down between his legs; I was on my knees; drawing him in ever so deeper into my mouth. So that I could feel him at the back of my throat and then to the front yet again, over, and over.

My tongue whirling around the rim and tip. I was sliding my misty tongue from the base to the end tip too.

Yes, sucking him ever so harder and harder! He was firm up to that point, till I could taste his wonderful pre-come mixing with my saliva, as I went down even farther than the times before, sliding my gulping lips tightly around, it was all dripping down him, as I moved my head up and down a few more time completely fishing off the blow job. Suddenly, he sits back up after losing all control. When he descended into me, and to my movements.

Ray busted a nut at the back of my tonsils. He was saying what was happening, while holding my hair out of the way, with his right hand. And shrieking my name at the finish, as my eyes were looking up into his rolling back in enjoyment! I gulped it all down and showed him my cleaned-off tongue afterward. At once I said- 'How that was that!' he just moaned- 'Aww-uh-a!' He was speechless! And that was good enough for me.

Around that time is when he tugs my thong off, and slides it down my smooth legs, and feels the little bit of short hair that was growing on my pubic bone, with his soft touching hand. He reaches between my legs and pulls on the white interwoven string, and gently pulls my tampon out, and tosses it into the nearby floor at his feet.

I knew at last my hole was open, and ready for him to slip it all the way in! He balled up my undies in his right hand and tossed them onto the floor of the truck also. As he started sucking and tugging down on my hooded lady with his lips. And I said there is no time for this... come one let us just do it!

About that time is when I managed to get the condom out of the wrapper, which was in my hip pocket of the skirt which was just pushed up. I put it on for him... it is just easier that way. I was preparing him to unload 'round two inside of

me. I sided and unrolled it down on him. Making sure everything was all right. At last, we are going to do it...!

(Y-ha!)

I was about to get on top of him from the passer set. That is when I looked over two or three parking spots down Jenny and Ken were looking at me, and at Ray's truck, as her SUV was rocking side to side. I looked even harder, and Liv and Maddie were making out in the back seat. Maddie saw me, I yelled do not put it in Ray, we must go!

I am- like really! I cannot get away or get off fast enough! I snapped the rubber off him, so quickly it made a popping sound.

(Just rip it all off- he screeched at me.)

So, I tied a note in it as I do with them all, and I threw it out the window onto the pavement, not thinking it would be found... I know what they must have thought, they must have seen us! I said- This is never- ever going to happen... Ray. My head lay on his lap, and the body curled on the seat as he pulled out of the lot, passing Burger King and DQ, his jeans wrapped around his knees!

I said- So just get me home before they see us if they did not already. He was just a little shaken up, to say the least. We can never go any further than that before someone is watching! (What I do not get is why did they care?) So, Ray and I did not get it that night either. All he saw was my freezing boobs after he unbuttoned my top and jostled and pulled my bra loose from the back. (Like- hello- it is not that hard to get off.) I was wearing a skirt for easy access, as you might have guessed.

Seeing Liv like that... is what brought all this back to my mind. That is how Jenny figured out I liked Ray more than a

friend, she followed all the suspicions that she had. She is smarter than she puts on to the guys she is with, it is like she knows me better than I know me!

Oh yes, I had him drop me off a street back from my home. And of course, to add more drama it started to pour icy rain down my body, and the car that passed had to splash mud on my face on my clothing, yet I hiked... so I could say to Mommy and daddy I walked, without hearing yet, another long lecture about the birds and the bees! That way I have a layby for everyone that cares where I was at.

(Mommy and Daddy were so in the dark with me. Nonetheless, that is how every young teen girl wants it to be... I am- I am, right? Mom and Dad knowing everything you do is not cool, plus you would not be doing it anyway if they did.

What they do not know will not hurt them!)

Mom was pissed that I had to walk home, I could hear screaming on the phone that night I was in my room, after having a long hot shower. Yes somehow, I came down with a sore throat, he- he.

A win for me, Jenny, and the other girls got hell, and not me! Daddy even read me a bedtime story, he felt that bad for his little girl, that was crying over how she was dumped by her cruel girlfriends.

Daddy asks me this question unexpectedly. Karly...? Why do you always have a Pringles can on your nightstand, next to your bed? I am like do not open it! I was thinking to myself. Um- I said nervously. Now it is in his hands, he was going to get I chip out, and I finally stopped him with my hand before the lid came off. Saying- Daddy- do not! And he got the drift, by the look on his face, that there were no chips in there. Who would

ever... thought... that one... yet daddy always was hungry, I should have known?

He put the can back down where it was and turned to look at me; he patted me on the head, as I was laying on my back in bed, kissed my cheek. He tucked me in and then left the room all gloomy and shaking his head at the same time. His complete attraction was nice for a change though, yet so weird. The light went off and he latched the door closed. That is when I took my restating Pj's off and threw them on the floor with all my other dirty laundry turned over on my side. I fall asleep; in my bed slightly uncovered or completely deepening if I move around in my sleep. Oh, and if anyone sees how I sleep from that point on. Oh, well that is their problem... they should have knocked!

(#-Hashtag: eye-reaction, a failure to lunch, shut down & freezing temperatures)

~*~

Liv gets into the SUV after she does her little runway walk. She says what the point of looking so freaking cute if you cannot show it all off. So, Liv pulls up her top and flashes her chilled bouncy boobs at us, and they fall out so perfectly with what looks like two eyes gawking at us. So, Jenny being Jenny, she rips down her thong swiftly, plus up her skirt up and flashed her lady thing right back as she then hunches over putting her butt all up in her face... letting her breeze blow, saying beat that honey! Liv smacks her ass firmly saying, I already did before you did that, I am not wearing any underwear today. I say- you guys are so-o gross!

We all giggle! Oh, Liv is that glue that keeps us together, and she makes us unwind. All my butterflies go away when Liv is with us. I said- Jenny already said my truth or dare for the day.

Liv grabs what is left of Jenny's coffee in the cup holder and glops it down. Saying I glad you all got me one. Jenny said- we did get you a McGuffin, girl you are sitting on it, she giggled.

Liv- aww-crap! That is going to leave a mark! Liv shouted. I thought that Jenny did that to her. Like she was envious of her ferity skirt. Jenny must have the spotlight like always. Liv spins her skirt around on her lower west, so the back is in the front, and starts crying about how it was new and she bought it with her own money and dabbing the grease and yellow cheese stain with a used crumpled up snotty napkin.

Liv did notice that she did that before she sat down. Shocking because of how she is so touchy about what is on her seats, you drop a crumb, and she freaks out. Jenny slaps her on the back snickering and says it will wash out. Yet I knew that was not coming out. Plus, she must go to school like that now. I said- look on the bright side. You can always give your butt Muffin to your wiener dog 'Pickles!' Liv was just sitting in her seat not saying a word, with her black mascara running down her cheeks, her day was going just as well as mine, I could just tell.

Dan Dilco- Liv calls him her 'Dildo' because he became her new sex toy over the weekend and for now... instead of that. She gives him that pet name, there have been a lot of pet names, that is how we all keep track of them all too. She has one of those also like most of us girls, nevertheless, she is more cover than me, in not hiding it in a Pringles can.

Anyway, this one came about because it rhymes with his last name. Shethat is cute. He is the last one on the list to pick up today, I am sure next week or tomorrow for all I know it will be someone new, but as for now, he is the one that is all horned-up for her as she is for him. It will not last...

She randomly started making out with him at the bonfire, they have hooked up at least ten times, senses Friday. I do not think Liv knows what she wants. She is too Bi or Bi-curious or something to choose.

It seems after they become a dating couple it ends as fast as it starts. I do not think she is that hard to have a good relationship with, high maintenance, but she is a sweet girl overall, with a loving and trusting person. Liv already asked me to go out with her... Um- I like her, yet not in that way. I have been there, done that, I have kissed her, yet I never thought about going anywhere. I do not want to end a good friendship. Plus, I only want the forbidden boy named Ray!

Standing on the corner sidewalk, cold as steel in his varsity athlete jacket weighting for us next to his place's steps, there he is... What can I say; he is a lip-licking, eye batten, and moisture beading hottie.

You know the type of long defined hard body, tan and handsome with light brown wavy hair parsing blue eyes, the type of boy that makes you pulsate just looking at them, even if his face looks like it was getting frostbitten.

Um-hum, I can see why she went for him? He is like McDreamy holding on to what remains of Liv's McDonald's muffin, as he gets in the SUV. Looking dumbfounded yet adorable. Liv- look what happened, she shoved the muffin in his face when he bent down to set.

He ends up saying- It is going to be okay baby, no need to cry anymore! Wow- He likes her, and that's a plus. Is this the one here? We pull away; they cannot keep their hands off one another in the back seat. Their playfulness to me was a good thing, it got Liv over her accident in a hurry. The muffin rolled to the floor when she decided to make a quick move to sit on his

lap the rest of the way, with his aim hugging her from behind around her tummy.

(It is so cute!)

~*~

I want to say that Liv lost her virginity the first year, yet not to whom you would think. I had already been with like three other boys, and one girl. Yes, we all go there at some point in our lives, we must see what we want, where we must find our sexuality, Maddie and I hooked up a sophomore year and we dated for a like week. Holding hands in the corridors and kissing, and all that stuff.

Nevertheless, I always had my mind on Ray even then... even now. Just like she had her mind on someone else too.

Liv is the one that asks me the most questions for advice. She feels close to me, like a sister. She is the one that asked me, before doing it the first time. If I was sore after the first couple of times, I had sex if it bleeds a lot and what it like as she called being ripped oven, I said yes like hell, but it gets better. Just let him do what he needs to do slowly as you are on your back and count it down before he goes all the way, and after it will feel good.

I know that made her twenty times more nervous, yet I was truthful. Liv never knew that some things must be opened to have sex, she thought that her horseback riding on the weekends at her grandpa's farm would have done that for her- nope.

She thought that volleyball would do it too- nope. She was not brave enough to do it herself, unlike Maddie who was in seventh grade when she did it herself out of curiosity. I remember Liv saying that she was scared, so I said for the first

time let him show you what to do. Like there is not much you need to know about others, lying down or bending... you can do it I said, and she smiled and said that it?

I said you will do fine now no until they try, can you do that? She said- yes, yes- I can!

'I told her just feel it, if it feels right, don't think about it, and go with it.' (Any why I help my girlfriend become what she is today.)

~*~

Liv grasps her tummy, and said, I hope that is just hunger pains, I am not feeling too good, because I am not sure if... she did not fish the sentence, and Dan said- I hope you are, I do not mind. Jenny slams on the brakes hard, I hit my knees on the dash. Jenny looks back at them and says- WHAT! Do you think I got pregnant? What were you thinking, are you to dump to pull the freaking thing out! Dan- no, and it knows of your business, it broke, and it was anybody's fault.

Liv, it can be; I am on the pill. Jenny- Yes and it only works if you remember to take it! Me- I was speechless, twirling my hair around my one finger.

Like she would know better... right? Yet, she never asked me those questions, and she can be forgetful. I said oh-boy. Then- Jenny says oh no- no Karly it could be a girl too. Liv holds on... we do not know for sure now, after school I will do a test or three. Jenny- got in her handbag and said- 'the test is in the bathroom when we get there. We need to stop this for you before you cannot.' Dan- what if she does not want to? Jenny- Shut up, no one asked you! Get out of the car now! And he did... Me- I did not get invalid, because it was what Liv wanted to do; like I did not want a say.

Liv was crying again... yet we would have all been late for school if he would not have gotten out. Because Jenny would not have moved forward with him in her SUV. We left Dan on the side of the road. Jenny even broke his cell phone by throwing it on the solid ground, ripping it out of his hands, when all I do is make a phone call.

Yet I had a feeling that we would not have to worry anymore at school as if it was a child. Because Jenny would be giving her something, and explaining to take this pill, and it would be still from that moment on like she did for me with my first freak up when I was younger than a first-year student.

On the dive, after we finally got moving again, going to the school we passed Madilyn the meek and humble walking all by herself with her head down all lonely. Jenny grasps that muffin off the floor and slows the SUV to a stop, rolls down the window, and throws it out, hitting her in the face with it. She is yelling the words- dumb-ass skanky loser as all the cars passes! What happened? Did your jalopy car break down again... Maggie- She looks up crying saying no my mom had to sell it to pay the bills and put food on the table. Jenny stops completely- aww, that is so sad, she rips my coffee out of my hands, and slashes her face down her top, and floors it. 'There is is a free meal for yah.'-she said

~*~

I remember that first kiss that I had with Ray... oh so long ago, it meant so much to me, even more than what comes after the first kiss. It was so sweet and the inanest feeling; he was so shy he nearly missed my lips. I recall that he did not even use any tongue. He got better each time. Like I said we tried, I did not mind teaching him what to do. He is the football player just trying to fit in, and I was in the band girl looking like a dork, yet I liked it. I got to go places and see things.

Things my girls just do not understand. Jenny can hardly read a book, so I do not see her reading or liking music as I did.

That was before Jenny and the others made it clear to me that being a trumpet player was not cool, that I needed to choose them or the band. Plus, that I was not going to get me any, even though it was, just not as fast and with so many.

(She just wanted to keep me away from him. I think, looking back on it. Hell- Jenny does not have any talents, she was only good for a couple of things, and in the end who cares. And the other girls in my click did as she said too. If Jenny could not do it, you did not do it.)

I was there mainly so Ray and I could be on the bus and play games together or meet up, which is where we kissed for the first time, at one of the away games. On the bus, we used to get down in between the back seats. It was all band kids; they do not take other clicks I had nothing to worry about. We could hold tight and make out with one another to our school, yes with the others looking not caring that it would get around. Things were different back then.

Popularity changes you...!

Yet, I just wanted to follow the football team, nothing more. I did a lot of things just to see if I could be with him, yet the girls came first before for all and everything, I cannot do what I want. It all comes down to what do I love more...? So, I went out for that cheerleader too in tenth grade, not long after leaving the band for three years, just for my girlfriends. I stopped cheering on my own after like two weeks after I fell out of a bucket toss intention Madilyn at a game.

Ray ran off the field from the sideline and I fell perfectly into his arms yet smacking my head on the ground beforehand. I knew after that I had truly fallen for him, he carried me off the

floor and the paramedics did their thing, and I do not remember anymore after that, the memory went black.

I woke up with him standing over me, I was in a bed in the emergency room. He was holding my hand, I will never forget that, even though I can remember it all, because of my impressive head pounding concession, nevertheless I am sure he was there for me when I needed him the most.

I feel he has always been there, even when I need him on the list too.

(#- Hashtag: face plant, high pitched screamer, and fingering fun.)

~*~

We pulled into the school parking lot. I closed my eyes tightly to the thought of the day to come, I was thinking to myself- please know more bull crap drama, I cannot take anymore today. Yet I knew I was in for a lot more. I had to go to a happy place, and that place was with him in my mind like at the winter dances, at the old movie theatre, or even in my room, I could only imagine how sweet those moments would be.

I remember the end year back in the seventh grade we had danced before I was all the weight in with my girls. I went with him on a date, we were younger, and no one seemed to care then. However, there was nothing like having him pulling me towards him on the dance floor and suddenly kissing my lips, yet this time I could feel his tongue sliding underneath mine, I could feel the heat from his hot breath, as it took my breath away.

I could see the twinkling white lights blur in my sight, as I closed my eyes. I could feel his hand running through my long

hair, his hands moving down me, and gripping my butt through my blue party dress.

Yes, the bass was vibrating, the air coming from above was a child. The reverberating music seemed to all be fading away as he was pressed very tightly as if we were one, we could feel one another's bodies, I sure he could feel my heart flutter and skip a couple of beats.

As I was shaking all over. With the pounding inside my ribs as my chest was shushed upon his. As I did his hips did press- into mine and everything was pulsing. My arms wrapped around his neck we were swaying side to side, nothing back then to hide, it was wonderful.

The back of my mouth was dry, and sore from painting in his embrace. I will never forget that night that kiss made me light-headed into his arms as I got dizzy like the dance floor was springing.

I was never happier in my life when he had to sit me down on his lap at a table, which led into the bathroom together with a little lighter. Yet we did not get that far, with the teachers looking for us. I have never had such a climaxing moment in all my life, not even getting high could compare to that first French kiss and feeling his firm... boner... all pressed against me. That was the first time I ever made a boy do that, without making it happen for him first using my lips or hand.

(Yet, I wanted to be popular more than anything, I blew it myself; having to be with so many others to get popular. I did not know that love, and arousal was that it should be a real thing that just happens, that it is not forced. That it should be there before you start moving forward in a hookup or relationship. He was the only boy that I felt that way with. He was my fantasy lover.

I think I could have had him then and gave it up. In the end, he was always my fantasy; before school, throughout the day, at night in my bed, in the shower, either and even in my dreams. On my mind and in my head, and times alone I was alone like that he was- all mine!)

(#- hashtag: lust stuck, pitching a tent, and bump and grind)

Chapter: 2

Popularity can Suck

Popularity can make a girl suck, and sucking can make a geeky girl popular. One way or another a girl is going to be sucking at something or for something in high school. That is just the way of life, it may sound sucking... yet it is true. The point is that popularity is an outlandishly bizarre thing to apprehend. The popularity like you cannot aesthetically give it a realistic definition.

What you do to get popular is not glamorous and is not spoken about becoming anyone who cares to hear what you must do. You are cool if you do this and you are a loser if you do not do that, depending on your click. Like some can do, and some cannot... the ones that cannot- are the ones that we talk about.

Girls you know if you have it when you give that flirty look at any boy from the corner of your shimmering eye. You know you have it when all you must do is flip your hair with your hand, and the people look at you.

Popularity is like teen porn; it is not even though it is happening in front of you. With its oohs and a-has, that only shows what is thought to be the good parts and not the bad. It

is just like that because it makes you feel good, and the girl seems happy to get it.

(Yet is she... is she happy or just taking a pounding in the end.)

It is just like that because the ones that just must look and see... that they do not have any of their own. It makes them feel miserable. If they can only look at what they cannot have they are losing out. Since they can see it, they can only hear it, yet they are never going to feel it in real life, only less they do as they see. And that wanting to have it, that makes them even less desirable to the one that does have it already.

I have been there, and I did what I had to do. In a way, I gave up what I had in the past. Just to be one of them and be a popular girl in an ever-changing future uncertainty. Instead of that girl that had a boy that was without a doubt in love with me. Why you ask... for popularity!

In a way, the boys- is- what makes a girl popular... to a point; and the popular girls are what displays which guys you want to be with. Yes, like girls want to have what is already been taken, it is the challenge of taking them away from another girl.

Just like girls that have popular girlfriends, before you... they can get you higher up on the invisible list if you fall for them as they want, and by hooking you up. Why because they have been there already. How you get popular is all on you. Plus, what you are willing to do and willing to give up. If you have no friends or do not know the predominant boys in your life, then you are not going to be as prevalent in high school. If you fall to your knees and party your ass off, you just might rank on the list. Like I said- what you give, is what you get. Popularity and hooking up, all go hand and hand.

(#-Hashtag: cheap thrills, one-night stands, and what happened to just hold hands)

~*~

Jenny is a drop-dead dazzling girl in our halls. With her baby blues that make you weak, yet just as gorgeous as she is on the outside she is twice as ugly on the inside. That is where her outstanding looks end, she has everything every other girl has, she just an average Jane at an average height like all the others most of the time in the winter wearing the same average-looking size seven blue jeans with the sparkles on the hip posits when it too cold to wear her short skirts, like everyone else. What she has more than the others has been the ability to get what she wants, when she wants it.

She must get her way, and she acts that way; she thinks she is the hottest girl in the school, and her ass shakes side to side to prove it, and yet really, she looks the same as every other missy walking by. Though from what the boys say she is the hottest. And yes, it went to her head like a sixth grade that she was the one everyone wanted or wanted to be. Yet she had braces on her teeth and now they are perfect and white. She had puberty pimples that she covered with makeup, she is not even as clean as some that shower, or shave more than she does. The boys that she hooks up with determine how good she feels about herself.

No- she is far from perfect!

Me- the only thing I like about the way I look is that I have these big, beautiful jade-colored eyes in the light of day. And that they change throughout the day, like my moods to a moonlight soft gray green at the start of the night. What I never liked is that I am what they call dainty and super skinny, I was like a size one skirt, that is better than being fat, like some.

Though I am shorter than most people my age. Ha- I always must look up at them, one way or another.

I have a lengthy cherry-brown, which is straight with flipped waves only at the ends. Bushed cheeks most of the time, I have fringes that I try to cover up, and my teeth are perfect, all for one that is slightly out of line that I call the fang. I have a small nose and face, with a big smile highlighting my soft pink lips. My ears are too big, yet I have mutable earrings.

Nevertheless, my hair covers them anyway. I do not have much of a butt or chest, yet it is all there for a girl my size... yet Ray likes what I have, he has felt it all up in the past, so maybe that is all that should madder. Yet I think Jenny and every other girl at the school are prettier, sexier, and cuter than me. I can help it, I feel dissimilar, yet I made the list, with a little help from my friends, and the boys they party with.

Janet Cassidy is prettier than Jenny but being good-looking does not make you that more popular, and I certainly do not think Janet even had a date at all yet. She is in the same grade as us and that is not a good thing for her.

I remember her asking a lot of boys out for the winter dance, nevertheless, she not popular, because she does not want to do anything with a guy or party, because she is to Christion and all the boys no, that she wants to stay pure, so they do not want to be bothered with her if she not going to hook up. Guys only want a sure thing... not a bible lesson. If a guy takes a gal out and spends all that money on her, he wants something in return, yes other than the whammy talking at the end of the night and a kiss on the cheek. And all she does is whine and tease. Truly she only gets on her knees for the lord.

(#- Hashtag: hot or not, Sister Christian, chastity belt, me- I am just a tiny girl, and do not call me a red-head)

Just like this one girl named Lorie, that is just a freak'n ninth grader, and this girl her boobs are big. And here is me over here, I am flat as a board compared to her. Like, have you ever done the nose to the wall test? Me- my nose hits the wall first, not my boobs. I hate that! Just like Jenny can do a split with her one leg going up the wall touching her head, and I cannot, I am not that flexible... like I cannot spread my legs quite as open as she does. Yet she was a cheerleader a lot longer than I was too. Looking at other girls just makes me feel weird. I like what I see in them, yet not what I see in myself, yet we girls all have the same things just slightly different.

(I never really learned to love myself, so how was I going to love anyone else. And no not that kind of love I knew how to do that. You know what I am saying.)

That one reason Jenny calls me her baby, or Kar- not Karly when she made me is in her mind, she thinks that I have not even gone through puberty completely yet. Even though she saw me on the days of my period, bleeding like crazy in the girl's room. She knows better, too, she calls me baby because she is the one that gets me where I am today in my popularity.

I was just a baby girl until she got me hooked up with the hot boys. She took me on as hers. Yeah- so in a way... I become the top b*tch that she babies. No of these girls are perfect, we all have something we do not like. Just like Sam, she is cute, I think... The only reason she is not one of us is because of her wheelchair, and not being able to walk. She got a smell that lights up a room, yet she has no popular friends. She is also a virgin, mainly because no boy has tried her yet and to me, that is just sad. Yet that is just the way it is.

Jenny likes to have a contest to see who has the biggest boobs, or who is the cutest looking. And to see if any of us went up a cup size or have something new on. I always lose that

game at lunch. We also talk about how many guys we had the night before, or if we just had to share with our sisters. What our nails look... like, and our hair.

The cafeteria is the place where you find out everything you wanted or did not want to know about your girl's sex life, feelings, and body changes. The chatting gets so gross at times, that I stopped eating lunch. Jenny has a way of turning all our stomachs, with the gross stuff she does and wants us to try. She is the type that talks with her hands too. I think Jenny could make the girl from the Fifty Shades of Gray books blush!

Yet, I am not going there. But Hum- I do not know... my butt hole is an exit only, I feel. I am not as freaky as Jenny, yet I feel that we all are going to have to try this at some point, she will make us at a party. Gag- me!

I remember the first year, I got so sick after hearing the girls; I just got done eating my hot dogs with nasty chilly on them. And then I went to class and the talk in health was more of the same. So yeah- I blew chunks on Zack Woods lap, though I made it up to him, the next day under the first-floor steps, I pinned him against the wall, grabbed what I needed to, and made out with him. He was so bad as he was doing.

(He was so shocked and bad it was cute.) Yet on the side, I was the best kisser ever, and he liked it. I felt bad for him... and I am sure he did like it! What is not to like right, when a girl is feeling you up! Like- am I everything he has ever masturbated to, I am sure of that... and yes, I can say that about a lot of the boys in my school. I know what they do, sweetheart Zack even confessed that to me, after I kissed him. They all think they are in love with me.

Yet, they do not know anything about who I am really... like I am not sure if I know who I am...! They just see what they see. I am not sure if Ray understands me completely or not, so

how they are going to, just looking at my profile photos on their computers clicking away. They just want to feel the inside of me, not get inside of me.

(Yah- know.)

So anyway, at lunch today. Jenny is okay, that I want to be with Ray... so she said, at the table smelling through her teeth. The stipulation she gave was only if we keep on nodding terms, like with all the other guys or even girls I am with. So that means that I can have a full-blown relationship, whether I find them attractive if they are popular, hot, or not. That I can only hook up with a child, yet not stay with them. It made no sense to me. At the time I did not get it.

Just like I did not get it when I saw Maddie was wearing bunny slippers, and a holy bathrobe to school today.

Looking like she was riding hard and put away wet. I giggled so hard in math class today when she walked into the room; I snorted loudly.

Awkward- everyone looks at you when you do that. But only she can get away with that messy hair and what looks to be hairy legs, Maddie will do anything for a chortle. I mean come on shower girl at least. The teacher even asked, and she said: 'Hitech- I was out all night banging my boy, and I have a raging hangover, so can we get this crap over.' He said yes, take your test, and a smart mouth to the office.

She shuffles her bunnies to his desk, rips the papers out of his hands, will give him the middle finger, and you know the one that you are not supposed to use in public. As she trips out the door. We all clapped and wooed! That is when I got it, she had a secret relationship too.

Yet does Jenny know, and how is that okay when she just likes me?

The point is we can do things we like to do because we are popular and have it all. Up till now... we can only have and like what Jenny says is okay, so really- I cannot do what I want. Mine popularity is not that strong even to this day it could change at any moment with her say.

I had more before I was popular. Like- I must only like what the popular girls like, and only do things that popular girls do. I had to leave my past self behind. I can try to sneak around with my unpopular dream boy, yet she will find out, and if she does, will I be out of the click?

I do not know, I love my girls, yet do I love him more to give that all up and go back to that girl that has nothing. Or would I have something with him... now that I did not before. Do I have to fall back or keep falling apart? I just do not know! I can get away with about anything, yet I feel like I have nothing. I have awesome girlfriends; however, I feel so empty.

I do not feel like Karly anymore, Karly, was gone the day I was forced out of my virginity by Jenny at a drunken party. Though she blames me, because I wanted to be popular, Jenny said that was the only way if I was going to be like her and her girls. So, I did it.

Ugh- Maddie is now out of the click, and not caring anymore maybe that is why she looks like that? What should I do, what can I do?

(#- hashtag: kiss and tell, misperception misfits, and yacking trash talk)

You can look at popularity, as the universe is ever-expanding and changing. Starting with a bang, with black holes

that can take it all the way, if you get too close and get sucked in. You can look at it just like a star, you are going to burn yourself out. It is just whom you are going to burn yourself out for.

Whom are you going to make your world in your universe? When about everything revolves around you? I guess what I am saying is there is no point in studying popularity. There will always be someone that has more. And there will always be someone that has less.

Unless you are a complete whack-a-doodle- it is easy to see which- is- which. Just like every girl poop... (Yes- we do!) It happens, all the time... Sometimes more than once a day.

Yet girls do not talk about it, so it is just like popularity, and just like crap it just happens! If you are popular, you must deal with a lot of stupid drama crap. And if you are a loser, nard, invisible or small like a turd; no one gives a crap about you. You have just whipped away and pissed on.

All the same, they must deal with all the crap piling upon them to fit in. School life- everyone has their nose in your crap regardless of where you rank. Metaphorical speaking... Okay, that was gross- I know, yet you get what I am saying. If you have not figured it out, I speak my mind. Wow- I have issues, don't I? I have been hugging Maddie too long, that sounds like something she would say.

Tip- for all my girls out there, do background checks on you boys, before you hook up. It may not be cool to ask about his business, yet it is not cool to get nasty sick either.

Like no one wants to wake up with gonorrhea Larry or mono Mike.

Also- if you are going to sleep with a guy, and spend the night, and you are not in love with him or would like to know his name, be sure to get out of his bed, and place before the next morning. You do not need to deal with that. It is so unlike him going to wake up and say let us cuddle. It is not going to happen unless he loves you. Look out for yourself, no one is going to look out for you, if you make bad choices, it is all on you.

I am not going to fib here; it is tremendous knowing that I can do about anything. Because my girls will back me up. And that we girls can and will get away with anything.

We could say to any pain in the ass teacher to F-off, even slap the crap on them if we wanted to. And like nothing is going to happen. Why? Because the teachers just want us to like that and feel us like that too, yet they cannot feel anything anymore if they are too old. We can walk out of class at any time... and we can speak our minds.

We know that after high school, and we flashback to the past days of walking the halls.

We will know that we did it precisely right, that we kissed all the cutest and hottest boys, or the ones that just need a kiss from us because we were their fantasies. We will look back and know that we went to the greatest parties, and we resized some hell along the way.

Then we smoked and drank 'till we dropped and popped and locked to all the coolest loudest music. That we did and tried far too many different things, like cigarettes, things that are so illegal with diverse types of getting it in. We drank far too much cheap beer with big plastic funnels and hoses or doing the handstands of the cage gaping it down.

The same way we girls did with all the boys. We got so messed up to the point everything was funny, and any boy

looked good enough to hook up with. We popped the drugs, like candies, we heard what we wanted to hear, and put our middle fingers up to what we did not. We did not get an education like most, it was more like a crazy fun ride, that all blurs- together like the lines that we all saw on the marrow at the party.

You could not tell us what to do. We did what we wanted, and when we wanted to do it. We know how to be trashy and yet act as if we were classy. We were the girls that made the school cool, and everyone knew it, and they knew where they ranked with us.

Trust me: I know what it is like to be on the other side looking in.

I know that the grass is not always greener too. I was on the other side of popularity for the first part of my lifespan. I was the lowest of the low life scraping the bottom. Dispute it if you want, I had zero growing up, I was like that trash in the streets that got discarded. I felt like a girl that was homeless in elementary school living under a Pittsburgh bridge in a ball in the fetal position.

I would come home and feel the same way, I was the one that was forgotten about, mom and dad would be fighting over money, and having yet a mother-baby mouth to feed my sis. And I was just their pinking throws their leftovers at the table if they even remember at all to give me a place sitting at the table. I am not making excuses for them; however, they were young when they had me, I was the only reason they got married, and really, they did not know what they were doing.

They did not know how to be good parents, because their parents kicked them to the streets before they were eighteen. So yes, they strained to show their love and caring for me.

All the time that I could beg you please, in vain. It is not going to change anything about how you feel. All the time that I felt insecure; it was for them. So, I found a way out as I got older. I left all my burdens and innocents at the door, Mom, and Dad, you are what bring me to my knees because I felt insecure.

All the time the argumentative yelling will not end. All the times that I have cried, all this wasted, it was all inside, for you to never notice. I saw through you all, saw the real you, I waste more time trying to get loved by you, just time wasted! And what was said that the first boy that ever made me feel loved was Ray, and I wasted that time on them?

The girls took the place of the family that I had, that I was never part of.

And even they did want me to have love because they did not have it either. So, really in the end... I was nothing but a bloodstain on the road, for life to wash away. The sky that boy and my sis were the only tearing raindrops that fell for me when I dyed, no one else cared. My mother always sides that I was going to find a way to kill myself. She did shed a tear! And dad never thought I was going to grow up, he did not have a clue about who I was. But I still love them all, even if they never loved me. All the others in the SUV were in the hospital in a coma, so they never got to say goodbye.

I am bitter: yes, do I care No. I just think about what I would have done differently. Nobody ever said that that life was far! Nothing is for sure only death, it is always near in any graveyard, even if it seems so far away until you have your maker with your name on it.

Death is the only face in life you can trust. (#Hashtag: Bead beat daddy, screaming meme mommy, and first Cadillac ride was in a hearse)

~*~

(It is on)

Right after we fleetly pulled into the parking lot at the school. About five minutes before the late ball. Jenny speeds and floors, it is squealing like a pig and turning the wheel hard to the right into any random open parking spot, hitting coffee-covered Maggie and ripping the pitted bumbler of the orange Chevy truck next to us. And defrauding some other kids who were running by just to get out of the way, and in the school doors on time.

They were mostly dumbfounded first-year students. That has not gotten the fact that Jenny will run their asses over, and not even blink. Let us just say that Jenny never parks in her spot at the end of the lot. Nope nut-ah, she has even parked sideways in the principal space, up in the staff lot, just because. Jenny, she jokingly says...

'What are they going to do spank me!'

Unlikely... yet even if they would, she would enjoy it. Anyone else that would do that, would get towed at their own expense. I can see some of the girls with the light pink and love stranded red lace dresses peeping out from under their jackets, along with the glittery joinery, one was holding a tiara, papering for the big dance. Covering them up so putatively so the water would not trade them.

'Hurry up you'll be slower than six bags of crap!'

Jenny muttered as we got out of her SUV next to the back door of the school. This row or lot was only reserved for the seniors, yet everyone conjugates here before the ball.

Yet, Jenny has been parking in a senior row since the first year. Jenny has even parked in the handicap space. Her

excuse she gave was it was her time of mouth. And she did not want to have to do the shuffle walk, riding the cotton pony in the ferrying cold. Yes no- feeling things sticking to her oh so grossly as she was crimpy.

Yet in a way, I cannot say I blame her.

(Who wants that?)

We girls have some much more crap to deal with... like that. Period- handicap approved? Nevertheless, she has parked there for more than seven days in one month, she only really needs two. I guess I, or one of the other girls, that rides in her car get the blame for her parking there when she is not on her leak week. Up to now... I am not complaining, we can get away with it. Just like yesterday, Jenny pulled into this very lot, yelling oh F-no.

She was blaring the horn with her palm, her eyes were all wide wild, even though it was so apparent that Taylor (a senior) was there before us. Then without thinking Jenny presses her foot down on the gas pedal. Liv puts her hands over her eyes and screeches like a little girl. About the same time, what little bit of hot chocolate that I was sipping on dribbles all down my chin from being jerked around. Oh no she did not- I thought... yes, yes- she did. She piled out burning rubber cutting Taylor off. Yes like- she cut her off faster than a fat boy getting cut at a bar mitzvah.

(Ouch!)

Jenny's balding mixed tires Coopers in the front and Firestone in the back were spinning the whole time. In the blink of an eye Taylor slams on her screeching old brakes that cry as she gets pushed back and ripped off by Jenny.

Her orange Chevy truck stopped... yet gets sniped by her SUV letting Jenny in her spot. Let us just say that Taylor bumper and some others take a beating and get scared most days. That is why Taylor only has one working taillight, and her one headlight looks like it is winking at you. She does not bother with getting it fixed, just like her passenger-side mirror that Liv smashed when she opened her door; because it is just going to happen again. I guess some things just do not need fixing, even if it would look nicer? That reminds me...

'Great...' I said, mopping up the hot chocolate going down in my chin and boobs with a balled-up McDonald napkin.

'Now I get to go around all day with my boobs smelling like a Hershey chocolate bar.' 'Boys like the smell of junk food,' says Liv from the backseat. 'I read it in Seventeen magazine.'

'Why don't you put a Snickers bar down your pants, and Ray would probably freak or suck you before homeroom.' Jenny said gruffly. As she flips up the mirror from the sun visor checking her appearance. 'God- Jen, jealous much- says Liv.' Jenny- oh shut up! I am not jealous of that! Why don't you just go dry hump on your gay lover?'

Liv- 'Maybe I will, why do you want to watch Jen?' Jenny just made a face that a girl in preschool would make, sticking out her tongue, with her hands flapping at her ears.

(#- Hashtag: Handicap in the head, first-year demolition derby, and the girly flu)

~*~

Karly- Ray is so smart and funny and can always make me smile. He can even read... and that is a lot more than most boys that I have been with, it is like all their blood goes to the wrong head. Away ways he says that- 'A book is either good or

can suck harder than your girlfriend on your birthday.' I giggled so hard when he said that.

He said- 'That you just know what you like.' And from that, I knew that he liked me because I am his open book for him to read. Just like how two books are never perfectly the same, just like he is different from the other boys. We were going to author a story as one in love couple, a happy ever after story. Yet it never happened. Every day could have felt like his birthday with me.

(Yes- I am just that awesome! He- he)

I would have to say that I loved everything about him.

(I want my love story!)

He was not like the others...

(Yet, I found that out too late.)

There was something there that was different, something real. He felt unlike any other to me. Like I have dreamed of him making me arch my back out of plush, his warm breath on my neck, as he moves ever so, slowly downwards kissing my chest, and sucking on whatever he wanted. Only to move back up and whisper sweet words in my ears. Hearing that low sensual voice makes me quiver in satisfaction. As I was letting him go down on me. With him feeling all the wetness and warmth from way down inside of me.

Awl God- it must be more than a daydream! I have had the sensations of him spread my legs apart one by one, moving his body unstoppably mine, and before feeling those little tugging kisses right there on me before siding what I wanted the most in. I have felt him down in there... yet only in my fatuity. (It is just like a dream that is so real, all I must do is think about him!)

Of course, I have found myself groaning softly sometimes out of pleasure in boarding classes, just lost in the moment.

I cannot complain about even being the dead girl looking back. I have had the pleasure of seeing that thumping awkward thing in my face when trying to head for the right areas speeding my lips open and hitting all the right stops, yet never reaching the peak of the journey.

Yet, I am content with knowing the fact that he did slip his hand down my panties and rub me up-down, and around. Every chance we could cut away from the others. I loved his fingers touching me, and petting my little pink kitty, till the point of an ecstatic explosion.

I will always remember feeling one another's love parts, many times over with our hands and mouths only. Yet I wanted to feel his penetrating love so hard, long, and deep where it should have been. Without having someone getting in the way.

(Why couldn't I have shown him, I loved him even more than the others? It is never going to happen now!)

(#- Romeo wherfore art thou

Romeo, and moist humming daydreamer)

~*~

'Ou- yah-a-ah' Ohaaaa!

Jenny is a screamer in many ways! One day not too long ago she cut Taylor off the same way yelling out the window. She said- sorry honey, you are not freaking going to get any today, like always. She meant that in more than one way also. Taylor yells back- 'It was all your sweetie anyway, you're nothing but a parking horror!' That was a lie coming from her, but we knew what she meant by the words she said. (Awkward staring from

everyone, even the kids looking down from the windows of the school building towering above us. All the same, Jenny keeps her freshly powdered nose in the air.)

Chapter: 3

Maddie and Liv, more than friends?

(Girls)

Maddie- It was my first year on a Monday, it could just be like- the day of the accident. It felt more like December than November; it was so comparable. Just Like the day- I said-goodbye to one of my girlfriends, Karly.

That day was hard for me, yet it made me see back to another day, I remembered how I was in love and was not sure if it was right or not. If anything, Karly was the one that showed me that I can love another person even if she is a girl. I loved Karly that way, I kissed her too. Yet she wanted Ray Raymond more than anyone, I knew... but know girl turn me on more than me

BFF Liv.

No boy has ever made me feel like she can. That day the leaves on the street were wet and shiny, just like the first time I saw her p*ssy as she was standing in front of me. I was undressed standing in front of her too, it was the first time... for us to try this.

She was wet, shiny, and dripping droplets of stickiness that I could see. It was oozing, running down her falling off like the frozen rain dripping falling off the dangling leaves on the naked tree branches. She wanted me just as I wanted her.

My dream has come true! It may have been so wrong, yet she felt so right! At the time I wanted to be her! Currently all

I want is her. I have tried to put my love for her out of my mind with boys, yet it is not the same. I give up on loving, I mean just look at me now! Look at what I have done to kill the pain of not having whom I loved. I have had a boy all night in my room, yet I need her only. I have Liv on my mind all the time! Just like Karly did with Ray.

About three years ago when I moved here from Orlando, I lived five minutes from the famous park. I remember my first day at a new school here. It was so scary, yet that was when I saw Liv with Jenny for the first time. Any- how's Mom and stepdad moved here to Pittsburgh... why it is beyond me. Then again it was very much the best thing that ever happened to me, like a weird twist of fate. Why Pittsburgh?

I presume, it was so they could be together after the marriage, which was doomed from the start. Yet I am just a kid, and no one ever listened to me other than my girls. One girl more than the others knew me from the inside and out. This is an okay city, what can I say, it could have nicer weather.

The summer is too short, and the winters are way freaking long. Though I dream of her body being worth keeping me warm when I am oh so cold. There are more brown trees, purple hills, and glassy concrete things... than flowers that bloom in the short spring.

Most of the buildings in the Hills are residential four or five-story gray stones with run-down homes in-between with little gardens in the back most have dried-up stuff they call grass as a yard. I have always liked living in Florida more than here because it does tend to be a bit duller here than there, where everyone is white so unlike my old school. In my old hometown, most people's parents had jobs as doctors, lawyers, and teachers. Here your mom and dad just must struggle to get what they can get.

I remember the first time I met Olivia in the parking lot. You know that I got her cell phone number as fast as I could without looking too creepy. And a photo of her that I idolized. She asked me my name and my heart were all aflutter.

I said- ‘Madelyn’ but you can call me Maddie... everyone does. I said sweetly yet shaky, batting my eyes at her. I managed to sound casual, at least I know I tried to. My heart was rising, and my belly was full of butterflies. My palms were sweating, as I handed her the blue-covered phone back, after typing in my contact information in her cell, as she did with mine. I was thinking about all the text we were going to send to one another and the photos.

My lips were tingling... I so wanted to kiss her right there and then. My vagina became aroused and slippery, I could feel my heartbeat down there, my breasts seemed to swell a little, and my nipples became erect and hard.

I hope she did not note! I was getting hot for her.

I wondered if she was feeling the same about me?

Were all the same things happening to her like me? I wanted to ask, yet I did then. It would not have been right too. I wanted her to touch me! I wanted to touch her so badly! I wanted to rain my fingers, throw down her long soft hair and grab her tight little butt with both of my hands, and crease her body with my fingertips, and slide my tongue up and down as much as she would let me. I just want to hug her on the spot, and never- ever let her go. Not let go until she says release me, please. However, I knew that would not be right either.

It was all happening too fast for me. I never thought I was into girls like I never had a lesbian thought in my awareness before until that moment. I was thunderstruck something just went off on me, saying in my brain saying-

'Yes! Yes! Oh- yes!'

You are what I have been looking for for a long time. I was into her, it was love at first sight, and I felt so hard for her. Then again, I felt so dirty and weird for what I wanted to do to her in my mind, my mouth felt dry as I walked away, I knew what I was feeling was not what I thought was normal for a girl like me to think. I knew if my mom and dad would find out they would disown me. She would have to stay my hush-hush girl crush!

~*~

Liv- One week later- 'Hey,' Maddie said, 'you never called me back!' It struck me in my mind because girls do not ask that. So frantically, that is when she did not know what to say anymore. She was frightened of me, while applying pink lip gloss, looking more at the ground than at me, just like a little boy that did not know what to say to the girl he liked. Then I did, I said- 'Oh- sorry but... I do not know you.' And for a few seconds passed with her rocking on the heel and then tow. We both just fumbled for a clear word. But after about the fourth exceptionally long pause, she said, in this small voice and hesitantly, 'Um- I- was- wondering... if you would like to go-o to the movies o-or something with me on Saturday? Like you do not have to if you do not w-want to. I thought you would like to since I am new here. You could sh-show me around the town. I da-did not care what the movie is... but... oh... um- okay, well, ma-may-be you would not. It- it was wrong for me- to ask.'

'Sure, I would,' I said rapidly, stopping her adorably cute stuttering... 'You would?' she started to tear up. She sounded shocked. I did not know that girls her age still yelped when delighted. However, she did. 'Sure, I would love it, I'll even show you the parks, and the buildings like the Benedum, and I'll show

you everything.' Everything, she gulped hard, taking down some air.

'Sure, I said- Ever been to Primanti Brothers?' 'Ah- no what's that... she asked surprised with confusion.' I leaned into her face with mine to the point our lips almost touched, while looking deep into her gleaming eyes, and said you will just have to see.' 'A-um- okay!' She said, so satisfied with a long sigh. I thought... well- what do you know?

I said to Maddie just promise me, that you will not try putting your arm around me when I sit together watching the movie. ah- nah- no I would not think of it she said disappointedly. And the look on her face becomes sad. I was joking... of course, you can if you want. Then I said you can hold my hand too, Maddie giggled cutely then! Relieved that I was just teasing her. Yeah, I have to say I thought she was cute from the start.

That was the first time I heard her laugh that way... in her distinct way. It was full of cheerfulness. I do not mean amusing, although it was that too. She laughed as if what I had just said was so crafty and meant so much to her, that it had somehow made her fizz over with pleasure and delight. That phone number I gave her was the best thing that had happened to her. And that situation at the school of me not assuring her texts and calls did not seem so bad anymore.

(#-hashtag: making the movie, U-Hauling, and lipstick lesbian)

~*~

I recall that a couple of days after she asked me out in Ms. Oliver's class the teacher was a couple of minutes late for Math. That day it was Monday, which was my last class at the end of the day. Maddie- she gave me that quick nod, and her

face got crimson red and she picked up her algebra book and covered her sweet little face sitting at her desk. I walked over to her and pulled the book down. She looked at me so angelic, that is when I said can I share with you today, I left my book at home.

That was the time we had studied to gather, and sit next to each other, on top of each other's laps. I could feel her thigh touching mine, I could feel her body heat, and that felt nice and comforting. Just like the next day in Miss. Gardens English class Maddie saw me, and she, and she sat beside me like before yet even closer than before, we had to read aloud to the class a poem. I will never forget how she trembled as she stood and spoke softly and said-

'I Think I Love You.'

It was that first look, which was all it took.

I knew from the start we would never part, that you took my heart.

When I saw your warm smile, there was no denial that I must be your gal.

When looking into your eyes, there are no lies, you gave me the butterflies.

There are no words to say, how you make my day, even if others will call us gay.

Only your words touching my ears are what I want to hear, with your love I have no fears, moments with you are so dear.

You have touched my heart and soul; you make me feel whole.

I love your lips, I love your hips, I cannot resist. I love everything about you, it hits me so hard, that my heart does backflips.

When you say: 'I Think- I Love you.'

I know- she chooses- the poem she read for me. She was next to me, facing all the kids in the class as she read her feelings, which we are all taking all in stunned and wide-eyed, even the teacher was speechless. Maddie, she was coming out about liking me. I do not care how you are; it takes a lot of lady balls to do that!

I will never- ever forget after she was done reading. She dropped the paper out of her small hands, and with everyone's eyes looking at her children the same; thinking she was crazy. She turned and faced me. Frightened, but eager, and said-innocently 'I LOVE YOU- OLIVIA!'

She bent down, and French kissed me right on the lips, as everyone gasped. The kids in the class started to giggle, woot, and whistle. Some of the things some said about her were awful. She got so embarrassed that she ran out of the room, knocking books off desks and everyone, crying and blushing. My jaw was hanging open after that sensual, breathtaking kiss. I was bushed too, nevertheless, I was thrilled that she did it. I had to say to the class that it was not genuinely nice of you guys... I like what she just did was so charismatic and brave of her. The teacher said I do not get it... but, yes class did you see the passion and emotion she put into her reading. That is why she gets an A+ unlike the rest of you lifeless slackers, Yawl did not even try.

Inside the notebook paper, she drops on the floor under my desk with my left foot unnoticed, which she authored her poem on. So that I could pick it up after class without everyone looking at me doing it. The ball raged out three times, everyone

ran out of the room like it was on fire, wanting to get to their lockers and go home.

Yet, I just stayed at my desk for a couple of extra minutes, so that I could be down and get the note that was under my foot. I looked at the wrinkled up lined paper intently and read it again, looking at every penstock and letter in her sweet handwriting, and I carefully folded it up into fours, and put it in my hip pocket, for safekeeping. ‘You have to kiss a lot of frogs before you find out that you just want a princess and not just some boy.’

Ms. Oliver walks back into the room, and I look up. She sits down and the chair breaks at her desk in the front of the room. She pushes her tired bangs out of her graying eyes. She said- ‘You can stay as long as you want honey, I don’t have anything to go home to.’ She is not that old, yet she looks as if she had not slept for years, either that or just sexily frustrated. I cannot place it; I could tell that her husband did not care about her anymore.

Let just say she let herself go, and her only friends live in the books that she reads. But the way she acted when she saw Maddie kiss me. It was like she was dreaming about being young and in love again. Or she had a girlfriend at one time and let her go. Because times were different then. It was as if she was having a flashback or something. I do not know... Just like sometimes she joked about it, how she does not get any last night to the class, in that special saddle way.

She has a sense of humor about things most people do not find funny. I feel for her. She said- ‘You know it is hard to love a man... when he does not love you back. I remember being your age, love was different then. Enjoy it now, you will. It is not as carefree and easy to find in a partner, as you get to become a grownup.’ I just shook my head yes, understandingly, and said-

'Um- okay- while, I have to go.' I wanted to leave before she started to cry or something. Plus, I wanted to see where Maddie ran off too.

Ms. Oliver Just gave me a little wavy, as I headed to the door and out into the paper and pencil littered the empty hallway. I knew that she was mostly going to fall asleep at her desk. Darling on the papers that she was going to grade for us to give back the next class.

Her voice is always so weak like she has lost her only friend. The only time she is alive is when she is reading to class. She gets so worked up when teaching. Like Lewis Black, getting a point made, that is not that relevant. You know the type, which looks like they are going to have a coronary on stage. She looks and shouts just like that.

Maddie- I remember the first year, and how I told my parents about my first Spirit week and the Friday night dance. They were like-

'That's nice honey...'

(Half paying attention.)

'So-o who's the lucky boy?' dad said. 'Who got you flowers?' Said, mom. She remembered the flowers from way back in the old school days when she went to high school there in the nineteen-eighties. 'I remember how I loved that...!' she said. I said- 'Um- Yes! I am looking forward to it too.' Yet it was hard for me to break it to them. So hard to say that- 'I am not receiving any flowers.' Dad asks me- 'why not?'

And I said- 'Girls can't give other girls flowers.' Dad said- 'Yeah and why does that matter- Madeline?

(He was dumbfounded for a minute or two.)

After the long uncomfortable halt in the chat, I spoke up... 'So-o mom- dad... I am not going with a boy, that is why.

(I hesitated with a deep breath.)

'I am going to go with a girl to the dance, I'm kind of going out with her.' Yes, you know it. The look on their faces was that of horror! 'Mom the guy of my dreams is a girl sorry... but I love her!'

Mom got up from the table, we were having dinner, leftover meatloaf, and potatoes.

Dad, he dropped his fork in the runny brown gravy, and said- 'You're kidding, right?' I said (Nervously) 'NO!'

No- I am not!

'I am going with a girl named Olivia, and I want you to meet her. I want you to love her as I do.'

Dad said- 'You LOVE her!' I held- 'Yes daddy- I LOVE her. She is cute, smart, funny, and sexy... she makes me happy. Oh, daddy- I could go on and on about her and what she does to me.'

Dad, he just shivered all up and down his body when I said that. Mom was now in the living room rocking in her chair. Saying- 'Where did I go wrong' over and over. Dad was more open-minded or just fascinated by me like a girl. It seemed as if he was looking forward to meeting the girl that stole my heart away. Either that or he knew that at least I was not going to have parents!

Telling them I was seeing a girl was extremely difficult.

(I would like to say that I am still the same girl, and I do not have a deadly disease!)

Yet, they acted as if I was sick! My mother was furious. Saying 'You're an intelligent person, this is not how couple's work.' She thundered. 'You should know better and have better judgment than to want to do this atrocity.'

My mother was unsympathetic, which was worse than you could imagine. It hurt me that she did not get it. And she was judging Olivia before getting to see what I see in her. I had to explain that she was not changing my mind. She could force a boy on me, yet I was always going to love her and never- ever stop.

Then the sex questions popped up. Dad asking if I had it yet with anyone? And I said of course with her. And he was like- 'How does that work with a girl...?' He spoke.

I just sighed- and said- 'Daddy it is not hard to figure out! You just smack and rub your vaginas together and figure inside and out. Or just do oral on one another... sometimes at the same time.' Yeah- he was sorry that he asked! As for mom- that is just when she fainted while beforehand saying- 'Jesus please help this sinning little girl!' I could not believe the big deal she was making over this...!

Dad just said- 'Oh? Oh- o- Okay?

Madeline that is enough!' Yeah- I think he got it! All I could hope for is that mom and dad would see her in that flush pink sparkle-covered dress ahead of time and fall in love with her... take our photo and be happy for us; that is all I hoped for!

Three years later, right now. I still treasure that photograph hugging next to my bed, of us kissing and holding hands before the dance, us in our dresses! We got our flower bouquets for each other and danced all night as a close twosome. As well as mom and dad learned to love her as if she were my good friend, that was a girl. Liv was the love of my life

that year. And all I really wanted and needed all the years after, until this point anyway.

I guess just like Karly, I had to do what I needed to do just to be in the cool kid's group. I fall into the same trance that Jenny put over us, thinking the grass is green on the other side. Yet mom and dad were happier too, with her calling all the shots for me, to be as they call normal. I fell for what they wanted, and not what I wanted for myself. I was not genuinely happy, yet I did it anyway... I was so dumb. To nearly give up everything... everything that I loved for them to want me. 'I hate it... when people say to move on to something else. When there was nothing else to move on to in my mind.'

(#-hashtag: do not forget about me, kissing a girl and liking it, nothing can keep us apart)

~*~

Liv- I remember my first date with her, the cutest, sweetest, and loveliest girl in the world! We stopped riding our bikes through the many throughout the city. It was the day that was warm for December first, it was like sixty outside. We were going to overlook the river most of the way, we did not know how far we were going to go before we would stop, we were testing the waters, we just wanted to find a place to hook up, which was private, so we could play with each other's privates. The sun was peeking up over the trees and burning off the medieval fortress of night, it was early, yet we wanted to be on the parkway going into the park, before all the others.

Maddie was there in front of me. As I walked holding my old bike, she said ready to do this, as she winked one eye; and I knew what she had in mind. Just as my mind was on her even a minute of every ticking second of the weak and the days that passed to when we could do this. I saw her near the entrance, leaning against the buildings that house the

bathrooms, there was a reddish-brown granite off in the opposite direction. That we had to pass to get on the trill.

I remember looking over her. She had on a long cotton skirt with a pattern in it, and a heavy blue sweater; I remember thinking the sweater made the skirt look out of place, as did the small olive handbag strapped to her shoulders that was childlike. Her lavish hair tumbled freely down over the pack. A green hair clip on the one side, she was biting her bottom lip nervously, her lips were begging to be kissed by me. It was just one of the corks that she does when waiting for me, it is only for me, like letting me know she is feeling- all tingly-tingly for me. I stopped for a few seconds before walking up to her, and I just stood there watching her, but she did not notice me.

Five minutes or so passed, as I was daydreaming about all the things, I want to do with her and do creasing, touching, and even tasting, her... anyhow I went up to her and said, 'Hi.' She gave a little jump wavy and a thumbs' up- such a girly active child... shouting over here, she had been there longer than me, and she had already done- a half-mile or so to meet up with me. She was looking at me over in her thoughts.

She gave me this wonderful slow smile, as it spread across her face and her eyes were bright and glittery, 'Hey,' she said as she throws her leg over the tall tubing of her bike lifting her skirt to her showing somewhat of her one butt cheek for me to see in a flirty way. She bounded down on her seat, as she gave that first thrust on her puddle and said as she was pulling away 'Liv... you- coming?' I was thinking, yes Maddie, I am coming! I am coming right now for you... 'Of course, I'm coming,' I said- hastily, and my voice cracked in the air.

'Why wouldn't I have?'

Like, I would follow her cute but anywhere that she leads me! She should know that she came for her! Seeing her

hair blowing back in the breeze, as she was bent forward on her bike stretched out over the handlebars. I knew she was rubbing the small seat as I was with mine, scraping down there like it just made me think about her even more, as I was pedaling hoping to get there, and to get off. I was getting so hot, out of breath, and thirsty! I just wanted to have that full release, and ride with her agent the wind, going downhill, feeling the sensations throughout my body.

She was flying in front of me. As I was trying to pass, I did this just to see what she would do, I would get there before her. I knew that she wanted to see me... like I was looking at her because she keeps looking back to see if I was still there. I even said 'Babe- I'm not going anywhere!'

Finally, while grinding my gears, I could feel the vibrations of my tires from running over the loose gravel, as I got around her, stimulating my clitoris as I pressed even harder down on my bike seat, boning up and downward with every leg pump pedaling hard. The feeling was much the way; I knew she would be doing to me. When we got to the right spot, she would hit all the right spots.

Um- her pressing and flicking up with her with one blue-green nail polish elongated middle finger. I knew that it would be going deep inside of me. As the others would ride on the outside, my blushing skin pressed down jiggling and cycling me. Aww yes, feeling my inner walls contracting and cramping squeezing down on her finger as she tries to pull it back out. The feeling she gives me is gushing. Just the way she rushes to my brain!

And that is exactly what happened when we found a grove of the evergreen tree, we kissed until she laid me down slowly and got on top of my shivering body, we were off to the sideway down this dreamy pathway the trees made it dark and

cool color in the light, the sun was filtering through tenderly... it was a tranquil spot. At the end of the trees, it opens into a half-frozen river that we overlooked as we made love.

Yes, it was so cold, yet we still got naked.

Maddie- Yes- I remember... unbuttoning her top on the button at a time. She smelt so-o good, as I was looking into her lovestruck eyes, her lips parted... I was running my hands up her back, tickling her a little, along with squeezing her boobs with my hands, thought lacy her bra. Siding my easily her bailey, as she was rubbing her hand and fingers over the little front fabric pace of her undies. She was doing this with me, as I was doing it to her. Her nipples pointed and squeezable with my thumb and fingertip, they were in my face, as bent slightly jerking down my skirt to fall.

Both of us kicked off the shoes, and everything slipped off around our feet. Let the undies fall to the ground, just as we fall to the ground in a hug. We are rolling around in the dew-covered foliage. Mum- feeling her body heat was all I needed to keep warm. Yes, it is safe to say that I am hot for her... and I feel safe intertwined with her cozy embrace.

Liv- I was wondering what she was thinking the whole time. I love getting into her feelings. I loved every meaningful thought she had and told me, about everything and anything.

And that giggle that melts my heart. I enjoyed just trying to get her to laugh, just so I could hear her. Yet she about does that giggle with about everything I said, because she had a nervous laugh... because she loves me.

Looking at her wrist I could see her classic gummy bristles. I remember how when we were younger in middle school, they resented what we would all do with a partner. Maddie went to a different school then, yet the gummy was the

same regardless. And looking at her wrist that day she was wearing a back one and a green one, and that was exactly what we did. Black- indicates that she is willing to have regular 'missionary' sex! Green- indicates 'oral' sex with a girl. Yet most girls that I know, walking in the halls of the school have been wearing blue- that meant the girl would give 'oral' to a boy.

(Karly had that one on a lot, and sometimes purple-staffing that she was Bi, and would be willing to kiss and make out with a girl.)

Most girls were blue and black colored scenes in seventh grade. As for Maddie and me, we stuck with Green and Black mostly that the first year. The other colors no one cared about in high school, like all you wanted to see, was that one Black one, to know if they would go all the way with you. You were not particularly cool if you did not have those colors on. I remember Madilyn and losers' girls like her only had a yellow one and that goes for even now, and that's just lame! (Boys what more than hugs!) Just like it was lame when girls would try to wear too many at one time. Because you know they were lying about what they are willing to do. It is not cool- to try that hard.

I knew I was in love to go all the way on the first date! I never did that with anyone before. There was nothing I wanted more, nothing I would give her up for... so I alleged. Things change if you want them to or not! And others can change what you want for you... that is the life of a teenage lesbian! Changing into something they want you to be, and not who you are meant to be at the time and time after. To me... It is more wrong for me to pretend that I like a boy and break his heart... because I am not into it. Then it is to be with a girl, I think that. She can go and be a heart barker that is not for me.

Yet, Jenny thinks I should be just like her. And my family thinks Jenny is what I should become, they have no clue who and what she is. And most in this world never see things like- I do. It is easy loving another girl, it is hard for other people to love you for loving her though.

Love is love... and without her, because of them, I feel loveless... and it is all because they feel that my love should be given differently, then I knowledge. What is wrong with us being this way? It could be because I am this way that it was slowly taking away. Like I am being punished... I was doing something wrong. Perhaps... it will all work out, and maybe not.

Perhaps...?

Chapter: 4

Falling to your knees

Karly- Oh before getting out of the car how could I forget: 'Maybe you should try it with Ray, said Liv.' Jenny throws her coffee-stained napkin at me, and I catch it and toss it back. She is laughing. 'You did not think I would forget about your big night, did you?

I know what you have been planning to do with him?' She fudges in her handbag and the next thing that flies at me is my and Ray used a crumpled-up noted condom with bits of my old bubble gum stuck to it. Jenny cracks up and says this is your baby from the other night. We saw you playing with it, about to get on and off! Liv looks at the condom that is sticking to my face, and there is no man stuff in it. Jenny giggles even heard saying- yes, I know that is what is funny, and there never will be... because the baby girl here does not know how to get it done! 'You're so sick,' I said, taking the unpleasant condom off my face with my thumb and one finger, dropping it in Jenny's

glove compartment, with all the others that are used along with all the other grossly girly stuff she keeps in there that used too.

Just touching it gets my nerves going yet again. I can feel something spiral at the bottom of my stomach. I was thinking about how we can get this done.

(Oh, how I wanted him. Jenny knew it and was rubbing it in.)

Then Liv speaks up saying, I do not know why you bother using those things anyway.

That is what slows you down! 'What!' Jenny slams on the brakes.

'Saying only a dumb-ass fool doesn't have their boy rap their tool!'

Liv says I've by no means understood why condoms are used and kept in those tiny foil wrappers. They look so scientific, like something your physician would prescribe for allergies or bowel problems. Jenny looks at Liv, and says, ``You do not know how to use one? I said only you would think there for taking a dump and sneezing!

Liv- shakes her head no... Jenny leans her set back, kisses her on the cheek. Saying you are so dumb!

(Yet in my mind, I was thinking that is how she gets it done. She does not have time... as I do.)

Jenny- she leaves a small circle of pink lip gloss on her. Then she grabs her handbag, pulls out a new one, and rips the wrapper open with her teeth. Saying- 'I have to teach you girls everything.'

She tells Liv- okay stick up your pointer and middle fingers, and she unrolls it down her two fingers.

Saying- see that is not so hard is it! Liv says- ou-w-ha does that mean I am going to have to touch his wee-wee! And Jenny just slaps her hand on her forehead. Just like one girl's pleasure is another girl's turn off.

(That is when it hit me too... I knew that she was still gay for Maddie. And that she was just putting on a front, for everyone. She is like me, so in love with what she was NOT allowed to have, because of what others would think.)

~*~

Karly- Mr. Davis, the gym teacher, is standing outside the gymnasium, like always when we are getting out of the car. You know that he is most certainly checking out our asses. Liv thinks the reason he insisted on instructing the girls is so he can see the young cute girls in the showers and just bare ass naked. His office has all open windows, and it is right next to the girl's exposed dressing room, open shower, and the visible toilets.

Now every time I pee in the gym, I get paranoid that he is looking up at my tampon tunnel! He always walks in like when you are peeing a stream like Trevi Fountain and can stop it! I just wonder what all he has seen of us over the years? I know he has seen me, and most of the girls are braless and without undies many times.

He says- this is my job to look at you, and make sure you are all doing what you need to do... um- okay if you say so, creeper! Jenny, she has no problem showing off her waxed goodies, me not so much... the only one that needs to see my tiny fuzzy puss is Ray, or my stocker sis if she what to share again... ha!

~*~

'Howdy young lady's, let's move it along' he calls to us. He is also the softball and track coach, which is tongue-in-cheek since he undoubtedly could not sprint two feet and back. He looks like a cow, and his skin is blotchy, just like a dairy cow. He is the type that his chest hair gets caught in the fly of his slacks.

'Come on now my lovely little ladies, I don't what to say that you are late on my roll paper.'

(#- Hashtag: a sticky situation, looking in the tunnel of love, and creeper teacher)

I do not want to have to spank him, yet I did. Jenny makes a mocking impression of his voice, walking past. It is strangely low-pitched and raspy; another reason Liv thinks he is such a pedophile. Liv and Jenny crack up just looking at his sideways little grin.

(The look is like- come here and freaking ride me!) He always eyes us, little girls, with bad intent, with his icy stone-cold stocker blue eyes. Those eyes that chill your blood just looking into them for too long. We all know he has gotten his way with some young ones... just like me. I would know too... You know for sure he bent them over, doing doggy style. Putting his curved nasty penis into their snug honey hole.

Like a spy on a mission for what is causing all the bloodshed in the house of love. I just feel that... all of us girls do! Jenny says it... it must be true! It like you can see and hear their sex screams in the steaminess of the room, as you channel into his creepy gaze! I know he wants me like that, I know he wants to go down on me, like before! I know- he wants to eat me out, again.

Like the orange, he is sucking on now! Just like the others, he has been in the locker room and showers. We girls

just add to all the photos from all the years... of girls thirty years' worth.

Jenny would know, she mostly has banged her brains out that way. With him forcing it down inside of her, all these years! She had seen all the photos of the girl's plastic on his office wall. Me being one of them. She is the week all of us girls are compared to his big flabby body flopping around on us.

You cannot fit him off you when he grabs you. I would know... Nevertheless, these girls must beat him off! He likes it more than that way, if you scuffle with him, and slap him up a bit. He has an immense appetite... and for more than just food, as you can see... he eats a lot, like all the time.

You will always see him holding a brown bag, snacking on munchies; looking for his next girl. To feed that appetite... and if you tell him, and what his dose to you will funk you all the marking periods and mark your light every day! He has you by the ass!

I drift off into a slight daydream standing there, and I recall my first year standing alone in the shower nude, wet, and soapy. I was the last one out of the guy's room, I was running least as usual and the last one to shower. He walks up behind me and puts his arms around my waist. He said you look good naked.

However, there is something you must do. What is that I asked? He looked down at me and pointed. I had pubic hair, and he said that took away from my sensual beauty. He plants a kiss on the cheek, and then my lips. Saying you have such beautiful breasts. He plays with them... I could feel my nipples lengthen under his whispering beneath, saying I was going to take care of you. I was never so turned off yet turned on at the same time.

Disposable razor in his hand he rubs and combs his fingers through my thick hair down there. He moans as he begins shivering it off, and I see all the stands fall to the floor. Without even asking me first. You missed a spot I said, and gently tugs on what is leftover. He said that how you should do it, never have any more than that, girls should have good hygiene.

That surprised me, that he ran, that razor over my sensitive private skin... leaving a line of short hair, from my underwear line down to my pink opening, saying that is the way I like it. Looks much better... yes? He said... I said yes.

But- but I feel so dirty! He sniggers, saying, Karly, you look so sexy now!

Mr. Davis! I spoke. (Taken back) He 'Shushes' me! With a mischievous smile, saying do not be afraid Karly, I know you are not a virgin... I am just showing you what to do, for your pleasure, and I am just coaching you! So- you know what a man wants, and what a man like me wants is to feel the inside of you! I want you, Karly!

Mr. Davis slowly and effortlessly puts a finger inside me. He said- oh so tight! I struggle and twist determined to back him off me. He does not move, and pushes it further in me, even though I am using all my might pushing his big body of mine. All at the same time, he was tugging... gently sucks on my nipples. Saying-

Mu-mmm! ('Send My Love (To Your New Lover)) was playing in the background.'

He runs his hands up and down my hips then bumps me forward pressing his mouth against my p*ssy. My eyes closed... tightly! I was panting!

This was wired and eristic all at the same time. He smacked my butt cheek till it cracked a loud and hard sound that echoed within the vast room. Squeezing and pulling apart my now rosy ass with both hands. And yes- I started to cry! His fingers gently started caressing my pulsing clitoris as he was pulling the skin up that covers it exposing it to the air, and his gentle touch. My backside is now pinned to the cold wet shower wall.

I was shaking and emotionless at this point. However, there was nowhere to run... I was corned by him from the start, at that moment his face down there. Is it wrong if it feels so good? I have never been so freaking out in all my life.

That was the first time an older man went down on me. What is sick about the whole thing is that he was good at it. Spreading the moisture around and working his kisses down to my anus opening rimming me ever so softly, as he pulled me to the floor holding my legs up in the air and my back against the wall. He pressed agent me the hardest when he knew, I was nearing my O-ing sighing release. He said- I was the youngest he- his finger freaked and sucked. That I was the best one yet! That I was- 'so cute and tasty!'

The only way I got through it was thinking he was Ray! I never told anyone because I like it, and that would be wrong for me to... I am not a hypocrite.

I think a lot of girls, he has played with feelings as I do. Or they are just frightened. I knew he wanted more when he unzipped, and it was ready for me, he put my hand on it. I recognized what he wanted, so I did it with my hand in a fast rhythm. I shook back to his moaning matching my hand stocking, it was fast and hard.

I felt the heat of him ejaculating suddenly, with all of it spurt out at me all over my face, shooting in my one eye, running down my lips and chest.

I remember him saying how does that taste? I said sheepishly- it is good! Even though it was not, it was slimy and salty. He is not half the man Ray is! And as fast as that... it was all over.

As he left me to get up. I was running the least for my next class, as the next class bell rang out. I was cleaning up. He said hurry up... get dressed darling. I will write you a light pass. As he moved swiftly to his office. With it still spending time together... looking like a dead baby bird. You cannot be gone too long now... harry it up! When the walls came back, I was in my locker, he handed me the pass, and I put it on my top. He said- do not say anything to anyone about this, and you will have an 'A' for the entire year! If you do say something, and you rat me out... I will find you.

And I will stretch you out so hard, that you will think you got freaked by a train. You will wish that you were dead.

Like I had to do with you one girlfriend, that cannot shut up. Sia's 'Cheap Thrills' was playing in my mind, repeatedly, followed by 'Salted Wound.' That was a movie that I and the girls said could have had more lovemaking in, like 'Sausage Party' was more thrilling to my girlie parts... (yet now I want to suck on some Winnie's' said Jenny Ha!... the girls bust out. So-degrading to women crap. Finding Dory- was okay- but Crash should have had a movie too, said Liv. 'Mike and Dave'- got sluts... cool that is what all we girls are today- so! It flopped like a limp d*ick- said Jenny. Movie nights on

Saturdays... fun- fun. 'I love Life of Pets- said Maddie- um- us too.'

I went to the art class traumatized, with a razor itch. I looked at Jenny, and she was pissed, after that day Jenny had stood in for me any time when he was coming for me all horned up. She took the bow in my place. Which is one more reason I must put up with her crap? She did not want me to have to go through that, or she just wanted it. Either way that was okay with me. I only wanted what I could have... the way I wanted.

The flashback ends, as I hear that same bell that reminds me of all of that...

~*~

Present time-

'One minute after the bell,' Maddie says, sharply. Hey sexy girlie- to Liv, and Maddie puts her arm through hers, they pick one another on the lips. Jenny said to get a room... they both just giggle. I side with Jenny- I think he heard you back there doing that you know. Jenny yes well, I do not give a crap, he will get me from the backside later.

Wow- I said... walking down the hall some- 'Happy Friday girls,' Jenny squeaks out! We all just look at her wondering because she is so freaking happy, that was uninstalled for her.

(Little did I know... she had plans for the letter that night, involving me and my lover boy.)

Maddie takes out her cell phone and takes a selfie of all of us, making silly faces. Beforehand she was looking at the screen to pick her teen with pink nails.

(If I knew that it was going to be my last snapshot of all of us together, I would have to keep my fingers down from my lips, and my tongue in my mouth! You know the pose tongue

out between two fingers. Yeah- you know it... I looked good! NOT!)

‘This photo sucks,’ Jenny says, without looking at it. ‘Totally,’ I say it is not even a good boob shot. Fridays are the toughest in some ways: you are so close to freedom yet must get down on your knees and beg them for mercy.

‘Kill me now.’

(I said- Not thinking in less than eight hours I would be dead.) Jenny grips my face and kisses me. (I have been kissed by death by the lips of a teenage girl!)

‘No way.’

Jenny embraces my arm. We were all arm chinned together ‘Oh no! I cannot let my bestie die without freaking about her virgin lover boy Ray. It is about time you get down on your knees or spread them, for someone you want to be with!’ I said to Jenny it is all about sex with you, isn’t it? And she said yep- what else is there? You are a freak- I said... and she whispers back in my ear- you know it, baby! Blond-Haired Person has more fun you know! (Licking her lips) Maddie said no, I have just as much fun as you do... plus this way I am smarter. I said, come on let us get to our classes!

(#-Hashtag: blond-haired person, not all-natural hair, and colors, and who is your daddy?)

Maddie’s- I have been keeping her a secret, just like Jenny keeps Karly’s secret, and Karly keeps her secrets. All of us girls have a dirty little secret, which no one will ever know about. No one ever found out what was happening inside me. Like what was happening to her, it happened to all of us. Just like me not showing the world that I love her. It still pains me as it did with her, and it is eating away at all of us slowly.

Liv- I remember Karly telling me about him coming on to her. And from that point on I made sure he thought she was gay like me and Maddie. He has made a pass at me, yet he knows that he is not getting me to do anything like she had to do.

Sometimes, Karly is so meek and global! She got used to it and there was no need for it if she stood up for herself. Nonetheless, look who is talking... I am so much like her. I never stood up for what I wanted or did want either. Yet all of us girls have been licked by that man. The sick twisted bastard. And no one believes it is happening! Because he is so well-liked by the school staff and respected.

(The girl's internal thoughts walking to class.)

Maddie- Why are people so harsh? What did I or she ever do to them?

Why can't they understand me or her?

God's it is getting hot in here.

I am so bloated, at least I am not pregnant!

Jenny must be on her period; she tries so hard not to be a b*tch!

Hum- I need some chocolate!

Does she still love me?

I feel like crying!

Liv's thoughts- I did not sleep last night.

All night long I was wide awake.

Thinking! Secrets, secrets, secrets!

I am sick of keeping Maddie and me a secret!

This is my fault, mine? Now, look at what I did!

Where could we go to not be seen?

Would I be a good mommy?

I am so horny!

Karly's thoughts- I am scared!

Afraid of all of you!

And of them, and that man over there!

I fear who I am!

I must be with him tonight!

I would never bleach my hair!

I have a paper I need to write.

Why should I keep these secrets!

It is cold in this hallway!

I must pee!

Jenny- I remember my first year and asking Ray out, and he said no to me. To me!

Like no one has ever passed me up!

I typed- If you have the chance in the future, will you and I ever go out? I know you do have someone now, but I would like to have a yes or no answer. You do not have to answer this right away... think about what you want and get back to me okay thanks.

Ray- three moments pass, and I get- No!

With- It is never- ever going to happen! I like someone else!

Jenny- We were friends on Facebook and our friendship was short-lived, I confirmed his request... and he unfriended me? The same day- What happened? He deleted me; no, the boy has ever done that to me. I must have him as my boyfriend, he is the first one to ever say no to me. He said to her I do not remember sending you a request! Sure... to be truthful I am disappointed in him; I was thinking finally we can at least be friends.

Why doesn't he want me?

Why does he like her more?

(Facebook chat)

He typed - No we cannot be friends.

I asked- why not?

He typed - Because I do not want to.

I typed - That is mean... What did I ever do to you?

He typed - I tried to be nice to you but you took it too far, and I feel a little uncomfortable around you. I am not trying to be mean.

I- was- thinking uncomfortable? Uncomfortable because you do not like me? Or uncomfortable because you can control yourself around me because you like me that much?

I typed - I am sorry I never meant to do anything to you.

Yes, I like you, and I know you are with Karly, I was hoping for someday...

We could go to a movie or something like that? I am not a bad person... you no!

You must give people a chance. And if you are judging me, I have changed a lot.

Is asking you out so wrong? Why do I make you so uncomfortable?

He typed- I am incredibly happy with Karly, and I see her in my future, so I wish you could respect that. I do not understand why... you think it is okay for me to give you a chance when I have a girlfriend. I am not like that, and that is very wrong.

I typed - My god you are not married to her. You need to stop listening to your friends so much... What are you so scared of?

He typed- I was scared to fall in love with someone like you!

I said- It will happen! You will fall for me!

~*~

Jenny's thoughts walking to class- I am going to get what I want... And none of you b*tches know!

I will get you!

I will have to sit in class like this.

I hope you do not mind blood Mr. D

I must change this tampon out...

The gym is my only 'A,' I wish they were all that easy for me.

Karly small good, I wonder what she is wearing?

Does anyone have a tampon?

Do people still use pads?

These... underwear cost me \$30!

I WISH I WAS A GUY!

(So. me being on my period feels like you are getting-kicked in the balls for a week, non-stop, like that love a sick feeling or you must squeeze something out of yah, consent churning inside.)

Chapter: 5

Admiration

Karly- My first two periods- Art and American History has always been my best subject- I get only five roses I was told at the end of the day so far. I am not that stressed about it, although it does kind of piss me off that Eliza gets four roses from her boyfriend, Chris. It did not even arise to me to ask Ray Raymond to do that, and in a way- I do not think it is fair. It makes people think you have more friends than you do. I am more honest than that?

As soon as I make it to Spanish, Mr. Pierce announces a pop quiz. This is an immense problem since one, I did understand a word of my homework in four weeks.

(Okay, so I came to a standstill trying to get it... after week one.)

And two Mr. Pierce is a d*ick to me. Always threatening to take my phone away and making me stay long after school sometimes. I have a failing grade, yet I do not care. It is not like I am going to do anything with my life anyways after I get out. I have not been accepted to school yet. Because the staff here do not know how to get you into a place.

He said that he is going to make sure I do not graduate, I am not sure whether he is being serious or whether he is just trying to keep me in line for next year when I become a- senior, but there is no way I am letting some d*ick headteacher ruined my chances of getting into Pitt/IUP. Just two be able to count to ten in Spanish.

I want to go to Pitt or there- I do not know yet- (you know the big gay building) too if I can get Jenny to get it for me as she did with the other girls. Like always she has the pull. Yeah- it is not like I could even have enough money to go to a crummy community college either.

Mom and Dad are kicking me out regardless of what I do with my life when I turn eighteen. They say... I must make it on my own just like they did there, not handing- me a dime or anytime soon.

They do not care if I end up on the street, will daddy a little more than mom, but you get it. Ray plans to go to Pitt. That is the only reason I want to go. I guess I must kiss Jenny's ass hole till the day I die!

(Ha, that is amusing... I did die and I was lying in a pool of bold on the street.

It is funny how your hopes and dreams seem to work out!)

Even worse, I am sitting next to Liken Lorre, the only girl in the class more clueless about this stuff than I am. She is even more clueless about everything than Jenny is about life itself.

My grades have been good in chem. this year. I like how sexy, I feel in that white lab jacket and mixing different things, with my lab partner Maggie. I was the only one to say 'okay,' I will work with her. If I get into Pitt, I would like to major in that,

yet my straight A-average can be summarized in one word: Maggie. If she would be doing all my work for me, I would have never gotten this far, in any of my classes. I would have dropped out and had a baby or two.

I would say we are friends, but in a way where we are without anyone knowing about it. I like the girl. What can I say? She is smart, funny, nice, and even cute. I have even spent time at her house.

I have learned so much from her, as I showed her how to attract a significant other.

And what is surprising is that she has a crush on Maddie. When Maddie is not particularly nice to her. She likes a boy named Greg too, but she does not stand a chance, either. Her first kiss was with me. That happened the night I slept over, and she and I had a plow fight after she changed out of all her clothing into her hoodie- footie PJs. And I sleep with her in her cozy single bed, the same way I do at home. She did mind, I am not much of a Pj's type of girl. Oh- and the kiss was more showing her what she needs to do... She sneaked it on me. But I did not mind, we were in her room, and no one could see us.

She felt safe with me, I guess...

(I do know that she misses me.)

Greg's skinnier than most and his breath always smells like spearmint gum. But Madilyn lets me copy her homework and even inched her desk nearer to mine on test days, so I can peek over at her answers without being too apparent.

~*~

Unfortunately, since I stop before Smith class I did not get to pee or to check in with Maggie- we always meet in the bathroom before the fourth period, yet for some dumb ass

reason or days and class periods rotate from week to week and day today, and it can be confusing just knowing where you need to be. I did not know where I needed to be... anyways fourth I go to the bathroom just to see if we can spend time together since she has Math thread at the same time I have, English- she is in the next class over. And we left at the same time to go in. Yet today I got to Chem., and I arrived too late to get my usual seat next to her. I was stuck looking at a Bunsen burner and weirdo Marcel Vogel.

(He is always sniffing things... like me or like his armpits. And touching his junk, always making sure I see it popping up under there!)

I swear if he touches my arm or anything else on me one more time, I will scream so loud that all the glass test tubes will break to my shriek!

This is just my luck for the day.

There are four questions on Mr. Smith's quiz, and I do not know enough to even fake the first answer. Why do they have to belong to an essay question? Next to me is Liv and she still thinks she is pregnant, so I drought anything on her paper that is worth looking at, yet that moronic look on her face is interning. She, like- her tongue poking out between her teeth, off to the one side of her head and hair, and one of her one finger tearing up her scalp under her lacy headband.

Eyes looking far-out staring blankly at the block wall!

(I bet- she was thinking about her girl! I think some of her brain cells die, every time she does think about Maddie.)

She always does that when she thinks too hard. Her first answers are complete crap-olla, actually: that so not like her, Liv's answers are mostly well-ordered and unhurried, not

hysterically scribbled like mine, when you do not know what you are talking about and are eagerly scrawling all these words so your teacher will not notice, just how dumb you are.

(Yes- it was in cursive- the style of writing, which I never use unless I am hiding my stupid or showing my love!)

(Of course: I know that never works, but I must put down something, so I do not look Sped that must get the ads to spell everything for them!)

Then, I remember that Mr. Smith lectured Liv about improving her grade last week. She has been studying extra hard, not to fail, or he told her he would call home or something like that back in elementary. Whatever it is she looks freaked out just like me, and most of the class! These questions do not need to be this hard, I come on!

I peeked over Liv's shoulder and copied down three of her answers- they are not that good, but good enough to be at the same Liv she is- when Mr. Smith calls out, 'Fiiiiivvvveee minutes kid-d-ie's.' He says it intensely, sounding demonic talking so stridently it makes the loose skin under his chin jiggle.

It looks like Liv finished and checked her work and said-skew it under her breath. But she is taking it up to him, so I cannot see the fourth answer. 'Freaking-A' I said aloud. And everyone gives me that look. As I snapped my pencil in my fisted right hand out of frustration.

He said, 'Is there something wrong missy.' Mr. Smith, he roars, glaring at me.

'Are you talking during my quiz?'

I turn bright red and look back and forth from me to the teacher, licking my lips. I do not say anything. I just shook my head- no. liv looks up and says, 'I was just-' she says faintly. He

said, trying to ask you for anger. She looked petrified at me and back at him.

'Enough of all the chatter.'

He stands up, glowering so hard, his mouth looks like it is going to dissolve into his neck. He is going to say something more to Liv because he is giving her a death stink eye.

But instead, he just says, 'Time is nearing down, everybody.' And got up and did not even look the test over and handed it to him. He said I can wait to read over this... he said sarcastically! I knew I was F-ed! I went and sat back down seeing the hand on the clock tick-tock down.

'Two miiinnnuutes and thirrrty onnneee secondsss,' Samantha- and I leaned over and stabbed her arm with my pencil tip. She looks up ouch! She said an alarm to me. Sam- I have not talked to her in ages and for a second... I see a look come over her face that I cannot quite classify. Blue ink pen, in her mouth, sucking on the back end.

She looks mixed up as she glances up at Liv, who is thankfully bent over the desk picking up her textbooks. And not completely at me, the books were not allowed on the deck while taking the test, so we all had them on the floor at our feet.

(Liv does have a nice ass! I knew what Sam was looking at! Or it was just that greasy spot. Either way, she was looking at her perfectly rounded butt.)

'What?' Sam whispers. With her gothic black hair falling over her brown eyes.

Karly- 'Um- ah- how do you think you did?'

Sam- 'Okay, it wasn't that hard.'

Karly- 'Why?'

She is staring at me dumbly and then makes some gestures with her pen shaking in a jerking up and down in her finger curled up hand in a shaking motion, trying to communicate to me that she runs out of ink.

So, I said- I think I have one in my purse, let me see. A couple of seconds go by, and I want to reach out and shake my whole handbag out because it is taking too long.

All my tampons, lipstick, used clean-x, and my make-up is dumped out and rolls off my desk on the floor, and Marcel picks all the tampons up for me, saying jess-z that is a lot, Karly.

Also, I said- yes try being a girl! He wants me to explain... yet I did not. Sam stops looking at me when I do that. I handed her the nicest pin I have; it has that pink puff at the top. I knew that she would not put that in her mouth. She said-thanks... it is very pretty and pink, but you did not need to do that. I said I wanted to.

'Ooonnee minnnuttt everrrryoneee I-um donneee.' Finally, her face frees up and she smiles so angelically at me as I give her the greatest gift in the world.

'Seriously,' she says, 'you are going to need a pen. For notes.'

(#- Hashtag: it is wet, pretty, and pink, and what makes you cry)

(She is not so different from me? She is a sweetheart. The girls always said to not waste my time talking to dorky emo kids like her, saying she was slow and unfriendly and terrifying looking.

(No that is so untrue! Underneath all the black, red, and white, she is an ordinary girl, the black that covers her one eye is just deference, take all that, away she would look she is just like us, she is covering up, so she is not going to get hurt by someone like me. Plus, she is far more intelligent than I or the girls ever hope to be. I wish I would have befriended her a lot sooner!)

While Liv is bent over rummaging for her folders and right notebook for her next class, I see the definitive answer on the chunks test. What I put was close to what he misspelled and wrote down, and then he whispered and got my attention. And said thanks for sitting by me today, you have been a help. I was speechless... to his hitting on me! 'Third Ttttyyyy seconnndss nooww.'

Everyone- said something like "take it," as they got up pissed to hand their test to him. So, I took her old one from her and the one end is chewed and wet: gross.

(Yet I had a new girlfriend.)

I gave her a snug lipid smile and looked away, but a second or two later she whispers, 'Does it work for you?' I said- no, but that is okay you keep that one, I have more somewhere in my locker.

I tell Marcel that you are starting to be annoying look. He took it as a sign of flirting, he did understand. 'The Pen. Does it work,' he said? I do not respond- he whispers a little louder and taps my hand with his delicately. That is when I slam my textbook against his desk. The sound is so loud everyone jumps. I said- Marcel, cannot you get it through your head, please leave me alone, I am not into you. Okay! You are making me feel unbearable... I have a boyfriend!

Karly stopped me as I walked out the door. He said- 'You failed my test today for talking too much to others and speaking inappropriately to your classmates! You need to learn that you are not the boss in my classroom.' I smiled tightly and dropped Sam's champed-up pen in my bag. Will he grin, his voice in my ear?

I said- you done, I must get to my next class, as I ran out.

Of course; I carried walking through the hallway to my next class with a slobber mood coming over me. Yet he will never see me cry, he would feel that he was winning! On the bright side: my daddy continuously says you should do one good thing a day. And something good will come back to you in time. So, that means I did mine for the day. You always get what you-devise! Daddy is a very smart man.

Next period today I have 'PE' which is what they call a gym when you are old enough to be affronted by forced physical activity (Liv thinks they should call it on needed life skills instead, for accuracy). We are studying CPR, which means we get to make out with a life-sized dummy in front of Mr. Davis just more proof of his perv-E-ness.

I am sure that it was in her mouth too! I can almost taste it- gross! After that the girls all got ready for the dance, school class ended early, too bad I still had to go to his class. All the girls wear rhinestone masks, our costumes dress does not make sense in the context of the day in my mind, yet that is the whole point I look mysterious to your boy on the dark dance floor.

So, you can be free and crazy! I was wearing a small pink eye mask covered in what looked like red rubies, so no one would know I was dancing with him, but him. The whole point is

to show off in front of the junior and senior boys and look sexy. I do not blame them for getting turned on. We want them too.

The first year Jenny dated Nick Sermon- a senior at the time- they were together all the eighth-grade years too on and off. Anyways for two months after he integrated them doing the nasty, in every position you could think of...

Why?

Because she broke it off that night after they did it, saying it sucked, and not in an effective way.

(If you are going to have any type of sex, and do not want others to see it, do not take the photos on your cell, and then send them to a boy to upload the pictures to the internet!) That is a real love story right there, they were so in love... yet Jenny is never happy! Jenny told me at the time the only reason she ended it with him was that she had her eye on someone else.

She was petrified of how stern he was over her, she never said but I knew that she felt more like his daughter than his lover. Other guys were not even supposed to look at her or anything, or he would beat the crap out of them. I feel bad for all the boys that she leads that lost their teeth! Oh yeah- Jenny thought this new boy was going to be a sure thing. Yet, it did work out. No- she never told me who he was... I wonder myself?

~*~

I made a big deal of unfolding the tiny card to get a rose at the end of the day on the dance floor. It is from Ray, the spotlight was on me when the girl named Jace woke up to me and handed it to me, she was passing them out. I read the note that looked to have been already opened, even though all he is

written. It said, 'Luv yah,' and then in smaller letters near the bottom: I will be with you tonight.

'Luv yah' is not exactly 'I love you' which we have never said aloud in front of anyone- but it is getting closer. I am sure he is saving it for tonight, we are going to do it. Last week it was late, and we were sitting on his couch, and he was staring at me, and I was sure certain- he was going to say it- but instead he just said I look like Alyson Hannigan from a certain angle.

I said- oh the girl from the 'American Pie' movies? Um- thank you, she is cute? So, I said the famous line: 'This one time, at band camp, I stuck a flute in my p*ssy.' He busted out laughing and that is when he said it: Oh my god I so love you right now! You know what you are cute! He said knowing you- you would do that too! I said- 'ah' in a gasp, and smacked his arm, and looked at him massively with my flirty eyes. I could not believe it... though he can be shy, I have a way of making him feel relaxed.

Yet, I just want to hear the words 'I LOVE YOU' And nothing else. And just like her, I was thinking in my mind 'So, are we going to screw up soon because I'm getting kind of antsy.' And as you know it just did happen. And after he left that night at around 3 am, and I was disappointed, just like her it was just me and my good friend Mr. Showerhead in the bathtub.

At least my note is better than the one Alexis got from Seth Shorts last year: 'Roses are red, violets are blue, if I get you in bed, and I'll cover you in my goo.' She thought he was kidding- no not really... but still, Blue and goo do that even rhyme.

'Is Goo even a word?'

No- did not think so... We all remember her look on her face the weekend after, she was in his bed a lot, and she looked

so tired that Monday morning. We just knew. I do not know... I find it funny and suck what he said. Yet he tried, and that is all that matters, right?

Tip- to all you boys out there, make notes about something other than wanting to get her in your bed or pants. That is not romantic or anything that would put her out of the mood. Just saying! You got to be sweet to her, and care about more than just her vagina.!

(If all you have is just sex where is the love that you need?)

(#-Hashtag- movie night look-alike, under the spray, and bubble bath)

~*~

That is going to be all my love-o-grams, but then the girl makes her rounds and then comes over to me and hands me another one. It is now the end of the day and I see these 12 all-color roses are all assorted colors and this one is incredible they were sent from the flower shop in town: white with pink-streaked petals like it is made from ribbon candy. Alone with the 1 red that means so much to me. 'It's beautiful,' I was breathless. I look up, and all the other girls in my homeroom are just standing there drilling, staring at the roses lying on my desk.

Gracie said- My God girl, someone loves you! She said it with a bratty attitude! I said- Um- yes, I no. It is shocking for a lowerclassman to even have the balls to speak to a senior about who loves you. It annoyed me for a second. I just looked off... and took in my moment with my bundle. But in the back of my mind, I was thinking, I do not ask you who loves you, do I? Like just how envious can she and the others be of me? She has her hair so pale blond-haired person at the tips that it is almost white and brown at the top which was so last year. And I can

see individual veins through her skin and sun markings from getting fried.

She reminds me of someone, but I cannot think of whom. I catch her looking at me and she gives me a quickie glance, with that embarrassed smile. I am happy to see some girls' color rush into her face- at least it makes her look less like a cold-blooded first-year zombie, that sucks into boys' lives that they should not be in.

All these b*tches need to stand the freak back and mind their crap... seriously! You cannot have him; he is mine... MINE! I was thinking! So-o in love, I thrilled like a drunk ballet dancer around with the bunches in my arms. I brush my finger over the rose petals-they are so soft. Instantly I feel stupid, as I sniff them with my eyes closed.

I open the one-note, expecting all these from Ray, Maddie, or Liv... No, it was from Jenny, it said (I will always love you... to death, my b*tch- my baby girl! A flower for every hour of love I have for you till death do us all apart! You will always remain in my heart like the red rubbers and red blood you will drip, like a memory you and he will be just like a kiss on your lips, your fate has been sealed!

(You have made your choices.)

(I was so dumb at the time I did not get it.)

Underneath all the flowers on my desk was a cartoon drawing card that said: I love you. It is obviously from Parker Paterson- he draws my cute cartoons for me to be with him, they show his puppy love for me, so I gave him one of my senior pics, last week just because, and he is in love with me now. I look up and glance in his direction and flirt. He always sits in the back-left corner of the room staring at my butt trying to see if

he can see my thong sting, and down my crack, or something like that. He is one weird boy, not the one I want.

Yet, he is sweet to me so I will play nice and let him dream about me at night and beat off to me and my pic like all the others do when I tease them like that.

Yes- I have been the tribute girl to many of the boy's urges. He- he! Every boy and even some gay girls in the school wants my Snapchat, for my sensual but naked pics. But just like me and my cell number, it is hard to get. I like to say my number has 2,433, in the end, you will have to figure out the rest.

Funny, many of the boys have tried to crack my number. I love getting random texts at 3 am. Along with your junk pic, it is the highlight of my day.

Not really... but send away I am not going to stop you... silly boys. Sure enough, he is watching me from behind. I look back and he gives me a quick smile and a wave, then makes that motion with his arm trying to cover up what he was doing as he sits back, I knew what he was doing, about that time is when he blew me a kiss too, that I caught with my left hand to save for later, I was grossed out by it shooting out at me underthings his desk, why do boys have to do that?

That does not turn me on! I guess if I had one, I would play with it too in class ha- ha.

Anyway, I take his drawing and crumble it up, and I know that it will get lost at the bottom of my bag and that is just okay with me. I do not think he minds what I do with his drawings.

Oh, My God, I remember when I was about five, and I asked dad what happen to me, I thought I was one of the boys... because I saw my little cousin changing when he stayed over for

Christmas in my room, and he let it all hang out, plus when he was asleep in my bunk bed too, I got a glimpse. Anyways I asked dad, and he said that I played around with mine so much it fell off, that is why I have a hole there and not one of those.

Hells yes, I was pissed! That messed me up for many a year! Like, come on dad just ‘tell me the truth about me being a girl, not a boy. I was freaked out by that for sure, as I wanted it back and even cried about it. I wanted to touch myself for a long time after that. Just like he said- if I push in or jiggle around my little button as he called it... I would die.

Thanks, daddy you made me sexily insecure! And just like any nine-year-old girl at the time, I had to push it in to see what would happen in my bedroom, and no I did not die!

Dad and I have always seemed to get into weird moments just like that. Just like when he finds out I was popping the pill, and I did them to say it was okay to get them. Because I was of age to get it myself at the store.

#-Hashtag: (The black hole was not cool, hot for the teacher, and dripping dowers)

~*~

Mr. Pamper comes up and down the passageways, collecting homework, and he pauses at my desk. I must admit it: he is the reason I am psyched to get so many other love-o-grams from other boys. I would do so! I might just leave

Ray if he would say let us do it here and now! Mr. Pamper’s only twenty-five and he is gorgeous. He is the assistant coach of the swimming team, and it is funny to see him standing there showing off his goods in those short shorts. I see him looking at me when I get in and out of the pool dripping

wet and walk past to jump off the diving board. We are complete physical opposites, yet opposites attract.

Mr. Pamper is over five feet ten, always tan, and dresses like we do, in jeans and hoodies and Nicki sneakers. I would love for him to take me and throw me on top of his desk and jam that all in, mmm he is dazzling! He graduated from here. We looked him up once in the old yearbooks in the library. He was prom king, he had a little more hair then, he was in one picture wearing a blue tuxedo and smiling with his arm around a strawberry blonde prom date. That looked a lot like me.

I love that picture; I wish I were that girl. I bet that was the night she lost her virginity to him. You can just till they were saving that for that night, by the glowing look on her face. But you know what I love even more? Is that I could pretend to be her if he would want me to. It is so ironic that he is the hottest guy here and he is one of the faculty.

As usual, when he smiles at me my stomach does a slight flip, and I feel myself getting hot and wet. When I see him running his hand through his messy black hair, I fantasize about doing the same things with my hand. And his hand going through mine, and down my back and squeezing my butt cheeks. Why not I can fantasize... right! He is what Ray will look like in ten or so years. I am looking forward to Ray becoming more of a man.

There are some things he needs to do to become that.

'13 roses already?'

He raises his eyebrows, makes a big deal of it, and shows everyone my flowers that I got.

'Well done he said along with... I knew you would have this many you are a cutie.'

I just smiled with a sigh thinking thank you, you think I am cute? I said- 'sure honey,' he says and winks at me.

I let him move a little farther down the aisle before I say, at full volume, 'I still haven't gotten my rose from you, Mr. Pamper!' He does not turn around, but I can see his cheeks get cherry red. There were giggles and snorts from the class; one girl giggled so hard she started to cry.

I get that rush that comes when you know you are doing something wrong, yet it feels so good, and are getting away with it, like stealing a pair of sexy undies from Victoria's secret that you cannot afford but must have, or taking food from the school cafeteria, or getting tipsy at a family holiday, or doing someone in your mom and dad's bed without anyone knowing.

That was the feeling I had; it was as good as the sex would be with him. Jenny says Mr. Pamper's going to for sure get me for sexual harassment one of these days, but I cannot help myself. She said- Karly you will be in handcuffs if you keep doing that. And I jokingly say to her if there are cuffs... I would like that; I hope they are pink and fuzzy! She just giggles... and I say- I do not think he would do that; he wants me too badly. He secretly likes it. Jenny said- Your crazy babe...!

For example: when he turns around to face the class, he is smiling. But not at them... he is only looking at me, undressing me- with his eyes, his eyes hardly ever stop staring at me. The other girls know this... but he is mine too, they try too hard to get his attention, you must become day go a day, to keep a man like he turned on.

'After reviewing last week's results, as I looked over last week's swimming lap times, I feel like I am not moving forward fast enough in both. Yet at least I am getting the grade I want

and winning. I realize there is still a lot of confusion about us, and about my limits.'

This is what I did last week, I kissed my test paper with my pink lipstick, and said push me against the wall and kiss me. Yes, I left everything blank! He stared at that paper for like ten minutes, I do not think he wanted to give it back to me. He was pondering if he wanted to or not, I remember he began leaning against his desk, and then he sat down crossing his legs one over the other, a little bit of sweat ran down his face. I knew I had him... I think this week I will put my phone number and say sext me!

I can be a dirty girl.

Nobody else could make world history even remotely interesting, I am sure of it, I feel that I did well. He noted back to me that I could lose my job if I did, I kept this a secret, and he filled out all the answers on the paper for me and said- I passed. I love that man! For the rest of the class, he barely looks at me, and even then, only when I raise my hand.

But I swear that when our eyes do meet, it makes my whole body feel like a massive shiver. I even had to ask to go to the restroom to change my undies to my spar pair, it was like I could have ruined them out to dry at the snick, I just put them in my purse and went back to class. I swear he is feeling it too. He was feeling me too just like that!

After his class, Marcel catches up with me in the hall. 'Karly... Karly... Karly...?' he says. 'What did you think?' 'Of what Marcel?' I was annoyed at him. He is like a little five-year-old boy. I know he is talking about the cartoon and the tiny rose. I keep walking faster and faster, but he catches up with me. 'So?' he says. 'What did you think?' 'Okay with what?' I infuriated him. I said not bad, I just put it with all the rest I said.

(Cramped up in the pit of my handbag.)

Marcel just smiles, briskly he modifications the subject to what I thought he was going to ask. ‘I am having a party tonight, He said. Are you coming?’ ‘It’s going to be great,’ he says, still smiling. I just said- I will never be coming for you! Then he spits it out ‘Yeah- my parents are gone for the weekend.’ I just said-

‘Good for you Marcel. But sorry... I have plans. I have a boyfriend too, which will kick your ass if you do not start leaving me alone.’ He said- ‘Oh yeah Karly- Mr. Pamper scares me.’ I just walk away giggling shaking my head, saying you have a lot of growing up to do. As I walk down the hallway, I overhear him saying loudly to frank his friend, ‘I’m going to marry that girl someday, and God she is so fine, I’m going to do her.’ I was thinking in your dreams little boy... in your dreams.

‘See you there,’ he says. Down the hall I see Ray bobbing out of the cafeteria, and he starts walking faster up to me, hoping that Marcel will get the picture and back off. It is hopeful thinking on my part. That he would kiss me in front of Marcel, it would make him so pissed, he has had a crush on me for years, even since our kiss. I would love that.

Yes, there are about 69 reasons as to why I cannot stand him, that just being one! I still cannot believe he asked me to do that with him at his party. It is not going to be much of a party it is just going to be him, Frank, and Paul most likely. If there are any girls there, I will be surprised, yes, a total sausage fast. I bet there will not even be any beer, he just wants me to take his virginity or something like that... for his friends to think he is cool. No thank you! He is clingy and engulfed as he is now with doing that crap. I am shocked that he has not tried dry humping my leg in the hallway. ‘Down boy!’

I knew he was the one that broke into my locker today and got into my handbag and swiped my sheer white tiny undies... that I took off. I loved those too.

He knows... what I do... when I go into the bathroom? Like I need to stop putting my bag in my locker, when I go to lunch, he knows my combo. He will put them under his pillow tonight and say to his friends that we were together. I look at him.

I have never understood Marcel. Or at least I have not understood him in years. We were super close when we were little when we were babies, we would play in the mud together naked- technically suppose he was my best friend as well back then, my little boyfriend that you have when you are too young to realize. It was his first kiss too.

Then as soon as he hit middle school and he grows a d*ick, some boys like him just wear their balls on their faces. He started getting stranger and stranger.

Since the first year he is always worn a long black trench coat to school, even though most big holes in his jeans you can see his hairy ass and boxers, not a turn-on! I remember the eighth-grade field trip he sat with me on the school bus, he laid his head down on my boob, and then put his face in my armpit and licked it... so weird.

'I'm not an orange Creamsicle...!' I said that... at the time.

Then the whole way back to the school he was nuzzled up by me. That is another thing, he was like an octopus; he could not keep his hands off me. That is the price of being cute; I guess and smelling good. Like I would move one hand, and then the other would pop up and be touching me, where I did

want him touching me. He wanted to be more than friends- way back then. He even said that he liked me- liked me... but- no.

He was just a friend that was a boy. Yet he did not get that. Knowing him as I do, he will be licking and sniffing the crotch area of my thong undies tonight too, the little weirdo! That boy needs to find himself a frozen flagpole and lick that instead! Like why must I be his fetish?

He wears the same scuffed-up black-and-white checkered converse sneakers every day and his hair is greasy and long swinging down over his eyes every four seconds. But the real deal-breaker is this: he wears a fedora hat... to school. The worst thing is that he could be cute. He has the face and the body for it.

He even has dimples, big gorgeous blue eyes, and nice teeth. No-a joke. But he must screw it up by being such a freak with his group of friends and little boy ways. If he would cut that hair and take a bath it would help. Should I say that to him?

He stopped walking entirely when I met up with Ray, yet Marcel was hoping I would stop and turn back to him. But I do not. For a second, I feel bad like I was too cruel, but then his voice rings out after me, and I can tell just by the sound of it that he is still creeper smiling and staring at my ass.

'See you tonight,' he said again. I heard the squeak of his sneakers on the dirty red linoleum, and I know he has about-faced around and started marching off in the reverse direction. He starts singing 'You Are So Beautiful,' by Joe Cocker, and I admittedly felt so bad for treating him like that. The sound of it carries back to me, getting fainter. It took me a while to place the tune, for he was saying out of tune and off-key. Just like me, he was trying to get by with a little help from his friends. Yet, I was not much of a friend to him there, yet I must be that way, or he would be on top of me.

He makes me feel a little uncomfortable around him, he always takes it too far. I brush him off as Maddie does with Maggie, we just do not like them like that, but they will not back off. Yet I think Maddie and she would be a good match.

I know no one else in the hall will get it, I am so embarrassed and can feel the heat creeping up my neck, and face I was getting hot under my top and color. He is always doing things like that: acting as if he knows me better than anyone else just because we used to play in the sandbox together stark-naked. Acting like nothing that has happened in the past... like the last ten years has not changed anything, even though it is changed everything.

We were kids then it did not mean anything, even if he thought it did my God, we were like in diapers then. My phone's buzzing in my butt pocket was not allowed to have them... I can get away with it. Strangely the vibration today reminded me of the mooring I had shared with my sis. I am backtracking here, but this is when I went into the lunchroom.

A new text message shows on the screen- from Jenny. I open it looking around to see if there are any teachers around. It reads- 'Party at Marcel's 2-night u in?' I stall for just a second, puffing out a long breath before I text back.

'Nah'

(#-Hashtag- a pantie snatcher, licking and sticking, and hot to not)

~*~

I stand in line for my lunch... Ray has his hand in my front part of my jeans looking for a dollar and touching me obviously, the PDA makes all the girls crazy.

Even if it is just Ray, he needs to kiss me but with Jenny not too far behind us, so I do not think so.

There are three acceptable things to eat in the Thomas Jefferson cafeteria:

1. Plain pizza with nasty string cheese.
2. French fries, or a cheese soft pretzel.
3. Turkey sandwich make-your-own, or salad bar.

And iced tea. No one wants spoiled milk! That is for the bullies to dump down girl's tops, or pain in the ass boys' pants.

Turkey is the most common, ham, or chicken breast. Salami is gross, and roast beef is doubtful when it looks greenish. This is a shame because I would like to have that if it were good, but this crap looks like it has been sitting out for far too long. Ray is leaning over by the cash register with a group of his friends, he jumped the line to be with them and not me... that pisses me off when he does that. He is holding a huge tray of French fries. He eats them every day with ranch dressing. He catches my eye and gives me a nod, and that looks like you better get your ass back over here... and love me, boy.

(Sometimes, he does not do so well with feelings of his or mine in being all love-ie- dove-ie. Case in point: the 'Love yah' on the note he sent me.)

It is peculiar. Before we were tactically going out, I liked him so much, and for so long, that every time he even looked in my direction, I would get this bubbly, fizzing feeling so strong it would make me light-headed. No lie: sometimes, I got light-headed thinking about him and had to sit down, just like my blood sugar would drop. Just like when Maddie met Liv for the first time, she peed her in her undies a little, and her palms get

sweaty ha- she was going to kill me for saying that, but she still does that when Maddie looks at her that flirty way.

But, now that we are un-official slash official couple, I sometimes have the strangest thoughts when I look at him like I wonder if all those fries are obstructing his arteries if he would die, I know I would; or whether he flosses and brushes his teeth as I do or how long it has been since he washed hair... or if he shaved his face with the same riser he used on his balls, or like if the skin on thingy is clean!

Yikes...!

It is like that same filthy Old Navy jacket he wears every day, because- I have his varsity athlete. If we get married, I am going to have to be like his mamma, yet I am okay with that? I can see it now at... Ray! Did you remember to put on clean shorts? Did you pay for the TV bill?

Do you think my butt looks big in these jeans? Did you just get me pregnant because you forgot to wrap it up? Yeah- Sometimes I am worried there is something wrong with me... no joke!

'Oh, no,' I said, not realizing I was speaking aloud. Ms. Fairbanks, one of the little old lunch ladies, says is everything, okay honey? She looked at them, because my mouth was hanging open in disbelief, and she said aren't they a cute couple? I just said- 'Ahgg,' like Charlie Brown.

I could not even make a word come out! 'My stomach feels as if a dog is chasing its tail in it.' 'You okay,' said Gill the girl behind me as I almost passed out in her arms. 'Jenny was talking to him, and kissed him on the lips... okay, Karly Just thinks before you speak, take all the time you need before freaking out. Oh, God, I am going to be sick if she touches him again, it is like she is all over him, pressed so tightly.'

Who would not want to go out with Ray, she sees what I see in him? Or she is just doing this because she can play with me. If he leaves me for her, I do not know what I would do. Like sometimes I must keep going over repeatedly in my skull as to why I liked him in the first place like if I do not, I will somehow forget... why he is so meant for me.

Gratefully there is a zillion- good reasons: to the fact that he has black hair and glass but somehow, they do not look stupid with them; that he is quiet but sweet and funny; that everyone knows him, but he is not over popular that he is- an ass hole, yet not a loser.

Half of the girls in the school have a crush on him; yet want to admit it because he is not that popular because he is different from the other boys when you get him naked. I love it when he is tired, he lays his head on my shoulder and falls asleep, on movie night. That is one of my favorite things about him. I like to lie next to him when it is late, dark, and so quiet, I can hear my heartbeat with him.

It is times like that when I am sure that I am in love, and that he is in love with me too. It is love when you are compatible with each other. It is love when you can just wear a nightshirt and nothing else in front of him as he sits in his underwear and nothing else, under a fuzzy blanket on the sofa in the living room. It is love when you get naked together under that blanket and get unstop of him to cuddle, yet with his mom and dad in the next room, we never had sex.

Not that we have not tried, I loved the time his dad walked in on us, and I was on top of him, and the blanket was on the floor, he saw more of me than I wanted him to that is for sure. Nevertheless, I have stayed all night on the weekends in the past, yet could never seem to be alone, not even in his room, he shares with his sis too. Well not like that! We do not

want her to wake up and be freaked out, she is only five. (I could see it now little Hadley saying something like: 'Mommy-daddy Karly and Ray were butt naked, and resealing last night in his single bed.

And it was squeaking, and-and Karly was saying 'Oh-yeah' over and over. Ray was hurting her!')

Funny it is the same way at my house too with my sis in my room. Plus, why do all moms and dads have to be so snoopy? They do it... why can't we? I swear we could be in the little red doghouse outside and someone would see us and stop it.

(#-Hashtag- sucking on a six-inch, a bump in the night, and tattle-tells)

~*~

Okay back in line- I ignore Ray as I move down the line to pay for my MTO (Sheetz SUB) and swap my school card- I can play hard to get too- and then head for the senior section. The rest of the cafeteria is a rectangle. Speed kids sit down at the table closest to the doors coming in, and then there are the first-year tables, and then the sophomore tables, and then the junior tables. The senior section is at the very head of the cafeteria in one line of tables pushed together.

All the windows are on one side. Okay, so it only looks out over the courtyard and the other part of the school, sometimes- you can look up and see a boy taking a leak in the urinal in the third-floor bathroom, from the right angle. You can also see Sped kids coming in on their short bus from the third fool bathrooms, it is so sad, they must be assessed by teachers because of their danger to themselves and others.

No offense, but I do not want to see that brigade dribbling applesauce down their mouth in the room with me, everyone thinks they should have their place to be, and yes Madilyn is classed as one of them, she sits there, and she does not look to the left or the right, she looks straight down depressed. She must be humiliated; I know I would be if I was her. If I would sit with her, I would be muttered at by everyone in the room, that is just how it goes. Poor little Maggie, I know her sort of well... she does not need to be in that group... she is as smart as they come, I think.

But sometimes you can be so smart that teachers think you are as dumb as they come!

Liv's already sitting at a small circular table right by the window: our favorite. 'Hey, girl.' I put down my tray. Showing off all the cards and stuff I got from the boys. I forgot to say that on this day, class ends before lunch, it is a busy day, so we picked up our flowers when we went to homeroom briefly. Liv has her care and her bouquet sitting on the table and I do a quick count. 'Ten roses.' I wave to her and then give my bouquet a rattle. 'I have to do more than her.'

She makes a cute funny face. 'One of mine does not count, Marcel sent one to me. Can you believe it? 'The Jack off Stalker.' 'Yeah, well, I got one from Mr. P too, yet that doesn't count either, because it was sent to me with no name' I know he sent it to me... it must be him.

'He loves you,' she says, holding out the o. 'Did you get Jenny's text?' I hum- 'Um-hum.' Who loves me? I asked, the movie the conversation alone.

Said Jenny- Who do you think? I said- I do not know! Said Jenny- It is obvious baby girl, that Marcel got the host for you! 'He is so right for you! You should do him for a night at the party. That is if you do not have your mind on someone else. Do

you have your mind on someone else? If not, you must at least have a one-night stand with him, he is too hot to pass up.' 'You think he's hot?' I say- with a grossed outlook on my face.

Jenny- 'Yah, you need to get over your teacher's crush, his balls were cut off when he started working here. If you cannot see all this, you need to be over there with the speed kids.' I pick the mushy MTO and slam it in my mouth. 'Are we going to go to his party?' Liv snuffles and then snorts. 'Afraid he'll date rape you?' I say- 'Very funny, and yes!' 'There is going to be a beer, Maddie says.

She takes a tiny nibble of her turkey sandwich and spits it into a napkin. 'This food tastes like old man ass!' Jenny- Really- Maddie?

Like you know what old man ass tastes like...? She just looks at her with a blank stare, and we all start cackling up.

Jenny- says 'You're so gay Mattie!' Yes- yes- I am, and she winks at Liv! I giggled aloud because Jenny did get it at all. Mattie- 'So-o will all meet up at my place after school, all right?'

She does not have to ask. It is our custom on Fridays... we order something like Chinese food, raid her closet... swapping eye shadows, lip glosses, bars, and undies. blast music till the plaster ceiling cracks more, and dances around, till her mom asks what was doing up there.

~*~

At the table- 'Yeah, sure.' We all agree... I have been watching Ray from the corner of my eye, and suddenly he is there, Scouting down into a chair next to me. Jenny has a look on her face like she just ate a raw flapping fish and had no choice but to gulp it all down! He is leaning into my face, looking at my mouth and touching my right ear, earring, and trawling

my hair around his finger. He smells like- Old Spice body spray. He always does. He smells a little like my daddy- is that weird, that I like that?

No- I have not told him that yet. 'Hey, Squirt.'

'Hey- Winkey- dink!' He always calls me that, the reason... will he find that out the first time he touched me down there, just like I call him 'Winkey- dink!' You know when you touch, before you see, on like the second date and just feel around to see what you have. That is where the nicknames came from. I knew from that date that he was different from all the other boys. Oh, how I was infected with him every day after... I still am! I wanted to see more of him.

'I will bite that thing off with my teeth and suck it dry don't think I won't, um- you need to do this for me and my girls.'

She grabs him hard in the paint...

Um- you know that I am going to cut that thing off from you! Um-hum- he said reluctant- and then she said, and I know how I am going to do it too- it is gross- and looks bad- and you are a little boy over it... I did it using a string and a knife- no- if's and's or but's- Mr.! Said Karly. Or it can be the laser or hot knife, always I am doing it to you.

Any-who... his said- 'Did you get my Love-o-gram?' I say- 'Yeah, I got them and the card too... But...!' I say it varies bashfully. 'But- what did he say?' I make sure I say this so everyone at the table can hear. 'Ray, do you love me?' Everyone is looking at him and me. He did not say a thing, he just lends even more into me and kissed me on the lips, like never before. Then said- 'Does that answer your question?' I looked at him stunned, and gave a slight nodded yes, he got up from the chair and rushed out of the cafeteria when he saw the look on

Jenny's face along with everyone else, all my other girlfriends were smitten and saying aww! But he seemed embarrassed that I put him on the spot like that. It was the kiss of the day... of the week too. It was talked about more than Liv's and Middies.

Jenny swings her handbag off his shoulder and unzips it, dumping it out. The tamps, lipstick, and pins all roll onto the floor. There are about a dozen crumpled roses in the bottom of her bag, the welted petals are just hung and falling off the stems. I am assuming one of them is from Ray- and as well that, a half pack of cigarettes falls out too, with a pack of juicy fruit gum, her cell phone, K and Y lube, and her change of undies. And let us not forget about the bag of weed, wrapped around her magic bolt, if you know what I am saying.

Maddie and Liv started studying together after they dumped their trays.

'Who are the roses from?' I say, teasingly to Jenny. She was waiting for me to ask. 'They're all from Ray!' she says, arching his eyebrows like I should know that. 'I think he's more in love with me than you baby!' she whispers. 'You're such a b*tch, Jenny,' Maddie says.

'I just say oh... really? I do not think so.' But in the back of my mind, like- I had to wonder where they all were from him? Jenny is a good liar, but I do not think she would make something like that up. Before there was a catfight, Liv asked- So-o! Are you going to Marcel's freaking party tonight, or not?' There is no reply from any of us.

Ray comes back in. He must have just had to go to the bathroom, it is next to the lunchroom. I ask so Ray, are you going to the Marcel Party tonight? 'Yah silly with you!' I look over at Jenny and she gives me the gangster finger, the one that turned to the side. He said 'Probably.' Ray shrugs and suddenly looks bored. Whom are you going to ask Jenny? 'Not you' he

said! I just laugh... Here is a secret: when we were kissing, I opened my eyes and saw that his eyes were open. He was not even looking at me.

He was looking over my shoulder, watching the room, and her. It is like he is trying to make her jealous of me. 'He's getting a keg,' Maddie says for the second time.

Every Tom, Dick, and Harry here jokes that going to Clinton High prepares you for the overall college experience: you learn where you stand in life, if you work hard or not it does not matter, and you learn to drink, and who are skewing you, or who skewing someone else like your boyfriend. Three years ago, we were ranked in some magazines among the top ten worst public schools in Pa. for drinking, drugs, and good education. It gives us girls a bad image of being dumb sluts, which were not. I know that my mom and dad cannot afford a prep school like

St. Paul's, Maddie, and Liv, are the same way they have nothing, yet as for Jenny she went there one year and got kicked out forever for hooking up with a boy in the computer room, or at least that is what I heard.

It is not like there is anything else to do around here, though. We have malls and basement parties and hooking up and that is about it. Let us face it: that is how most of the country is now. Just look at all the bums on the streets living in cardboard boxes. My pappy always said that malls and McDonald's would be the only place to go. That the little guy would get the crap stick. He was so right, he always tells me what it was like, back in the 1950s.

I mean we have so much more than they did, all the same, it seems, like those days people were happier for some reason. I guess if you have too much it makes you discontented? Or people were simply happy to be alive after the

war. Jenny thinks the Holocaust never really happened, that it was just all a made-up story.

Yet, she is a German, that is why? They ran off got married in an old house in Maryland and had the honeymoon in the car they sleep in it all nice and drive back they were so young then, I am surprised but the fact that a baby was not made in that thing, just like at the fold-down seats, that why my dad liked this car and the older dudes.

He said that- 'The car would rock side to side... like going fast, yappers- and that's what I thought it meant too.'

Which pisses off Maddie who comes of Jewish descent. And pisses me off too because my pap was in that war. He used to say (Smoking with oxygen tubes in his nose.) 'I remember flying in that airplane with them ass holes coming for me, and bolts blasting past my face. They looked like the devil, coming for your soul, Karly. I never back down! (Inhale nose) Hell, I would have ripped my prop into his head if I needed to. No, never stopping the gunfire until you killed the S of a B. And if you got one, they would spiral Arrrrrr-nnnnn!

(Inhale nose)

Splat...! Down into the water or hit one of our ships killing hundreds of men. You would never believe the carnage and the smell of the burning oil and dying flesh. I can still hear it and see it in my mind.

(Coughing)

The wounds did more than scare my body, they scare me for life as a little girl. I lost many of my friends, you just think about that. Most of them fresh outta high school around your age. Karly! You G-D kids need a freaking war so that you are not so damn ignorant and selfish.' Yes- I loved my puppy, rest in

peace. He would cuss you out, and then give you a big hug and kiss. All I left of him is his metal thingy and a black and white photograph.

#-Hashtag- (he loves me- he loves me not, make love not war, old-timers)

~*~

'Ah-em. Excuse me!' Jenny boots scoots herself over into Rob's lap and clears her throat loudly. Says- just so you will know where we are going together tonight. She has her hand tucked down around his butt and her foot is going up and down on his inner leg.

'I think you're in my seat, Jenny,' I say. I am pretending to be a hard-core badass. Ray and Jenny have always been friends on and off. At least, they have always been since before the first year, and by requirement have always had to be okay with that. Yet I am not okay with that...

'My apologies, I did know that you were here to suck his d*ick and make his sandwich.' She gets up, and he stands up and makes a big fanfare, like a bow, we all could see that he has a half chub on. He sat down, and I sat down on his lap just like she did.

Yet, my hands were not on his butt though. Yet I was not the girl that was turning him on. I knew that he liked her, I just never thought like that. 'See you tonight, Ray!' she yells, and then she walks up to us and bends down, she whispers in his ear. 'Okay then bring your baby girlfriend. So, she can see me sucking you off, and freaking riding you tonight, like she cannot- never do!' in addition to that before leaving she snaps my one bra strap. I did not want too much of it; she loves to joke around.

Nevertheless, I did not like it at all.

Jenny walks up to a group of her other friends and sits with Lizzie, Randi, and Autumn. I overhear Jenny say 'Just look at that little promising ring on Morgan Ferguson's finger. Like-she is not fooling anyone... all she is promising is that she will be taking it in the butt, uninstalling mirage!' Morgan is one of the crazed Christians, you know the type too sweet and timed, so brainwashed she thinks boys do not like girls that have sex with them.

She, like Madilyn, both wanted to be pure, as we all point and giggle. I am betting five dollars tonight that Jenny is going to get Morgan laid tonight at the party, all the girls pull bets on whom the lucky guy is going to be. We have talked about this... My monies on Marcel, mainly so he is not all up on me. Plus, Marcel needs a girlfriend like her.

Yes, we like to poke fun at her and her for being a junior virgin. The height bet for us girls on the guy wins, and he is the one that gets to have sex with the girl, as we hold her down, legs spared, and airs pined by one of us girls. We try to get the girl drunk, or high to make it easier, and he gets into it when she loosened up. We all switch and snigger if he wants to pull out it is up to him.

Madilyn is called a baby killer too by the girls because the boy we set her up with got her pregnant. This traumatized her so much she became gay. (There are no words for me to say, on how sorry I am for being a part of this.)

Anyways so far there is about 20 dollars on Marcel, I know for sure he is going to take Morgan's virginity tonight. I asked Maddie and Liv to bet on him. Why? So, I would be left alone. All Marcel needs is a plaything... yes- I could be a matchmaker! I do not want to go to this party, I am sick of seeing this, but to be popular, I guess I must do what I must do.

I will try to comfort Morgan after the fact, as I do with Maggie, after all... I went through it too.

I did even know the boy's name, it was so long ago, and it was at my first party. Just like this is Morgan's first party. Just like me, she is new blood. You never stop partying until the police, and that is when you run to the next hot spot in town, like Maddie's basement.

~*~

Back in the lunchroom- Ray leans forward and buries his face in my hair, making his voice soft and quiet. The calm sexy voice he uses makes all the nerves in my body brighten up like many fireworks exploding all at once. 'Do not forget. It is all about you and me tonight.' 'I haven't forgotten,' I say- hoping my voice sounds sensual and not scared. My palms are sweating, and I beg God he does not try to take my hand.

Thankfully, he does not. Instead, he bends down and presses his mouth into mine, and he sticks his tongue in my mouth. We make out for a bit until Jenny looks squeals, I swear she was extremely angry, 'Not after we just eat, I could taste the beef sandwich!'

Liv throws a fry in my direction; it hits me on my chest. Said- 'Stop it before I throw up on Maddie, God I'm going to have to hose you two down.' 'Maddie- said when did you two get so- 'kissy-kissy- goo- goo?' Ray just said, 'You just failed to see us, I'm sick of hiding it.' He was about to say it, to Maddie and Liv, 'I am falling lo...' And then he stopped in mid-sentence, Jenny bounced over and she was back at our table.

What were you saying, Ray?

She asked, oh I was saying that I am falling in love with her. Maddie and Liv just looked at one another like what does

that mean? Jenny- ‘Ah that’s so cute... just save you Love for me.’

(Yapper any way a girl can get blocked I do!) Crap Ray just said you LOVE me! I was thinking of growing some balls and stopping being so scared! He was looking at me to say that I loved him, but I do not care how long it takes a girl to never say ‘I love you’ first! ‘Bye, ladies,’ Ray says, and moseys off, with a cool strut, and I felt like the school slut, as he walked past everyone with my lip gloss on his lips and jawline, to sit with his guy friends.

Here is another secret with boys overall:

No boy should ever... ever get up and walk away from his girl, to be with the guys. That is just a big no-no! It makes a girl feel like you do not care about her, other than to hit and quit it.

I wipe my mouth on one of Maddie's extra napkins, along with spitting Ray's gum out of my mouth. When I thought nobody was looking since the bottom half of my face is saturated with Ray's saliva. There was no way I was swallowing that or chewing it! Here is another secret about Ray: I hate the way he kisses me sometimes.

Yet, when we are alone it is magical when he thinks people are looking, he gets sloppy and tries showing off. If he is trying to impress me and my friends, it is not working. The first kiss was good enough, he was trying to make her envious. He would not cheat on me... would he? It makes me wonder if he's Mr. Right. If he cannot show his love or even say it... without being a douchebag, I do not know. I am rethinking to us tonight. I do not know what was making me feel the stomach-churning the food or everything else.

Jenny boogie is back over to her other ho- friends when Ray walked away from us. Maddie says all my stress is just insecurity because Ray and I have not sealed the deal yet.

Once we do, she is positive I will feel better, and I am sure she is right. She is like an expert.

She hooked up Caden March and Scarlett Walker, and Beth Phillida, and Mindy Buck. She said the love you make makes the relationship work out. 'That you have to bang it out for it to work out.' I hope so...? I have always seemed to be able to confide in Maddie's advice. Liv just looked at her and said, "How you would know, we have not in so long. Maddie- 'That's because you have been playing around with that boy and not me... that's why.'

Liv- 'That's so Jinny leaves us alone you know that hon.'

~*~

I go into a daydream of thoughts: Like- you do not get to elect if you get hurt in this world... nevertheless, you do have some say in who hurts you. I know that I have been a little pink girly p*ssy for far too long, but I thought that was the way of life. I just do not know what I want to do tonight. I am going to get hurt one way or the other tonight. It is either going to be mental or physical, I have such great choices to pick from, don't I? Some people do not understand the promises they are making when they make them, is he going to come through tonight? Or should I just back out now? I know what the girls think. I do not know what I should think.

Do you like someone who cannot like you back, why? Because needed love... real love can be endured in a way that unneeded love cannot. Nothing ever happens as you imagine it will, it is like- I am on a roller coaster that is too wicked, my friend rides with me, and the boys and Jenny are the hills going

up and down, yet they are not the ones that want to get off, and blow-chunks, it is me. Sometimes I just want it all to stop. You can love a boy so much... But you can never love a boy as much as you can miss them. And I am missing whom I thought Ray was to me right now. It is like a part of me just dyed at little.

(Little did I know the rest of me was going to be too...) I just hope that the promise- 'Just you and me' will stand as our forever. Like what we say now it is okay, well last always. Shynna aka (Shylo) Woodley you have not met her yet, but she is kind of one of us- kind of.

Like she chips into the conversations and joins up with a group when she can, like in the halls she's Just like a little sis that follows you everywhere, same thing. She said- 'You need to stop the fear of being terrified of getting left behind, or you will end up by yourself forever.

I said- 'I feel that I'm only going to be used, and not loved' She said- 'Just stop thinking with your head girl.' She is like the last to join us at lunch every day, Liv cannot stand her. Yet that does not stop her from grabbing all her fries when she sets down her tray next to her. She makes a halfhearted attempt to swipe her hand away, yet she wants to be popular, so she lets us do whatever. She is our 'Go-fer' if we want something, she goes for it, and I mean anything. She slaps her bouquet of roses down next to mine. She is twelve, and I feel a momentary twinge of jealousy. Liv and Maddie feel- it too because they both say something like- 'What did you have to do for those?

Shylo as we call her sticks her tongue out, but the look on her face was priceless. She seemed so pleased that we noticed. Suddenly, Jenny looks at something over her shoulder, from her table, and starts giggling. Just like a psycho killer, she was looking at me, and was twittering on her phone about

Shylo- 'Shylo! Must have been putting out or giving lots of hand jobs to get that many flowers!' I read the post aloud, and she said- 'Thanks a lot Kar.'

(She thought those were my words.)

Then, I said- 'I didn't say that... read this.' (I have a bad habit of reading everything aloud.) Shylo said- 'Cannot a girl in this school just be liked for her persona, and have boys give her flowers because of that. We are not all sluts like Jenny... you know.' 'I know...' I said; you should post that...' Shylo- 'She's not even worth it!' Shylo- calls her: Jenny 'Drama' Stevenson! Oh no! Do not even think about cutting her name down, as she did with ours- to 'Jen.' Oh no- she will punch you in the eye! Just ask Maddie how she got her black eye to freshen the year.

#- Hashtag: (nicknames, table manners, and trash talk)

Chapter: 6

Love is Love

(A drawing of the two- made by one of the girls)

We all turned around. Julie Sherie is carrying hastily into her brown paper bag in her long pale fingers. After she read a tweet from Jenny that says- 'I saw Julie- fingering Maggie's bushy hairy p*ssy today in the library during study hall!' Then there was a follow-up post one minute later, and it read- 'Oh look now she is smelling her fingers!'

Everyone in the room is laughing and staring at her. Her face is shielded behind a curtain of pale blond hair, shoulders hunched up around her ears. It is a shame to cover up those pastel sky-blue eyes, I am sure they are bloodshot now.

Madilyn aka (Maddie) keeps her phone in her locker, like the good little girl that she is.

Even so, she has no friend-flowers on Twitter to even know what is being said. She only has friends on Facebook and that is her mom and dad, that is sad. So, yeah- she is in the dark as usual. Everyone in the school has Madilyn blocked so she cannot send a request even if she wanted to, when you are the speed kid like her, you are just blocked out.

Everyone in the cafeteria glares at her- she is the definition of unforgettable- the bell rings; Jenney, Maddie, Liv, and shy start making that screeching piercing sound motion with their chairs, and shoes because Julie is walking so slowly. Like she has a stick up her ass. She has not been this upset about science, she had a sleepover a couple of years ago for us to come to that we all bleed out of. (She wanted to sleep with us with the lights on... creepy!)

Walking out I am not sure if Julie hears us. Like Jenny can always hear us because our voices seem to carry around the room, some say we are too loud. ‘That we all are ear-shattering!’ Julie keeps up that same slow pace across the room, eventually reaching the door that leads out into the hallway. I am not sure where she is going. I hardly ever see her in the classrooms. Julie must thrust her shoulder against the door a few times before it opened, she had to be that slow that it latched! Like she is too fragile to make it work. ‘Did she get our love-o-gram?’ Maddie says, licking salt off her pink lips from the pretzel she ate.

Maddie nods. ‘In the library. I was sitting right behind her.’ She was sitting with her... because no one else would. ‘Did she say anything?’ I asked. ‘Does she ever say anything?’ Maddie said. Maddie puts one hand across her heart, pretending to be upset.

Saying- she did do that. She had her hand under the table most of the time. ‘Then Maddie threw the one rose she

got from a boy, named Antony Whiteout in the trash can in the hall. Can you believe it? Right in front of him, me... and everyone!' I was thinking of giving it to me, or at least taking it home with you, that boy spent money on that. The boy was broken-hearted, just by the look on his face. Maddie looks up and says: 'Silly boy... I am gay... I only like girls! Maybe when you cut that thing off, then we can talk.' (And she points at it.) He ran like a five-year-old girl, that just got their candy stolen!

That meant Maddie, I said. Maddie- 'Will the dork should freaking know!' 'Okay... okay.'

I mumbled... I am not one for dumpster diving, but I fished the crud cover, rose out, and read the note attached: 'I love you!' Maddie, you get a boy to say that and throw it away? Crap! This day just keeps getting better!

The first year Jenny one way or another found out that Julie did not get sent a single Love-o-grams.

She is comparing then and now. She has a way of knowing all the school's gossip or starting it.

I put the note back in the can, I saw Jenny picking it up. I overhear her saying: I get such a good Idea from her other ho-friends. So, Jenny attached a note on that rose and duct-taped it on Julie's locker. Saying- 'I bet this smells' better than that nasty p*ssy! The note said: Next year you will get some, but probably not.'

Norm Madilyn, I would feel bad, but Juliet deserves her nickname Jull's.

She is a freak in school in the sheets. Rumor has it that she is the one in this video found by her mom and is stark naked straddling daddy on the living room sofa, with it all the way in! Even her little sis Haylee hates her, she posted the video on her

cell to everyone! And that made her even more popular, I still have it in my inbox. It is just that funny. You cannot see her face, just her backside, and that yellow hair and that pale ass bobbing up and down on daddy.

'Oh, daddy! Give it to me daddy! Ugh- yah...!

Yah...! Yah!

YAH!!!

She got that nickname because now everyone thinks she would smell and taste like an old man's hairy balls. None of the boys want to kiss that! My tip: 'Girls do not ever let anyone see or know where your mouth or both lips have been if you want to keep guys wanting what you got! Like, come on that's first-grade stuff!'

Knowing Jenny as I do, she said to Haylee get some darts for me on Julie to be one of us. And she knew about her, her dad, and thought that my key to popularity. That is how Haylee got so popular so fast this year? She went from zero to head powder-pow cheerleader, I would never do that to my sis, even if she were banging daddy. Sises should have a bundle of little secrets, that no one should ever- ever know about.

Come to think of it; if Jull's is doing it, and little Haylee knows about it, you can presume she is doing it with him too. I am just thinking he is one of those kinds of loving daddies. It takes one to know one, right? It is not popular, just awesome! 'Like- one girl can do something, and that is fine if she is popular. But another girl can do the very same thing, and it gets everyone all hot and bothered if she is not liked by the poplars.'

Once you are headed for something like that, it is almost impossible to dig yourself out of that hole, yes you might as well cover yourself over with a dart because your next years

are going to be pure hell. As well as payback it just gets you heated up even more. Even if you take your movie to another school, it will follow you online, that is a fact.

#- Hashtag: (Keep it clean, loving daddy, every rose comes with a thorn)

There was a thump and a bump in the night, and not the kind of thump and bump you want or want to feel and hear. Honey- hon wake up; there is someone in the house! See it! Wha- what? Someone at the foot of the bed! Last year Shy said she saw Julie in the bathroom looking spiced out, stroking her hair over and over and staring at her reflection. She said that Julie never says a word to her, she was taking off her makeup with her slave, and from that day on that year years and this one too, it looks like she stopped wearing makeup altogether she gave up on herself.

Jenny hates her. Jenny and Julie were in a couple of the same elementary school classes, back then, and for all, I know Jenny has hated her since then. She makes the sign of an 'L' with her hand on her forehead for losers whenever Julie is around.

Maddie holds up her cross on her nickels like Julie might be a fallen angel because she is so white like she might jump at her and give her the kiss of death and suck her blood or something with those fang-like teeth she has. It was

Jenny found out Jull has peed her bed every night ever since eighth grade, so the rumor that still goes around is that she smells like pee and period blood. Some of the boys that have a metal shop class describe her as small as iron, or metal when it is hot.

I am looking out the window and I watch Jull's yellow hair flash in the sunlight like its catching fire, and it was... like,

she lit herself on fire. We could hear her dumping what looked like a whole bottle of perfume on herself. And then the flame from the lighter. The pouf it was- engulfed. (It was a real seaside attempt. She said it was a joke afterward.)

Madilyn grabs the fire extinguisher and puts her out. Then Jenny says- 'See I told you that Madilyn was lighting Jull's fire. That was the only way to get her stink off.' It looked like something you would see in a Lifetime movie. Madilyn hugs her as she falls to the ground rolling around in the smoke.

There is darkness on the skyline as we look up, like what she and as giggle to it was a slur and a storm is rising. Mag and Jill's are getting wet. It occurs to me for the first time that I am not exactly sure why Jenny started hating Julie in the first place, she is just as crazy as us to just get a chuckle. I open my mouth to ask her, but my girls have already moved, from the courtyard back into the hallway. Wet hair is never a good look.

Maddie says look 'a reenactment of the daddy's girls' video when she sees- Madilyn on top of Julie on the ground.' And we girl's giggle.

'On the inside, I'm terrified and horrified at what I just saw.' Mr. Slimmer says sarcastically. 'I've missed something.' 'What's going on?' I say- 'Nothing.' He looks at us like yes right and takes Jull's to the nurse's office to go to the ER.

Jenny starts crap and we girls take the blame for it. I grabbed Shy, another teacher who leaves, when we were walking down the hall, pulling her back, and she turned to me. And I turned to her. 'Shyann 'Shylo' Baum!' I said whispering in her ear- 'She has ruined her life. And Maggie's too, that was no joke! She is fed up with living like that.' Shy- 'I no... but there is nothing we can do but giggle it off.'

What can we do? She will be okay. Just be glad it is not you.'

-It is buzzcut season anyway-

'She will not be swimming in the finals tomorrow. And you know she lives for that crap.

It is her life, and now the team is going to lose.

Shy- 'Ha at least she is more hairless now!'

Do you remember last year she forgot to take her goggles off after morning practice, and she wore them until thread period?' then she said as we walked - 'She probably hangs all of her blue ribbons on a wall in her room over to her crib and teddy bears.' Then I thought to myself- (Shy- you do not care about what just happened to her at all!)

Then I thought out loud- 'Jenny is going to win first tomorrow; she always gets second place next to her.' Jenny always hated coming in second, even if the event was butt scratching and nose picking. It does not matter, she must win. Jenny's room is covered with red ribbons all over the floor, next to all her unwashed clothes like her skimpy undies. She has the messiest room of any girl I know. But we all know better than to say anything about it when we come over there is like no place to sit down. She has a nerve to tell other people small if anything her room smells putrid. I remember the time I sat on her used condoms from the night before, so gross, they were in her bedsheets!

Maddie and Liv stop in the hall to group up. Shylo- 'Kar used to do that.

Didn't you? What is that I said? With your ribbons hang them in your baby room, for riding and petting hor-sies.' I sighed and said- 'Yes, but Jenny ripped them all down saying to

grow up, that boys do not want little girls in my room. So, I quit! I have them all in a shoebox, under my bed with all my other baby girl things.'

(I thought to myself I miss all that. Like my walls seem naked, and at least back then I was riding something.) I look at that stuff every night thinking about what I have given up. And how I have changed so much since then and now.

That when I said: 'It is too bad they do not give out the blue ribbon for lying on your back! You all would win!' Shylo elbows me with one raised eyebrow. Then I walked away... I will always be a baby to them. Just because I am the youngest and newsiest girl they add to the group.

'Can we get back to the point?' I waved my hands, partly because I did want to hear the story again of how I was such a baby girl. Partly to take the attention off me, and the fact that I used to be such a girly-girl dork. When I was in fifth grade, I spent more time with horses than with other humans. 'I still don't get why everyone is pissed about me being a dork on the inside.'

Maddie rolls her eyes at me as I belong at the special-Ed table. When I was trying to cover up the long story of how I got popular. They are not getting it, I am still not getting it for them though, and I sigh. It is like I hear this story every day when Shy walks into homeroom. 'She has been late to homeroom every day this year because she had to park in the lower lot and haul ass to get in here.'

Like just get over it already! I am in the group now! Shylo sometimes acts like I took her place in the group, and in a way, I did. We all bust it out at the same time and then start giggling like maniacs, when Shy walks in at the bell, with pit stands and looking like she sprinted a marathon.

Shylo- 'Shut the freak up! I say- 'You're just sore because I am hotter than now.' 'Do not worry, kar-z, I do not want to be in the baby seat any longer, you can freaking have it, I do not want to be like you! You are still such a dork!' 'If you guys throw down, I'm putting money on you Kar.' Said Maddie. 'Yeah, we've got your back,' says Liv.

Shylo yells and it echoes in the hall 'Oh like I am afraid of the two-p*ssy sucker!' We should get back Liv says in her shy voice that she gets when she is trying to say something serious. 'Isn't it weird how that stuff happens?

One minute we are all fine and the next we want to kill each other. How everything spirals out from everything else? It is not like Jenny made her give her a spot in the group for me.

Even if she did, I cannot help it! 'I did not steal it. I got it honestly,' Jenny protests, three weeks ago, bringing her hand down on the table for importance in the group. And that Shy is losing popularity. I remember this because Maddie's water flipped over, soaking some fries. This makes us start laughing again. Shylo has been losing her popularity slowly since her sophomore year.

Many because she wants to do her own thing. And do not ask us what we think, we all stick together if she wants to be like us, she needs to tell us everything.

'I'm serious we need to go!' Liv raises her voice to be heard over us.

Maddie- 'It is like a web Shylo, you know? Everything is connected. You keep too many things from us like dating a boy that is so beneath you and what we think.' Shylo- 'Have you been smoking dad's stash again Liv? Your girl hides stuff from me, it is not all me!'

(The late bell rings.)

I say- 'It's okay girls, I made up some fake hall pass, with Mr. Pamper signature on them.' I give one to every one of us except Shy. Shy walking down the hall says- 'Yah goes and freak your teacher some more you skank and let Ray lick it off!' Good thing all the class doors were closed. The only teacher to look out at us was Mr. P and he just looked and shook his head and waved at us. Then he pointed at me and gave me a sexy little wink. Maddie said- 'He is- so going to Kar!' (I just sighed lustily: and said- I no!)

#- Hashtag: (put in like, insta hate, and that b*tch is on fire)

You know Maddie always has to say something colorful. Saying- 'You know I do not like her- Shylo, I became a lesbian because of girls, because girls are beautiful, strong, and compassionate. But that girl just sucks in every way, she sucks hard then, I suck on Liv's pink vagina!' I look at Maddie and Liv and say- 'It okay, I would certainly never propose that any lesbian should be ashamed of her sexual preference like she just did. You are my loyal friends and thank you for being there for me. She just wishes she had a love for you to do.' When they thought no one was looking other than me they kissed me on the lips. 'People will stare so make it worth their while.' Liv said after the make-out. 'Hey- Kar you want to Join in?' I said-

'Maybe another time... Maddie.'

Then, Maddie said quickly- 'I am going to hold you to that, my place for the night, we are all going to all shower together, and users will use the handheld showerhead on each other, so we all come! What do you say?' I said- 'Um- um okay... sounds like dirty girl fun!' Maddie said with a little girl giggle- 'Don't worry, I'll take control or tell you what to do, and you'll feel so-o good.'

Then, Liv said- 'I will wash your hair for you and bubble you up with my hands and body wash! It is going to be so much fun to do this with you! You cool with that?' I said- 'Okay... after the party, I'll need some loving, I'll require some stress release.' (I was thinking... I wish Ray or Mr. P wanted me to come for them that much!) (In my mind I was thinking that it just got a little too weird, but I will try it.)

#- Hashtag: (Pluck and suck, three girls dropping the soap, and that burning itch)

~*~

After the next class ended, I was only there for like five minutes, our gals met up in the hall. 'I'm serious!' Maddie raises her voice to be heard over us. 'Everything's connected.' This is all it takes to get us going. This is a joke we have had with Shy for years because she is such a baby about losing her popularity. You pick on me; I will pick on you! I was picked on in the past. It is nice to do the picking now! Her daddy is a lawyer; Shy says- 'If you keep it up, he is going to get you your asses.'

Jenny- 'Sure in his little monkey suit.' Jenny claims he is secretly a hippie stoner and likes alternative rock. She would know she has been with him like that, or so she says. As we are laughing, doubling over, Shy turns pink. 'You guys never listen to me,' she says, but she is fighting a smile.

Maddie- 'Shy shut up and go fix you top you like you have an un-a-boob.' Shylo- 'Oh no one's just bigger than then the other, puberty freaked me! We giggled as we knew. It is funny looking at the little colorful kiddy band-aid covering her gigantic zit on her face. Then she had to do an add-in. 'Like I must pluck hair off my nips too, do you guys do that?

Ugh! We all said! (TMI! Or Gross!)

Shylo could use a day at the spa, just saying, I do not then she has even been through a full body waxing, it would be good payback. I would pay to see that. Ha! (I could see it now-the girl doing it, we need more max! I need more for this girl's vagina. Lol!)

Now she is not that bad, but she needs something! She takes a cramped-up notebook paper and throws it at me. 'I read once that if a girl that has made fun so much and has a connection to God, he can give her powers, which can cause things to happen, like this rainstorm. Freaky!'

'Jenny yes, well, one of your farts back there did you smell that. Me- 'that was a little crap.' Jenny- 'Maybe that could have caused this little blackout in the lunchroom.' We sniggered, we all knew it was Jenny that let it rip, that is why she got up the first time.

I remember, Maddie, Liv, and I were laughing at something not that funny, and Jenny and Shy kept throwing fries back and forth. I try to say they are wasting perfectly tasty food, there are starving kids in Africa. But Jenny snorted so hard she could barely get the words out; it came out the other end though.

Even Jenny goes crazy at this, and suddenly we are all trying it. Oh, not the peeing part. Laughing and sneezing and snorting at the same time.

Everybody is staring at us, but we do not care. After about a million sneezes I did feel something down there, Jenny leans back in her chair, clutching her stomach and gasping for breath. 'Mr. P said there was a major thunderstorm warning for surrounding parts.' This sets us off again because it was obvious, and Mr. P sometimes acts like us teens when he is freaking out. He even sits with us from time to time.

I and the girls all decided to cut the seventh period and just hang in the hallways.

Maddie had French, which she cannot stand, and I have I think English, I do not even know. We cut the seventh period a lot together, it could be Health or something dumb like that. We are second-semester seniors, so it is like we are expected not to go to class or miss anything.

It has been the same crap all four years. Plus, I hate my English teacher as I do with them all but Mr. P. My English teacher sucks, she is always going off on tangents and yelling at us to pay attention.

Sometimes, I will zone out for a few minutes, and suddenly, she will be talking about underwear in the eighteenth century and how she can see mine, proving Global warming, and that we have all evolved in time. Even though she is only in her sixties, I am sure she is losing her freaking mind. She dissents like me because, I am sexy as hell, and she is just unpleasant! She looks like she has a few black and grey pubes on her chin.

That is how it started with my pap: he would be talking and talking and the effects, of point A, switched with point B. and I would get confused. When my pap was still alive, we would visit him, and even though young, I remember thinking: I hope I die young before I get old!

Officially you need a special pass signed by your parents and the administration to leave campus during the school day, so if we can fake it, we just raise hell in the halls, or say freak it, and leave anyway. For a long time, one of the rewards of being a senior was getting to leave campus whenever you wanted. You do not give a crap when you are a senior like you do as a first-year student.

Like, I said my school has a reputation for one of the highest teen suicide rates in the country. The nickname for it other than Clit high is Suicide High. We had three girls hang by ropes, five-car crashes, ten ODs, and one used a gun, and that was just this year so far. Maddie almost died this year after she cut her wrists with a razor blade, but she is okay now. She got cute tattoos to cover the scars, one is a dragonfly and the other a topless mermaid! The teachers do not like that one, but girls do, so that is all that matters. It is not that big... they are small. Sometimes she must put a band-aid or makeup on the girl.

Oh, yes and then one day a bunch of kids left campus and drove off that big yellow bridge. Anyway, after that, the school forbade anyone from leaving school during the day without special permission or singing out in the office. It is stupid if you think about it. That is like finding out that kids are bringing vodka to school in water bottles and forbidding anyone to drink water. Like I know girls that soak their temperatures in alcohol and use them throughout the day to get a little buzz, there is always a way to do what we want!

Luckily, there is another way to get off campus: you go through the bathroom window, and then there is a hole in the fence beyond the gym by the football field, which we call the Smoker's alley since that is where all the smokers spend time together, make out and even inject! No one's around, though, when Jenny and I slip through the fence and get started across the grass.

In a little while, we will come on to Route 279. Everything is still and frozen, leaves crack under our shoes, and our breath rises in solid silvery clouds.

...Clit is about three miles away from three rivers- or what you can call the point where all the waterway intersects. But only about a half-mile from a small strip of dingy stores we

have named the Strip Row. It is the same corner where all the desperate old guys pick up young girls like us for a BJ!

Jenny did it for \$100. It is an effective way for her to get gas money. There is a gas station, there are shops with top, and haircutters, a Chinese restaurant and family place, and some other gay places, that no one cares about. Chinese that once made Liv sick for three days.

(And again, she thought it was preggers.)

There is a random card gallery store where you can buy pink glitter ballet dancer figurines, teddy bears, snow globes, and crap like that. Too bad they do not have a- 'I'm sorry your friend just got an STD card.'

I know we must look like total freaks. Yes, no teens stomping around in boots or highs along the road, in our tiny little skirts and are tops tied up, tank slightly showing in the front, our jackets flapping open to show off our sexy flat bellies, and dangly jewelry. We pass the

Gateway Clipper Fleet on our way to Primanti's.

We look over off the way hanging over the rail we spot Bridget Semen and Alex Martello, look down the street, not too much time has passed, there's Jenny bent over a bench a boy is taking off her undies, I saw them being thrown down on the walkway, she just made some cash.

'Oh-o, scandal,' Jenny says groaning, raising her eyebrows, when she is about too... after getting beat from behind, and she stands up fully with his stuff all over the backside and skirt. Maddie snaps a pic and sends it to Shy-, and Shy- sends it off to everyone, even Ray. Maddie's payback for Liv being with a boy, I guess. Although it is only half a scandal, he did warn-ed- her that he was going to pull his man gun out

and shoot. Everyone knows that Jenny comes back to school, with a lot of cheating stuff on her every day.

Anna Doosan texts about it every day too, saying she is such a slut, you can see it in her outfit! Jenny does not care; she is pleased to be the school's slut, she wears- her stains with pride!

What do I think? It is cheap and tacky!

But she is popular, so I just go with it. It is not like it is my ass getting a reaming. Sometimes I act like she is not with me on the streets. She is that crazy. Me and Maddie and Liv, shop, and let her have her sexy time. But we know the kids in school think we do it because she does like it like that. That is why all the boys want me, they think I am loose and easy. We girls joke saying that Jenny has nothing left... nothing but what looks like a hanging ham, meat flaps, beef curtains, you get the idea! Jenny now has 50 for gas and 50 for beer pot and crap like that.

We are outside Bridget's family cafe. It is a tremendously- Catholic type of place. It is next to the old stone church. The restaurant named after Bridget is age, she is pretty and clean looking, like every time you see her like in the girl's room, she is just scrubbed her face extremely hard. Bridget is saving herself for marriage, unlike us girls, which gave it all way around thirteen. I wish I had kept it; it is cute and sweet to be that way on your wedding night.

That is what she says, anyway, although Maddie and Liv both think Bridget might be a closet lesbo. So, she can get off without offending God. Because there is nothing in the Bible about masturbating with another girl being a sin. Yet Bridget is only a junior she may change her mind, and just take it in the ass like most girls as her type does. There is nothing in the Bible about that either. Just ask a priest or altar server. But if the

rumors are true, she has already had sex with at least five girls and a boy... hook up, like up the poop-shoot! Do I believe it?

No! She started the rumors herself, so everyone would stop picking on her about it.

She is one of the few kids who comes from money. She does not need to freak out for a dollar! Her mom's a banker, and dad runs the restaurant. Jenny is not what you would call poor, she just a hussy! Bridget lives in one of the nice yet crafty condominiums next to here in strip row. She works as a server on the weekends, we love to make fun of her, a little apron with her name on it twice, outside the window! I remember Jenny made a cardboard sign one time that said- 'Bridget shows- T*ts for Tips!' and pressed it against the window!

One old biddy lady dropped her fork and her mouth... as most did in the restaurant. It was a good show! You can see it on YouTube! 'Let's go in and say hi,' Jenny says, reaching for my hand interlacing my finger into hers, even though we were banned... I try to hang back. 'I am going through embarrassment and being pulled. My face must be so red! I feel as hot as Mrs. Doubtfire when she set her ta-tas on fire!' Jenny- 'Come on Karly ... what's up to your ass?' I said- 'A cotton string that I played \$35 for!' He- he- he- Nice! Jenny said- as she giggled.

#- Hashtag: (a PDA give away, shop until you drop, and hookie)

I let myself be dragged inside. She pulls a pack of small pills from the waistband of her skirt. 'Here. Take two of these pills, it will chill you out.' Jenny always carries something like that on her, 24/7, like she is packing drugs like I pack candy. 'Just for a second we'll sit down, I promise.'

A bell jingles as we come through the door. A woman is flipping through Pitt-post newspaper behind the counter. She

looks at us, then looks down again when she realizes we are not there to order. And that we are young. Jenny slides right up to me next to me in the booth, never keeping her hands to herself, you know where they were on me. I was leaning elbows on the table, hoping no one could see where her hands were.

This was her plan to embarrass me, a good thing the drugs were kicking in. Because about that time I was about to scream. Then our friends Stacey and Becky. Strolled in through the door. (Ding-a-ling-a-ling!) The sled into our open on the other side of the table.

Becky said- 'Jenny what are you doing to her?' Jenny- 'Nothing!' Me- 'I have the look on my face is like I am trying to push a baby out!' Stacey said with confusion- 'Okay then?' Becky is kind of, sort of friends with a lot of people, like us, she bumps around, meanwhile, she deals pot and stuff like that out of a shoebox, and she keeps under her bed in his bedroom next to her girly things, that her mom and dad should never see her using. She is Jenny's link for her stash. Sometimes Jenny marks up the prize and passes it around the school.

She and I have an- I know you- but I do not know your friends, as that is the maximum of our dealings. Stacey, she is cool mellow, she is just your stranded emo chick. She is just there... for something to do, and for a coffee. She is in English class with me, though she shows even less than I do. Our school is a flipping joke, learning is a joke, girls in the USA are the butt of the joke. The baby-boomer does not want us to know anything.

So, they can have all the money and work. That is what I think, keep us dumb, and so when do not know what you are taking away. Like I would make a better president, than the one we have now. Girls like us are never going to be anything more in this world than sluts... and that is a fact. Now and then she

will say something like, 'This 500-word writing assignment we have to do, huh?' but other than that we do not talk much.

'Hey, hey,' Jenny says. 'You going to Marcel's party tonight?' Becky's face lights up saying, 'yes I am going with Zack Woods,' Jenny- 'Oh he's a cute boy.' Becky- 'So Karly who are you going with?' Jenny chips in cutting me off at the pass. Saying- 'I am going with Ray tonight someone must make him a man! A baby girl does not seem to know how to squeeze it in.' My face is red and splotchy, I was mad and sick all at the same time.

Plus, I remember what he said to me, I kissed him. I just said- 'I hook up with someone when I get there.' I did know what to say. Becky winked at me and said- 'I got yah.' Stacey got embarrassed like me too because she was caught in a lie, saying she was going with Sam... when Sam was going with Lizzy or so Jenny said. Jenny would know...! Stacey is so blatant by saying... she was going with me, she knew what Jenny was doing, I think. I was seeing psychedelic colors. So, I was like- 'Yeah, sure whatever.' At this time, we all had our food, we decided to say and eat because we were chatting and taking up space, or so the woman said. Jenny could not believe she said that to me. Or she was just reacting to the lousy food. I would not be surprised if she said you cannot do that. Jenny makes her voice extra perky.

'Um... I do not know if you cannot do that, or you would. Stacey- 'Maybe. Gotta sees...' okay said Jenny along with 'It's going to be super fun.' I said- 'Are you going to bring Bridget? She is such a sweetheart.' Even though everyone I am friends with thinks Bridget is annoying- she is always cheerful, and she wears T-shirts with lame slogans like: 'I want you to talk nerdy to me.'

(No lie...)

But Jenny despises everything about her also. Becky went to like all the bathrooms around the city, and school, and wrote all over the wall- If you like white trash, and want a sucking blow Job to call me Bridget at... And she had her cell number, with a drawing of a penis framing it. The situation is beyond awkward, so I blurt out, I point at the meat congealing in a grayish sauce in a bowl on the table, next to two cookies and a sad-looking orange slice. ‘Roast beef,’ Stacey says. She seems relieved that she has changed the topic. Jenny gives me a look, annoyed, but I keep rattling on with her about food. ‘You should be careful about eating here.

The beef once poisoned Maddie. She threw up for, like, four days straight. She swears she found a hair in it. As soon as I say this Jenny picks up her frock and takes an enormous bite, looking up and smiling at me as she chews, and it sticks out her tongue.

So, I can see the food in her mouth. I am not sure whether she is doing it deliberately to gross me out, but it seems like it. ‘That is nasty,

Stevenson,’ Becky says, but she is smiling at her. Jenny rolls her eyes, like you all a total waste of our time.

‘Come on, Kar.’ Let’s- ‘Dine and dash!’ She reads the bill, and I crack up and rankle up my nose when we all make a face of shock when seeing the \$51.95 bill. One of the food sucks and tasted like crap. Two none of us had that kind of money on us. Other than Jenny and she was not spending it on us and that meal.

Jenny balls up the little slip of paper and lets it flutter to the ground. ‘Useless.’ I take a deep breath. ‘The doing this stuff always makes me sick, we run everything gray out and blurry, as we run knocking tables over in our way. ‘Oh, what a rush Jenny

says, better than sex!' 'Tell me about it I say!' Jenny puts a hand on her stomach. 'You know what I need?' I said- 'No what?'

'A jumbo cup of Sweet Frogs yogurt!' I say, smiling. This is another thing we cannot bring ourselves to abbreviate. Knowing Jenny, she will just put her mouth on the spout and gulp it down and run.

Me- I like to have a cone or something. 'A jumbo cup frozen yogurt,' Jenney booms in my eyes like a two-year-old I swear.

Even though we are both freezing, we order double-chocolate soft-serve with sprinkles and crushed peanut butter cups on top, whip cream, and cherry, which we eat on our way back to school, puffing on our fingers to keep them warm. We pass Liv and Maddie at the smoker's alley. We have exactly seven minutes left until the bell for the eighth period, and Jenny pulls my head behind the fields, so she can have a cigarette without listening to Liv and Maddie chatting about how they want to be living alone for a while. That is what it looks like they are doing, anyway, trying to make out. Jenny can stop them all the time.

Jenny grabbed one shoulder, whispering to me to stand there so I could put my underwear on. The cigarette in her hand is burned so close to my hair I am positive it is going to catch fire, and I picture what happened to Jull's, her whole head just going up like that, like a match.

Jenny finishes her cig, and we drop our yogurt cups right there, on top of the frozen gloomy dying leaves and crushed cigarette boxes, used condoms, bloody pads, ripped out temperatures, plastic bags, and trash cans next to dumpsters half packed with icy rainwater on top. I am feeling apprehensive about tonight- half dismay and half exhilaration-like when you overhear thunder and know that any second, you

will see lightning ripping across the sky, or like when your boy squeezes his through your teeth in your mouth. I should not have skipped out on English today. It has given me too much time to think.

And intellectual thoughts never did anybody any good, no matter what your educators and close relatives and the book club and honorary society freaks tell you. Yet I do not think I am thinking rationally right now, because of the Skittles I popped, I am still seeing the rainbow, yet not as bad as I was.

We skirt the perimeter of the fields, walkways, and steps, and go up along the senior wall. It is two concrete retaining walls that are long and high, they make an outdoors make out the hallway. They have all the lettermen's graffiti on them with school crap stats and their names. Along with a makeshift memorial of all the kids that died this year in the end. Stacey and Becky are still standing half-obscured behind the gym. Liv and Maddie are darting from tree to tree.

(Like a scene out of mission impossible. You know with the sexy trombone music in the background.)

Becky is on her second cigarette at least when she sees-Marcel flirting with some first-year student. Her name is Sam. A tiff has a string about. You know how first-year students are and they will hit anything for popularity. I feel a momentary rush of satisfaction: Ray and I hardly ever fight about that, at least not about anything serious. That must mean something is working in our favor.

#- Hashtag: (freaky chick dying, brain freeze, and food on the run)

I found out later that day that Jull's did not make it. Her burns were just that bad, and she inhaled the flames and burnt out her lungs. I will never forget Jenny saying- 'Guys it is so true

she is a flamer-r-tte. It is better that she did die, she would not like... have much of a face left, and what she did would not get her any guys. I now know what to believe... like with heaven or hell or if we are just dead. Yet I think that at least she is in a better place and out of her misery.

(You do not know until you go through it too.)

If she had lived there would not be anyone that wanted to take care of her anyways, she was just a burden on everyone. No one cared or even shed a tear for her, there was no moment of silence, there were no memories of her at all because she was not popular. On the kids, that means something here is immortalized. Her only memories within these walls will be: 'The crazy b*tch that light herself on fire because she was caught fingering the retarded sped girl.' I feel bad, but it is not me so... life goes on. Like why should I care?

She is nothing to me or my friends. Yes, it is cold and calculated, but sometimes pulling the plug is the only thing you can do, just ask Jenny.

She has seen many perish in front of her eyes.

(And a lot of it was brought on because of her. If there is a hell that is where she is going to go, for all the blood on her hands.)

~*~

Anyways, looking at them fighting. 'Trouble in couple heaven,' I say. 'More like trouble in the low life square,' Jenny says. She said that because both live in low-income apartment buildings, which are run down, it is Pitt's form of trailer trash. One step lower is living in a cardboard box homeless like a bum.

'Ha- they deserve one another,' I think. We start cutting across the teachers' lot when we see Ms. Handcock, the vice-

principal, squeeze through amongst the cars, trying to sniff out the smokers, and looking in the car windows to see who is cut classes to go have sex in their cars. She is also looking for cars that are in the wrong spots. Looking for lazy kids that do what to walk down the lots.

She looks- for kids that hide out between the teachers' cars too. Yet we are always one step ahead of her, we are sneaky like that. Like the setting of Jenny's car alarm with the remote so she goes to her car thinking someone is messing around up there as we run. Ms. Handcock has some crazy campaigns against people who smoke. Along with drug programs. I heard that her mommy died of lung cancer, and her son passed in an OD five years ago. If you get caught smoking by Ms. Handcock you get four after-school detentions, no if's and's or but's. I have never gone to it; I always find a way out of it.

(As I said- If you are like me and my friends you can get away with anything.) Jenny hysterically rifles in her bag for her gum and pops two pieces in her mouth. To cover her bad breath.

'Piss'n crap,' she says. I asked Jenny why she puffs on the grass so much. 'A b*tch always smokes, and you know I am a badass b*tch,' says Jenny. 'You can't get busted just for smelling like smoke,' I say, even though Jenny knows this. She likes the drama, though. It is amusing how you can know your gals well, but you still end up playing similar games as they do next to them, I do not puff or take hits anymore, but as of now, I am small as I am. I use the vapor e-cigs, now and then, just because it is soothing.

She ignores me when I say you should use one of these... 'How's my breath?' She breathes in my face with her mouth in my nose. I started thinking about Ray and my knees got weak, or it was from Jenny's rank breath... I do not know

either way. I am wondering what he was doing and doing it with. I was thinking about tonight and what I was going to do. 'It smells like you've been sucking on some bananas!'

Ms. Handcock has not detected us yet, and that is awesome. She is making her way along the rows, occasionally stopped with her big fat wide ass up in the air. You could park a Cadillac on that ass! The same as that has not been taped in years, that is why she is so prickly to us hot girls. Bent over to peer underneath the cars looking for bags of nose candy and junk in the wheel wells, and to see if someone might be squashing underneath, trying to light up or make a deal go down, or waiting to go down on someone.

All she ever finds are used up a pair of girl's undies covered in boy's baby gravy, and her girly goo! She has a collation in her office... I swear, that why her office smells like sex and candy.

And other trash like that.

There is a reason everyone calls her 'The Rock Cock,' The Rock for the prison, and Cock for her last name and being a d*ick. This is behind her back. 'Ha, it is like we are escaping from Alcatraz! And if she sees you, it is like the running of the bulls... there a joke there, did you get it?' I hesitate, looking back toward the fields and gym. I do not particularly like what the other girls are doing now, but anyone who has ever been through high school understands you must stick together against parents, teachers, and police officers. And as of now Becky and Stacey have their plan and we have ours.

Running form, the high up... It is one of those imperceptible blurred lines: us against them. You just know this, like you know where to sit in class and whom to talk to within the lunchroom, without even knowing how you know. Got it? They should be with us now if they are really in the group. Liv

and Maddie are following our path back. ‘Should we go back and warn them?’ I ask Jenny, and she pushes me, and I lose balance on one foot as she is saying- nowhere good.’

‘Screw it,’ she finally says.’

‘They can take care of their big girls.’ ‘And I was thinking to myself, and I’m, not, right?’ As if to emphasize Jenney’s pointed finger, the bell for the final period rings out and she gives me a shove. ‘Come on Karly.’ She is right, as usual. It is not like they have ever done anything for me. So why should I save their ass if they get in trouble? They would not do it for me. It is every girl for herself when you get in trouble. Becky and Stacy scream apart, never a good thing. With the path they are going down one is going to end up in her trap. My money is on Stacy for getting in trouble.

Chapter: 7

Olden times friendship

Jenny and I started becoming friends in seventh grade. Jenny picked me out. I am still not certain why she did. After years of trying, I had only just clawed my way up from the social bottom to the social middle, yet at least not I am a social butterfly and not a bug that needs squashing. Jenney has seemed to be popular since first grade when she moved here. In the class she was the leader that how it all starts; that was the year we did a play of ‘The Wizard of Oz,’ I was Dorothy, and she was the ‘Wicked Witch of the West.’

(So- fitting to her personality he- he.)

And in sixth grade, when we all performed
Romeo and Juliet in English, I had to play

Romeo because boys were not allowed to kiss girls yet, and Jenny was Juliet, a boy that was one awkward little girl kiss, yet after that, she likes me more or something.

(I was ‘Kissed by Death’ back then.) That gives you an idea.

She is the kind of person who makes you feel plastered and horny just by her being nearby like precipitously the world’s boundaries are clouded and all the colors are rustled together in a steak. I have never told her that. She would make fun of me for lazing out on her. (In a way it reminds me of the novel, Liv and the girls were reading about that girl Nevaeh.)

‘A girlfriend is someone who knows all about you, yet still loves you anyway.’ ‘Truth is- everybody is going to hurt you. You just got to treasure the ones worth suffering for.’ ‘It is the friends you can text up at 3 a.m. that matters, like

Madilyn will always text back.’

Jenny only talks to boys at night or turns her phone off. Some nights she will hear me out on the phone, but not for me... only to get the scoop.

Anyway, in the summertime before seventh grade, a bunch of us were at the Riverview Swimming Pool kiddie party. This was the first real party I ever went to. Lizzy Lovestein was showing off by doing cannonballs and jack-knives down on the deep end, but really, she was showing off the fact that between April and June she had developed a pair of 36C cups boobs, the biggest of any girl there at the time. As she jiggled, I thought for sure she was going to pop out of her top little girl top that was like five sizes too small.

I was so jealous I was barely out of the A size almost filling in a 28B! I remember this... suddenly Jenny came up to

me, eyes shining. She had never spoken to me before other than in school when she had to. ‘You’ve had to see this,’ she said, clutching my arm. Her breath smelled like a root beer float.

She pulled me into the locker room, where all the girls had piled up their bags and their changes of clothes. Lizzy’s bag was lavender and had her initials marked in white needlework on the sides. Jenny had gone through it, because she directly crouched down and reached for a clear zipper case, like the kind we all had to store pencils, highlighters, and erasers in when we were like first or second graders. ‘Look!’ She held it up, rattling it. Inside were three U tampons. ‘Me being me I asked why they are different colors?’

Jenny just giggles- ‘Saying they make them like that to look cuter.’ And yes- we took them, so we would have one for the day our period would start! I snatched one and Jenny stashed one. I do not remember how it started, but suddenly Jenny and I were running around the pool, checking girls are age and older bags gathering up all the tampons and pads moving fast so no one would see, doing this made me dizzy in an effective way this is the first time I got that rush with Jenny.

Jenny and I were talking, and not just talking but laughing, and not just laughing but laughing so hard I had to squeeze my legs together to keep from peeing out of my suit bottoms.

Then we ran up on the high dive and started throwing handful after handful of tampons down onto the pool party below. Jenny shouted, ‘Lizzy just had her first period, and she has to plug her p*ssy up!’ We were throwing them down on her like confetti! Some of the tampons twirled down into the water, and all the guys looked mortified, yet some had thrown them at her, and she started to cry.

Quickly pushing and shoving to get out of the pool, I was in a full-on panic. That is when Shy moved in for the kill- she was Jenny's best friend at the time. She grabbed Lizzy's goodies, and bikini bottom and pulled the plug out by the sting, and the blood started to show in the water all pink.

Shy dunked her and swam away, that is when Lizzy swam over to the diving board ass showing to get out, she claimed out and ran the length of the Olympic sized pool dripping and shaking to get around everyone, while the rest of us nearly died laughing at the sight of her new hair and a blood-covered vertical smile that was showing. That is how Shy became popular, she did Jenny's dirty work for her.

It reminded me of the time my parents took me to Kenny Wood when I was in the fourth grade and made me get on one of the big coasters. My legs were not able to stop shaking and my feet got a tingling feeling on the bottom side of them like they were itching to get out of a pair of hot shoes: I could not stop thinking about how easy it would be to fall out, how high up we were.

After my mom got the picture, they took off on the ride, I started laughing and could not stop at how scared yet thrilled I was. Standing on the high dive with Jenny got me exactly in the same way. It is like I started craving increasingly that feeling too. It feels like that twenty-six seconds when you have a girly eruption and shaking because of it so good.

Successively, I did that... and Jenny I was besties. Liv came in not much before I did after she and Jenny were in girl scouts camp together in the summer before eighth grade. Like I said Maddie moved here around the first year. Yet they rank higher up than me... I am still the baby of the group, even though I have been in it longer. At one of them in the beginning parties of the year, I saw Jenny hooking up for the first time

with Alec Shane, whom Jenny had a prepubescent puppy love crush on for six months. I saw him taking her virginity, neither one of them knew what they were doing. I remember Jenny saying ouch, and it was over in less than a minute.

(And by no means am I saying that underage sex is okay! Do not do it! I ask this of you now, do this for me, save it for someone you love! Like just because I make bad choices does not mean you should. Just because I was stupid like my friends does not mean you should be too. I know I should not be looked up to. Hello, my little sis Kellie is becoming more like me every day.

'Like how a small spark can rage into a frost fire, I never wanted to be so distinctive, slaying innocents with my ignorance.' I know I am not a good role model for anyone! Do not look up to me, since I would be a fake idol, a fake hero...!

Ha- the gag that the gods portray on me... it is all right; I accepted the joke. I am a joke!)

I remember those days like every person believed Jenny would murder Liv.

(Funny they knew she would... nevertheless, they had their money on the wrong girl in the group.) But the next Monday at school Liv was at our lunch table, and she and Jenny were hunched over a plate of wavy fries, giggling, and acting like they had known each other forever. It is a love and hates thing...! Yet we all stay friends regardless, even though Liv can sometimes be trying, deep down she is the politest, gentlest of any of us. She is trying because she is so fragile, she gets hurt effortlessly. She attracts that too.

Even though they do not always try to, they hurt her deeply. Maddie is not always good for her either, she speaks without thinking. Maddie and Liv like suck off each other for

good or bad, like they can move without each other even if what they are saying and doing is cruel. Sometimes it gets physical, right down to hair pulling and catfighting. Like when Maddie's pissed, she can claw you! Liv she just goes sight for the hair.

'When I first started Junior high school, I was just like Lizzy, I used to go home and cry, at night. But after about two months of being terrified and miserable, I found out that if you keep away from everyone, they keep away from you. That is why Jenny started liking me.'

Even though I was kicked down, I keep asking for more. The only reason I never tried to transfer is that when my mother works late, I go home and babysit my sis. It would never have worked out; I could have done that if I went to an online school. Either way, it was difficult to back then.'

(I will never forgive myself for what I did to all these innocent girls, and yes even the stupid boys too. I must live with that over and over. Killing other's emotions Madilyn, so I could live thrillingly in their popularity. It either destroys them, or they will destroy you. If you get them to look bad, you look good. I must relive that, and I am betting I must answer someone for it. The question is who?)

#- Hashtag: (wannabe, unfollow me, and pool party plug up)

Interval: 8

Young Taboo

Notice: In Pennsylvania:

Children less than 13 years old cannot give consent to sexual activity.

Teens between the ages of 13 and 15 cannot consent to sexual activity with anyone who is four or more years older than them.

People ages 16 and older can legally consent to sexual activity with anyone they choose, if the other person does not have authority over them as defined in Pennsylvania's institutional sexual assault statute.

Statutory Sexual Assault

It is considered a felony statutory sexual assault when:

one person is 13 and the other is 17 or older

one person is 14 and the other is 18 or older

one person is 15 and the other is 19 or older

Institutional Sexual Assault

Pennsylvania also recognizes that power imbalances in certain relationships make consent impossible, regardless of age. It is considered felony institutional sexual assault when sexual activity occurs with an employee/agent of a:

School (teacher/coach)

State or county jail

Personal care/group home

Other licensed residential facilities serving youth

Young taboo- feeling that- I once knew you, like the way wind once blow, it was always you, I knew, from the start, till the end, it was our time to spend, now it is the end, what do we

have left to spend, what will I send, when we are reaching the end. Too young, too fast, never realized that I was going too fast, the day went by in the blink of an eye, too dumb to see, it was all you and me.

Chapter: 8

Party time Part 1

After school, we go to Maddie's. When we were little, like the first year and even some of the sophomore year, we would sometimes stay in her room and put on x-out and pluck out eyebrows into that fine little line, and color our hair with highlights, and order pizza, cramming down as much as we could eat.

Those days are going, we cannot get fat. Now Jenny hardly eats anything, and if she does, she can hardly keep it down. That is what I get so lightheaded, I only eat like once a day now. Jenny back then had a little extra around the middle, and now you can see her ribs, she even has that two-defined line on her tummy that goes into her underwear.

I remember sneaking around late at night in her hose stealing a cookie from the jar on the top shelf in the old wood cabinet, that is also where her mom would hide her cigarettes that Jenny loved also, and the condoms were in a trinity box on top of the fridge, I sorry but I find that hilarious.

At that time, we would stretch out on one of her, old enormous worn-out couches and watch, TV, or movies until we fell asleep in our nightshirts'-the TV in Maddie's living room is like 80 inches it is like being in a movie theater our legs tangled together under an enormous fleece blanket. Maddie and liv are always entangled more passionately than Jenny and me on the loveseat! Maddie has an ancient TV in her room from the 1990s. It sucks and is small, it is one of those with a big back on it, and

the color is green, like looking into a fish tank. It is funny her mom and dad do not have money blinds on the windows, yet they have a big ass TV. You can sometimes see the people in the next condominium overlooking us like we can see them get busy in their room! Yet nothing beats the hot guy taking a leak in room 302, he looks to be in his late twenties.

He takes the boxes off at 10 pm and we get a free show. He knows we can see him because he makes it look inflexible and you are no longer personable. Jenny and we girls love to press upon the glass, and just have fun and be a little crazy, like lifting our nighties and flashing the goods. Facebook stocking gets boring quickly anymore, so some nights the webcam comes out too. After her mom and dad are asleep... I like it is more fun to be bad! Like we all have profiles and fake names because none of us are eighteen yet. Any- how is mine is 'Angel Pink Wings 01'

Maddie goes by: 'Mad kitty 69' Jenny goes by:

'Ms. Little Lover 14' Liv goes by: 'Olivia O 123' Yet everyone knows her by Liv so that name is okay- I guess. We make good money-

'Double Clicking the Mouse.'

You would not believe all the pervs on this came to the site, just wanting to see us doing it. Like old guys like our PE teacher! Man- that I did not even think about how to turn on a computer. Just like him, they need too to see more of us close. We have our checks mailed to Jenny's college boyfriend's PO Box. Me this is what I do and yes- I come for you all, I just put in fake blue hair dye in, and have fake long lashes, and put in my blue contacts, and you do not even know me. And then pen in more eyebrows. Fake, fake, fake, fake! Boys do not like it when you fake it or do, they look at me, that is why I am Bi.

Chatting with them all is good, yet do not send me a three-inch d*ick, like that boy, I do not want to see it, tip me higher, and you will see the top come off mother freakers.

Ninja is my highest, I am flirty see me here, as of now, I love you all I say. (Squealing yells) my top comes off slowly, do not I like Katie Perry, (Yes, show us your p*ssy. One of the guys typed.)

I do not feel like it tonight. I said chirpily. I give a sexy and flirty look and smile sweetly, they say I am a slut, so I do it and show it all and they come too, I have on gray lace panties, tonight you like them as she pulls them down a little in the front.

Screenshot!

It is ME CUMING HARD WITH MY

DILDO'S

See this!

Day: 11/9/15

Height: 5 1 inches

Gender: Female

Body Type: Slim/Petite

Eyes: Contacts Colors Brown, Blue and

Green-

Weight: 100 pounds

Sexual Preference: Bisexual

Favorite Food: Pizza, sushi, burritos Average Rating: 5 stars (1521 votes total)

Rate Kati3Kat: 5 <3 <3 <3 <3 <3 the highest for the night! And the girl on here has been here for years like Jenny and never-ever did what I did. I like to have sex with my nerdy glasses on, I feel smart!

Not even Maddie and Liv, together sucking crap off did that!

Admirers: (admire) 1,478

I made 90,000 in one night! That pays for school, and a car, and an apartment of my own.

(There are not grandma panties, said some man in here creeping on me. It is not for them the only way he can see me the way he wants me, at this point.)

Oh yeah- I forgot- I like it sideways too, so we tried that also, go for going deep, I am a girl I like there.

#- Hashtag: (Pound Karly F'n Barns!)

Karly- She pulled down some of her underwear, I am not fat, am I?

Marcel- Hell- No! I said on the screen yet to her. (Yes- she goes from some asses in the room) The long sleeves black and white top comes off, with an X-ed aim crossed, the hand opposite the formation. As she is up close, she holds her legs and kicks them both you can see some of her down there showing through, and that is a turn-on.

Karly- I have a black bracelet, and I take off my bra shyly; I am sitting legs openly as you can see...? You can see some, yet not all as of now... white and pink bed, walls tan, posters everywhere, white carpet see my game wheel, I give you crap for that, like a video or something of mine that I will mail out to you. A three-way light on the nightstand with balls

that glow, (Nice) I got my highest tip of 2,000 what do you think of my nipples.

'I will blow you a kiss!'

(It was really for Marcel!!)

I have sapphire crystal necklaces also, it is sexy, 'I blow you kisses.'

Me- (You are blowing my mind right now.)

'Why do I... have to masturbate?'

'Instead of me freaking you!'

I will be your nerdy to you! She asked sweetly yet, mischievous, knotty way, with a look of lusting in your eyes, just look at her make and smoky eyes, to see it all. (I do not care if you have a whitened face, fake eyelashes, and blue hair, I still saw you underneath that all.)

Indian style she is sitting, showing what he wants to see and that is the little down there for me.

'What movie do you like...?'

'Like I am a robot.'

Marcel- seeing it all... (I am sure of that, he is here with me, as I want to get it on, like rubbing him on me.) I found her out for all the random girls of the sight, I will- say that she 'so-so-oo-o hot want to touch the hinnies!' Awoo-o-oo, boob's butt, and p*ssy, and finger her there, love me like you should like the way I want you too, say you want me to-u-wo-o-o!!!

Then said- Just look at me here I want to get these off, she was facing herself to the said side profile, showing it all. Perfect boobs they angle down and cover around nicely, like how is so right to me, like everything she has her backside also,

covering ever so precisely, in what I want in a girl. Vigorously flooding under, showing her erect nipples, blushing pink, like both sights of lips!

Myself- Moving a swarming around, I could not keep up with it all in my mind, I was thoughtless it was that good.) Like her but does also two cheeks... and then... there... it all was... you get it her up close vagina. I can say why I like it, I just do, that is everything, yet I must look at that now. So pretty and flushed pink, just thumping for me, I saw her clit, and the opening too. Finger rubbing and petting herself, there and everywhere! She rubs in between her chest, and it drives me nuts! She pushes them up with an embrace spread finger grab on both, in a way that she can only do, she has shown me this, they and I feel lovesick! I see that this is the only way she can be with me, and me with her.

YES! Stimulating, suggestive, racy, erotic, sensual, and even erogenous, pale pink sexy lips as constricted as if they are all tucked inwards. Pale-n-pink, and then she is biting, fluttering, winking, and shoulder rolling, dithering, and blinking sometimes a- lot. Yes- biting, off to the side and top teeth rolling over the bottom lip and holding looking at the webcam. Her eyes, it is so working for me! All the same, I want to see it all; as she is laying there on her bed, with sideward leaning on her elbows, chatting away about whatever comes to the wacky mind of hers.

Yours truly- is flapping her hair a lot making them what me!

- Big eyes!
- Sucking, her crystal nickels!
- Tasting herself.
- Kissie faces, and erotic expressions

- Screeching.
- Rolling around, back to front, and on the side.
- You never understand what she is going to do.
- Cut- Butt in the air o Crazy stupid fun, loveable, and adorable, even as a blue heir chick, it could be hot pink, and I would love her! I yelled these words- Snap chat me. I give photos out, for tips like 777 and you get me on your phone forever-a!

Do you not want to see my p*ssy!

(You do the math I am- a making money! That is why I am here, doing this, and what girl would come, for a crapload of money, it is fun, and something that is all mine. Doing something I love doing anyway. Dumb boys are cute.)

WANNA SEE EVERYTHING ABOUT ME, GO TO MY TWITTER! YOU'LL SEE IT ALL!!!

TWITTER:

FLOW ME!

• I love it when you guys buy things like new undies!
Send me crap! Cute!!! Send via Amazon!!!

Katie Kitten

@kati<3kat_CB

- Tweets 7,478
- Following 627
- Followers 149K

- Likes 24.1K

Katie Kitten

@kati<3kat-CB

NSFW! Miss My Camgirl 2014. Mermaid |

Vampire | Kitten | Dork | Internet Nudist

Extraordinaire. Instagram: blu<3kitten
profiles.myfreecams.com/kati<3kat

1 Follower you know

- My biggest fan! <

361 photos and videos

NSFW! Miss My Camgirl 2014.

Mermaid | Vampire | Kitten | Dork

|Weirdo| Internet Nudist Extraordinaire.

- Instagram: blu3kitten

- Find me on Twitter: @kati<3kat_CB

www.twitter.com/katie<3kitten#fan

- Friend me on Facebook like my page, you get crap there too.

•Friend her and I will add you if you are nice to me. In addition to that, I will say cheese on here and you can see me do it.

•I have and I- phone do you like, not everyone has this I here,

(FN- PRTSC, I will take the photos, Karly! Screenshot there is! As I copied it over to MS paint. And save it to my desktop.)

•Humming the animal, and laying back on it, that's a-truth- I well.

• I got this mic, for my birthday, do you like it, I can sing for you too. (Here I go-)

•Do I e-eject like what...? Is that squirting then yes... if that what you mean then okay.

(What do you mean?)

(Going back to the start of the sexual show-)

Oversized, a big chair like a bear... Gray and white, like her bra and undies, I see you sitting there, hands through your hair, scratching yourself, and such.

•HotforyouKarlly3!

That's... me... do not tell anyone, she knows- yet that is the only I want to see doing this. It may all be just for me, even if they see it.

Topic: #3 (as of now) TIP 2 for 2! SC 4 life 333 - Friend add 200 - HT of the night wins all my videos! Big booty plug >: D- 5901 Blah (7777) and if you are like I will do more, for tips, I may have two times or three dipping's.

'Tip: 7777 to seem me cumshow-

tonight!'

The journey is in the background. Singing and shaking her boobs to the lyrics, OH MY GOD YES!! Yes, squeeze those boobs, Love it, girl!

•Tips- like crazy in here! Thank you!

(Yell is girlie!)

Shaking out her hair!

CRAP I said, looking shocked.

Dance moves to the beats, to just a little, and then a lot!
Rock out!

Showing the up-close-up shot, of undies in the front. On knees- Hand on the nose, looking cute. You can spell it! I said I cannot even if I try now! Rap song- showing hair, and slight p*ssy, then it all, look at this, look at me with my thumb at my forehead, the song plays, she is acting it out, all 90's! I dance like a freaking white girl! Do you see my hair? It looks like a button; I do not think I want to shave it all!

CumShow one: Do you like my green and white tank with the alien face on it, I have it on after the first show, and I did my hair now it is time for more do you like this, white socks, and still, I am under-wear-less. Rabbit dildo pink fast, and hard, yelling, screaming it out like his name, it all out, spraying, guessing whiteness, it all over the sheets, and showing it up close p*ssy shot, like three minutes, I have it up high so that is why.

CumShow two: Pillow humping for six to seven minutes, and I say I came!

Sliding as it is in between my legs, in a crouching because, leaning forward to stimulate it increasingly, faster, and faster, and it squirts for me and him, and them.

I will shave my p*ssy for you, and you can see it up close! I give the finger and then give it to myself for you.

CumShow three: bath time, and shower it off with hair, and hand rubbing one out, until the end and it runs all down my legs.

This girl- her- I cannot take anymore I need to sleep.

~*~

I got everything I wanted! And more I said, as I went to bed, I could die at this point: yet I must go on thinking about her, do I have to let go, and just lie, her with him in me?

(New night at the party falling asleep)

I just gave him a hand job. I am a teen girl, and I do that and can when it comes to coming! I have something to say, Mr. Obama, I want to have sex with older boys. Like- I did when I was a pre-teen and got away with it. I have a brain; I know what... I am doing that, and so should he if you sign your name here, on a contract to mom and dad, or just you, it is your body saying it okay as you. So why do mom and dad care at that point! I said to him.

Like a marriage certificate to hags- on my wall, do that, where my blue ribbons are. The guy that did me was in his mid-thirties, it was not sexed, it was just ripping through my hymen, and moving one, and it did not count for me. That thrust was so freaking hard, that I screamed like a b*tch, over everything. It is just like that girl I go to school with doing her daddy, yet that is okay for them not related, hum that is okay. I have it at speed five and it is wiggling in me, and pulsating, the way I need it to.

I personally- I know I am at the party, yet I am not out there, we come now to go here, and do this. I may not be reliving this, it is on, like hot steamy sex passion!

Unbreakable sex and coming with Marcel, that last for three hours or so, it was breathtaking, coming over and over, in every way you could think off, as age my age.

-Like he pulled off my blue and white pad before shoving it all in!

-Besides, then I spun around, rapidly while down on it, that is something that I feel I can only do.

-I do not feel that I need to use pills or rings, and patches to stop what I want to do. All I need to do is insert these spongy thingies in me and have seen it, and I know it will work.

There is a 20% fall rate on this thing, and that is good for me, so I do not F-up my flow and get spotting and crap, and crazy. I want it from behind, sliding in and out (see that) I want old school him on top smothering me out, so that is romantic, all cuddled and crap, yes- I am still a girl and such.

-I just want to sick him off too! Like he is going to go down on me and lick and kiss, humming and rubbing my lady-ness on him back and forth.

-Stocking his hardness, feeling the wetness, down and around and inside.

-69 this crap for me I asked, we did. He wanted a cowgirl, so we did it first, then stopped and just shoved it down my tonsils, I even did the Miley thing like him like the sled hammer!!!

Yes, you know it, daddy! (I wonder if he sees this some time or boy he works with.) (Do you hear the suck-age, as I pull my lips off, and then so will he do the same not long after.)

As well then, I gave him a thrill and turned it around. We did more than the orgies that I saw the times before! He

even used a seven-inch dildo on me and made me come three times, and like the kiss, the song licked it up. And made me arise with an aching back that way, and spray, I am rolling what can I say, I am a happy girl now! I want more, I do not like saying hit into me, yet I go fast, and bruise my ass! Laying on my back I could feel it all in the spot that I wanted it to be felt, not far is yet right.

Tree a night is me!

Me, yet, I want firm thrusting, ultimate, uninhibited sex, at this point, making love, that is!

(The night before still on cam)

In cumshow one:

See me laying on my back, flapping around, see me know I am simply crazy and rocking out! Hair is up now; I have a fake tattoo! Texting her girlfriends, and her boy, I must pee, be right back, leaning back, legs open, playing with my hair, singing, and missing up cutie!

Three blinks, her whooshing back, as I sit back, showing my p*ssy, and now I will do a fist pump, as Stacy's mom is playing! Throwbacks are hot! I have a cut clit I have to say! You like me creepers- yes, yes- I do! Rubbing her clit on the bedsheets now, as she lies on her gut. Texting Jenny to see what is on her end, and she is above me so I must do more! Hay Yah! But shaking- all right- all right! Piece eyes dancing around, and tight ass shot, see my backside covering for you, arching! Hair covering one boob, face, pail, yet sweet! Thigh, stay up until midnight? Give it to me you are showing it all now! I see my cat coming into the room. She is playing with the kiddie! She would look cute blue! I am petting my p*ssy boys what do you think about that? Shoulder shaking, snap chat shot! Of my p*ssy!

Slow and good do you see! Do you want to be healed?

Yes, yes- I do! Snapping fingers, hugging the cam. If you want to do it now, then go for it! Doing a stretched-out pose for pitch-perfect! Awesome right!

Perfect! We say what we need right!

'Nailed it!' What is my favorite animal?

Owl...? I think so... Horses! You ride them, like a girl! 1, 2, 3, 4 tell me... to shout! You can go, I will not cry for you! I am Bipolar! Love it, do it all! I love this, I said, I hate pink, yet that is why I hump it, like this pillow, funny butting thingies! Need more of the up-close humming please rub the clit on the pillow!

Back and forth, startling it. Home away! Matilda yelps you got me hot! Showing toes and wiggling them in her gray stockings. That for the comments, Oh honey, honey! You are my candy girl! I can believe it! I see you laying out looking amazing! She was showing it all and I need more, I said.

Damn, when I die, I hope to see this, all the time, GOD! Close up P*ssy and show more! Give it to me! I said I wanted it all! It was forever ago, that I did this I needed it! Say you want it for me! Funny but sick! Too cute here! You need to hear those 1,000,000 times, I said! Covering the songs is lovely! Wink! And she did!

And she did... I got a photo I did want to see from some old man, that is okay. Penis! She said over and over, I get it! Yet it is not mine so, yeah- I get it! ELO does not stop! Sing the song and it sounds like she is singing. I think of them, hearing it... yes not that one, I said, and then it went old school, and it was all good. Touch yourself already! I have to say it is- been- long enough now! Do it here or it does not work, you got my okay.

All the way now! She is taking them off the stockings. Legs tight, showing the line of mine! Cowgirl riding the plush oversized toy. You got a yellow wall, that is good, say that yellow wall alert! The purple dildo comes out and she starts using it, and sighs to it, till she comes. Nice glasses, funny, sexy teacher look it works for me. Nice mic! Yes, it is turning me on! I got in the bathtub, and it is cold, yet I will work with it. In the box, funny, your sis must have the old one. Oh, it is light crap! I spoke. She dunks, and wipes her hair back, so sexy! Get up on the edge of the tube, and do it then, not on the corner thanks. Gross okay she said I will, you are getting paid right, now you can have it off under there not up on the tile yes, call me fake, and the guy is okay.

Okay- that was cool, now she is laying on the bed and rocking my world! And squirt for me! And she did and showed it all and licked her fingers. And said good night, I am number one!

Profile: Katy<3Kat, I own the right to this so I can show it, my name is here, and that was my children!

I love Vampire, Mermaid, Princess of all things awesome. I am into girls only, boys see me though, I will do things for you.

Room Topic: #4! Lazy Sunday :) SC for life 333! Top off 2352 HT gets my kinky Cummie- covered undies!

699 in the chat room. Guests/Basics Muted.

Miss MFC: #1 in the room

Location:

Fantasy Land

Age/Ethnicity:

16 and 1/2, No Answer -I cum for you.

Tags: blue hair, petite, mermaid, long hair, skinny, talkative I know that the videos are all online and show it all and have been downloaded a million times.

Get on the bed that what happens here-

(About it all and why we do what we do)

But I did not care, I wanted to be cool. 'It is because of this the boys worship the ground I walk on. They see it, they want it. And I want them to want me! So, I can give them a tough time. To see if they just want me, or if they need me.' Like I said- This surely would not be the first time a boy uses me as his tribute impression! Yeah- we are young we can be a little crazy, why not. I remember last Friday Maddie's said- 'OMG! Jenny- you have made nipple-boob smudges! On the window.' I do not know why but we always end up unclothed under their blankets or run around the room that way.

(That is what I meant about the photos of me and being remembered for them. Like sometimes there are more photos of my little lady and lower half than there were of my sweet little face. I know that I did not have any respect for myself, and I was only seventeen and younger than that even, and really neither did my friends, with me, have fallen to their level. Girls promise me right now, that you want to strip and spray for website money, I know it is just on cam but, it is not going to get you anywhere in life.

Even if it is thrilling at the time. Think highly of yourself! Someday your kids could see that... if you live to see it! You got to think ahead. You must consider and think! 'All the money in the world won't get back your innocents or life.' Oh, and shame on you- older man looking at us, what if that were your daughter or granddaughter, that popped up on the screen,

dancing around, and diddling, you would not like it then would you. Did not think so...!)

Since the junior year, though on Fridays and the weekends, I do not think we have stayed in even once, we would go down the Fire escape, and go to the parties if we will not allow, sometimes our mom's and dad's no, yet most of the time they did not know where we were going or what we were going to do. Just like they do not think we are even sexually active.

Today we raided the middies' closet, so we do not have to wear the same outfit to Marcel's party, she has a lot of things that look cute on me. Liv, Maddie, and Jenny are giving special attention to how I look. Liv puts the maroon polish on my nails, I do mine too, but my hands are shaking a little, so some get soft blue on my cuticles and make it look like I am a five-year-old, that has gotten into her mom's make up for the first time, but I am too nervous to care. I was thinking about my boy getting all up in me, for the first time... his first time, with me.

I just had that feeling that Ray could not wait to get into my glory hole! Yet I was not sure if I wanted it or not. Even though I tectonically not a virgin, I never ever have sex that was meant to be passionate, like what I had in the past it was just always a hookup nothing more, like they did not even kiss me droning, like with no feeling attached. I am scared that I am going to suck, even though I know how it works. Ray and I are going to meet up at Marcel's. I get this in a poorly written text. Like hello, you are not even going to pick me up? You are not going to woo me in any way, you just expect me to blow your mind, without having some chivalry in return. You must give some to get some!

#- Hashtag: (cam show, movie night cuddles, and risky steps)

~*~

(Night Show- on cam some days back before the physical end, I may do some shocking things for you, like show my puss from the front and the back on my knees, and then lay on my floor or sit web for you, this is part of how I was it's my documentary only now forever like I said I am not proud of it yet I am remembered for it, it was all for my friends you say what you want and money, I don't mind doing it for him or me, yet I saw it too, and it not my best sides. I use an enormous pink Hitachi vibrate too, and you all know that. Yes, yes, Yes- Um it is pink that is the color of it! I am a little girl- what can I say, (that an excuse for my cover I thought, I am not buying another one just for this.) I do like it when a girl does not like boys.)

Ray- It is Like- In her smile I know that I do not need any other lover, something in her style that shows me that I am the one for her, I do care about her, what is cool is she is like my best bud too. The only deferments are that she is a girl so that benefits me! I could love her... but she makes it hard too, no scratch that her friends make it hard too, she needs to pick them or me. And I know that it is not going to be me, so I cannot feel fully committed to her until she is with me. Sex sure, she would be my first ever she would be the right girl for that, we know about everything about one another anyways.

After tonight I can get more and find out who loves me more. I am not saying that she needs to give up her girls. But she needs to think for herself sometimes, I feel like I must babysit her. Thinking of her is not something I can do for her. I thought she was cooler when she was a nobody. At least I felt like I was the only one that she needed. Sometimes I sense that Jenny likes me just as much as she does, and Jenny to me is like that pain in the ass friend's girlfriend's sister that you can touch. I am torn. Karly is my little bud, that I about do everything with, and I do not want to complicate that.

Jenny is my beautiful dream that can be a nightmare, which I sometimes can stand, yet I still want her, and I do not get why. I do not know if I can have both?

That is what I am doing now, and it is working, do not tell Karly she would be crushed. I could not bear to see her be heartbroken over me, wanting to be with her friend more than her. I do not love Jenny; I just want Jenny. I want Karly to say she loves me and shows and does not hide it. She makes me feel like I am not good enough at times. You get it too, don't you?

~*~

Karly- Massage received: 'Got the bedroom 4 tonight's would have been nice if it said for us, or he said looking forward to seeing you. What is with boys all think about is getting it in, yes- I want him to put it in, but I want him to want me for it.... whatever, he is no different from those others. (Thought- Boy you need to try harder, there are so many others that would love to be where you are at.) I let Liv pick out my outfit, I was too shaky and undeceived to choose myself. She got out a long red glitter tank top, that I got to wear a short dress, it is too big in the chest, so I had to stuff it out, I was thinking awesome now Ray can blow his nose before he sees, feels, kisses my chest. I have a new thing that I have kept for this day. It is black. I put the tank over my naked body Liv and Maddie overlooking, as I step into the new undies. Maddie says I got it... she runs over to the closet and gets out her silly Dorothy slippers, also Rudy and sparkly. Liv said- 'Girl you look good.

Sometimes, you must show a little skin. That reminds boys of being naked, and then they think of sex.'

(I thought I looked like a stripper, my butt was barely covered, yet that is the point I guess.) I thought the good thing was that I shaved my legs and did not stop at my knees.

Sometimes I get lazy with shaving, which we girls all do in the winter months. Did you know there is a whole month devoted to it in November in not shaving your legs? That is the way we wear jeans, and no skirts or shorts... Jenny does my makeup, doing the smoky eye look with some light brown on the lids, with black mascara on top of the fake lashes. I do my hair by adding long extensions,

Maddie helps me make perfect springy waves. But I do not all the white powder in the world could get my face white like it should be, humming and breathing Maddie runs to her dad's liquor cabinet and gets me a shot of something nasty and says here this will chill you out.

I did not ask what was in it, I do not want to know really. She slipped something in it I am sure of it. That is when Jenny says we all should take two more shots, so we are a little buzzed and loosened up for the party. I mixed myself down with some orange juice. Liv said as she was making a short face, red is the color of passion, and it will drive any boy wild. I was like good it will much my rosy cheeks and blushed out the face.

I like having this perfect picture in my mind of how everything is supposed to be, or the way I think it should be, therefore I get disappointed. I set the bar too high for everyone but myself, with me it is like I must do the limbo. Afterward, I locked myself in the bathroom, trying to hold down the shots. I could feel the heat and itchiness from my fingertips up to my skull, I felt like a baseball cracked me in the back of the head. Like- I am used to balls smacking me in the front of the face... I hate Gym class! He- he, and TMI- LOL!

So, I am trying to memorize exactly how I look there, in that second. But, after a while all my features seemed like they were just hanging there, like something I was seeing on an unfamiliar person, I did not even look like me, in that second, I

thought what happens to the real Karly. Who did I become? This is not me... is it? I am butt-crazy in love with Ray, but I am not sure if I can go through with this! I know I can get out of this by saying I am on it like he has the app, there just must be an app for that, like that was girls' ways of getting out of everything. Yet I must think some boys are not lucky enough to be as naturally adorable as he is, I would be a fool if I did not let him feel my insides.

My mind is going crazy! I feel so pissing impotent, and yet so pissing out of control.

Which I hate. I love him! I know I am such a brown-noser, for wanting him to love this- me. I just feel ugly! And I look like such a bloated cow. Um- I am PMS-ing? It is like only a week before your period. OMG- I feel just like a heifer! I mean for real's I only had a handful of peanut butter M&M's and like four pieces of licorice since lunch. Sometimes I think searching for the right boy in high school is as hopeless as searching for meaning in a Harry Potter movie, the lights or on yet no one is home. They cannot see true love if it was a flipping brick being flung smacking them between the lookers and the sniffer. Like they just do not feel it or see it! I can see why Maddie and Liv are why there are...!

Oh, and the reason I sat through Potter was- well... I for real is have such a girl crush on Emma Watson! She is so pretty, flirty, and has that sexy way of talking. If I die and need someone to play me in a movie, about my cruddy life, like- she would be my first pick! (Ha- too bad no one cares what I think... they never did, or they well. The memory of my short life will go by like a stinky fart in the breeze, just around long engulfed to piss everyone off and then vanishes in midair!)

Looking at myself... When I was little- I used to do this all the time: in the bathroom, I would take hot showers and the

mirrors would stem entirely over, then stand there, watching as my face took shape slowly behind the steam, looking at my bare body, what looked good and what looked so bad.

Then I could rough outlines at first, then details would start illustrating out.

The more I could see the more I disliked it. Each time I would think that when my face came back, I would see somebody beautiful, I like to feel when washing, like during my shower I would have transformed into someone that I would love or that someone would love me. I only felt beautiful when I was letting that water hit me, after that, I would set out and dry off... Just like creepy eyes looking at me, I always looked the same, and that is not what I wanted, and just like when my skin dried off just standing there, the ugly soak in.

There is so much pushy to look like girls in magazines or on the internet molds and movie stars, I want to look like that, I know I will never live up to that. I mean come on. Standing in Maddie's bathroom, I smile and think, tomorrow I will finally be different because I will be his first and he will be mine.

(Yet some days I just look in this glass and think, now I am nothing but a freaking slut and a bully. I liked myself more back then than I knew I did. I never thought that would be possible, at least the only one that was getting hurt was me. But I hid that fact from everyone because I like feeling good.)

This all started when Ansley Baum passed away, she was one of us, in our group. I knew her back to the first year, like when she commented on my hair looking cute, with the ribbon in it, or something like that. She was a fun outgoing and too young of a girl to die. She was everything that I am not. Then like in lunch I see her sis Kara with a bandana around her head at the speed table, because she looks freaky and is sickly. She has been dying of the same cancer now for years, and I am

appalled. Sometimes life does not seem fair. This is not nice to say, but why her and not her sis? Why do sad things happen to good people?

I feel reasonable for Ansley dying, I was supposed to have her home at midnight, last year after Sam's Friday night kegger party.

However, I was too drunk to remember too.

That is one reason I do not have a car now, we had my dad's SUV and that is the car she drives away- in, I throw her my keys, saying- 'If you want to go, then go!' I was being crazy grinding with my girls, it was past her curfew, and she left without me in a panic. I knew I had a ride with Jenny, Maddie, and Liv. I could have been with her, I cheated death. She drove herself and hit a truck going into the squirrel hill tunnels, she was doing 85 in a 55 and slid on black ice.

She was killed on impact; she went through the windshield and was buried on Monday. Just in a bit of an eye life can be over, and leave you traumatized. I was messed up for six months after, I missed two weeks of school, just crying in my room. All because of me saying nastily: 'If you want to go, then go!' (I should have taken her home, and I should have been her sis's friend when no one else would be, I did not because I wanted to be popular.)

~*~

Jenny walked into the room, and asked,

'How do I look?' I say- 'You look a little retro like 1995 or a tennis player, I like it.' Liv and Maddie nodded in approval. It is cute that Jenny matched Iggy's school outfit from the video.

Yellow is good for her, it also for some reason reminded me of that old movie clueless, I and that girl could relate. Jenny

is obsessed with music- just like she is with vintage yet hot outfits, so she makes us a playlist for the ride to Marcel's house, even though he lives only like seven miles away... whatever. We listen to Iggy Azalea, and then we blast 'Fancy,' and we all sing along. Iggy's not bad... really, but I get sick of rap all the time. Followed by Taylor Swift – 'Shake It Off,' and that song just gets stuck in my head, just like seeing Maddie twerking with those big black framed nerdy glass. That is when Liv hits next and she starts singing: 'Too Fast'- 'I do not want to be a restless soul.

Running on empty, burning up the road...' Not the kind of song that you want to pull up to a party blasting. Even so... we can pull it off, the eyes were on us!

~*~

Anyways back to today, on the drive, we do some uncanny things, though: as we are driving there along with all those familiar streets, like that I have known my whole life, and I can name them all off by heart. We pass the same fast-food places and the shops, and all the high-rises. Liv's is barking like a dog at the top of her lungs.

Maddie's got her ass sticking out the window, and I am just flipping everyone off as we drive past them, saying something like- 'Suck on this butthole b*tches!' (I hope those will not be my famous last words to my city! Yet I think they will be.) Liv has the lowest acceptance out of all of us, for doing dumb crap. In a way,- she is the most- moodiest of us all. Maddie's got the rest of the vodka inserted into her handbag but with nothing to chase it down with she is not chugging it.

Jenny's driving because she can drink all night and hardly feel it. Plus, she always drives, it is just her thing. I take selfies as we are driving along and look so cool, just like a hipster girl, making a kissy face. The wet snowfalls start spitting down when we are virtually there, but it is so light it is like it is

just hanging in the air, like a big curtain of white haze, it was so odd and magnificent. I do not remember ever seeing something so weird weather-wise in all my life. At this instant, I was at Marcel's house woo and hoo- he is like the only guy that I know that has a home and not an apartment.

Anyways looking down the yard, I was looking for the clown because it looked just like his fifth birthday party to me. I have forgotten how distant it is to be back in the woodlands. The driveway seems to wind on forever. I could see the cheesy lanterns bouncing in midair. I could see all the dull light from the headlights bouncing off the winding, pathways and skimpy lifeless tree branches flocking narrowly overhead, and tiny bits of frozen rain like diamonds sparkling.

(Albert Einstein said- 'Look deep into nature, and then you will understand everything better.' You know I did not know just how true that would be for me. But he is the same man that said- 'A person who never made a mistake never tried anything new.' This leaves me with the fact and popularity with this one he said- 'You must learn the rules of the game. And then you must play better than anyone else.' If you are a girl like me, you have learned to play the game and master it the hard way.)

Jenny says- This road reminds me of those ancient horror movies, you do not like how they start.'

Maddie replays back, fine-tuning her apparel, 'Yeah let's not dive off the side of a cliff today, I feel like living.' 'It's just a little farther now,' I say, even though I have no clue, and I am starting to wonder whether we turned too early. I have butterflies in my stomach, but I am not sure whether they are good or bad, they are getting more intense.

The woodlands press closer and closer until they are nearly brushing up against the car doors. Jenny twitches grumpy about the paint job. I do not see why the paints are flaking off

on the hood, but that is just the way she is. Just when it seems like we will be slurped up into the abyss, the mist drips from the window as I press it. For a joke, I write the word HELP on the window, like something you would see on a creepy book cover.

Unexpectedly the coppices disperse entirely and there is the main lawn. It is like the cutest yard I have ever seen as a city girl, with a light blue house pushed back surrounded by weepy-looking trees. It has passageways and a long porch that runs along all sides.

The shutters are white; the entire place is carved with crazy cover designs which make everything stand out. I do not remember any of it, yet I cannot say it was because I was stoned or high. Thinking so hard I start to daydream... It is the alcohol, I cannot dredge up when I started drinking either, but then again, this is the most beautiful house I have ever seen.

The type of house I would love to have with Ray and a baby girl someday. Yet boys do not think like us girls, they do not think ahead, they do not use the right head... all they think about is how they are going to get off, and what girl they can get to do it with. Well not all of them do, but most. I would not be a good momma, I know this... if I am anything like my mom, crap I would suck at it and fall miserably, and my baby would grow up fallen to every- one too. I think Ray would be a good dad if he grew up some, yet he is getting better, my training is paying off; somewhat. Oh well, it is not like I want to have a big belly anyway.

(A single teardrop from my eye, and I wipe it away before any of my girlfriends see.) Sometimes, I just feel like Miley riding the wrecking. I have licked my share of sled hammers too, after a while it gets to a girl like boys do nothing but break you down and crush your heart, and yet they keep

accepting more blows until you fracture. Sometimes you cannot win if he will not let you in!

We are all silent for a minute, looking. Half the house is in darkness, but there is a soft warm light shining on the upper level, where it makes the lawn turn shiny in a yellow glow. Jenny says, 'It's almost as big as our school, Kar.'

I am regretful she spoke it feels like the charming spell has been broken because it is not that big at all. 'Almost,' Maddie says. She takes the vodka out of her bag and takes a sip and then wipes her chin with the slave of her jacket. 'Give me a shot of that stuff,' Liv says, reaching for the bottle, and then kisses me!

'Ugh you too make me sick,' Jenny says. 'Like go find some boys tonight.' They both just giggle, I roll my eyes at how clueless Jenny can be. The bottles were in my hand before I realized it. I take a sip. It burns my throat and tastes horrible, like paint or gasoline, but as soon as it is down, I get in a rush. We climb out of the SUV and the light from the house flows and expands, twinkling at me as some of the snow falls and melts on my extended tongue.

Walking into parties always gives me that period cramp feeling at the bottom of my stomach. It is not a good feeling, even though it has the patience of being good for me, like the feeling of knowing anything can happen, if it all falls into place. Most of the time nothing does, of course. Most of the time one-night blends into the next, and weeks blend into weeks, and months blur into years. And eventually we all die alone and are thrown into a pit or firebox. What is the point of living at all? (I guess all must find that out the hard way?)

Jenny always says-

'We're only here to having sex and orgasms and punch out some boys' kids.' I hope there is more than that, there must be, yet deep down, like she is right, she always is. Yet I just... I just miss him. And I hate feeling so alone. But at the beginning of the night anything is possible, I know this, and it makes me nervous. The front door is locked, and we must go around to the back, where a door opens onto a cramped foyer. It is so sweet, all covered in grannies like wallpaper and rich woodwork. The wooden stairs are- to die for. It smells like something unforgettable. It is so delicious, like gingerbread at Christmas. I wish Ray had a home like this... I guess you can have it all, I wish Marcel were not so weird I might just go out with him because of this place. Yet he is not going to change anytime soon either.

I hear the tinkle of breaking the glass and someone yells, 'break it up!' two assholes were fighting over Jenny already, and the one went pushing through the window.

That is when a roar screeched from the speakers: 'Yo Yo Yo, how you are doing tonight? I am Marcel... and now is your time to get your freak on!' That is when the DJ took over the mic, and said 'Can that boy get any whiter?' The house erupted in a chuckle. Now we are all out on the dance floor. That is when the DJ said lady let us see those panties come off and roll them in your hand to this next song. The DJ said- 'I want to see you all- 'Wobble Baby!''

So of course, all the girls did it... I do not mind going commando; I knew at some point thought out the night they were coming off anyway. Plus, it is more freeing to dance that way too, without the wedges. After the first dance, the stairs are so packed we must squeeze up in a single, everyone is making out, I see Lizzy, her one boob is exposed, it looks like she got one for the night. People are coming down in the opposite direction after hooking up in one of the bedrooms, empty beer

cups in hand. Same of them half-naked with that afterglow on their faces.

Most of them must turn so their backs are against the wall. We say hi to a few people and ignore the rest of the losers, the loser gawks they are not getting any, they should not even be here, and all they want to do is hook up with hot girls like us. As usual, I can feel all of them looking at me. I like to play games with boys, Ha just gives them enough to get a boner and I brush up and walk on. I had ten or more boys say I looked hot, and I just say- 'That's nice fellas, but I have a BF!' So, in other words, I am only banging him tonight, was the message I was trying to give!

So okay, I do not want to be a turncoat wannabe to my generation, in all... but, looking around I do not get how guys dress today. I mean, come on, it looks like they just rolled out of bed still holding on to their man meat with one hand, while throwing some holey baggy jeans over their nasty body fluid covered boxers with the other, and did not bother washing up, or fixing their oily hair – ew-h – and just covered it up with a sideward cap, like we are expected to faint or curtsey in their magnificent-ness? I do not think so, and yes, I made that word up, I can do that.

Aw- boys are so gross, like if we ladies would do that you boys would ship us to a deserted island like we are lepers. Surely what with you all always grabbing at it, if we girls would have our hand down there all the time, like we would be handcuffed, just like boys can go topless when swimming and we are not supposed to, it just does not seem fair to me. Even basic girls try to look good and refrain from doing that. Cannot even!

At the top, I said out aloud not meaning to. 'Would you call me selfish?'

Maddie said- 'Nut-huh, um- like not to your face.' Jenny giggled and said- Uh- baby girl you worry too much, like some girls are not lucky enough to be as naturally adorable as you are, stop thinking or you will get frown lines!' I look in my compact mirror and see the line forming, oh crap something new to freak out about, I thought. Good thing Ray and most boys do not look at my face... lol.

#- Hashtag: (Gangbang, the stairway to heaven, taking shots)

~*~

I pass the bathroom and the door is hanging open; I can see Stacy and Ryan.

His boxers are around his ankles, she is sitting on the toilet, they have shared needles. It is still in his hand, Stay is shaking and pulling on her hair like someone that is going crazy. She and her 25 or something boyfriend that she only sees for her junk, just shot up heroin. It is the scariest thing I have ever witnessed.

You can smell it, like vinegar mixed with ammonia. She has pissed all over the floor. It reeks, as fast as he intended it into her starts to collapse, rubbing her eyes and face, and rubbing her body uncontrollably, her eyes are red, just like his, but he has been on it longer, so it is not affecting him as much. She is balking a lot, she looks so confused, while making moments like the kids at the speed table do.

Stacy is 14 and she has sex with Ryan at least three times a day, just so she can get her hero for free, I knew when I saw her today at school, she was going through withdrawal. With her sudden changes in behavior or actions, she likes to have a droopy appearance, as if her extremities are heavy. I

know for sure she is going to be the next dead girl because she was too OD.

I knew she was too far going for me to help, and what could I do? She is a big girl, and she knows what she is doing. (I was wrong.) Stay has said to me what it is like- 'Oh Karly It is like having the best orgasm you have ever had multiply it by a billion, and you are still nowhere near it. Like, imagine a warm wave washing over your body that eliminates any feelings of sorrow, regret, anger, stress, or guilt. Imagine all those bad feelings being washed away as you feel the warmth running through your veins. You sure you do not want to try it?' I remember saying- 'Yeah, I'm sure.' She is one dumb punani! If you do not know what that means look it up, I will wait for you...

Okay got it? Hey, it could have been worse, like I could have asked you to look up a Prince Albert, and yes to me doing that is just as dumb as doing hardcore drugs. Anyways, down the dim hallway hanging all over with white icicle Christmas lights. There is a classification of rooms for those that want to hook up, each leading off the next, the further down the run the lower your popularity the dirtier the room will be because it is the rooms most used for the act, I know me and Ray will most like have Marcel's mom and dad's master bedroom, that room is off-limits to everyone, except the high rankers like me and my girls. I peck in... saying under my breath- That is the room for tonight! I thought- If not then I will know he does not love me; he just wants to get into my dress.

I look in some of the rooms, the music is blasting, I see the orgies taking place, some of the girls are yelling over the music, and asking me to join in, and they look so elementary like they should still be sucking on a baby bottle. Just remember having sex is a party, and not everyone is invalid, it all goes back to who hot and who is not.

OMG! It is like 10 to 20 boys and girls going at it like rabbits. Some are even doing it, but throughout roulette there are more- younger girls than boys. I know most of the boy's face them in the senior class. The floors are filled, all the draped fabrics ripped off the windows, all the big pillows from the beds and the couches ripped apart, feathers all over in the air in the girl's man goo covered hair, so yucky! The sofas are packed with naked interlocked people, I have to say some of these girls are fixable, I let you picture that for yourself.

Jenny leans back and declares something to me in a hasty fashion, but it gets lost in the murmur of voices and passion moaning, and pulsating music. Then she is moving away from me. Some boy was pulling on her arm, lacing through the crowd. I turn around, but Maddie and Liv are vanishing too in the thick of it all, and before I know it my heart is pounding like never- ever before, and I get this itchy feeling in my palms, I was scared to be all alone around all these people, I did not know if I was going to gets' a- stick-ed, with a needle, shank, or worse some random ass boys d*ick. I do not know why but it always seems like I get left behind, or my girls forget about me like I am just another face in the crowd.

I have had this nightmare many times in my dreams at night in my single bed, where I am standing in the center of an enormous crowd, being thrown from left to right, like a rag doll, and becoming naked and the boys descend on me. The faces and expressions look familiar to me so like I know them however very dreamlike, almost there's something wrong with all of them: just like being a crazy Van Gogh painting someone will walk by who looks like Jenny, but then her mouth is weird and droopy like it's melting off in a creepy laugh, like the old music video to that song 'Black Hole Sun,' and none of them recognize me or speak English, and I can find my way out of the

house or back home, and that's all I say- 'I want to get back home. Help me!' Dreams are so weird!

Hum- I wonder if they mean anything? Standing in Marcel's house is not the same thing, yet it is oh so uncanny. But still, it is enough to freak me out a little.

I am about to head over to Amanda Scott she is tremendously revolting and, I would not be caught dead talking to her, but I am getting frantic with all the stranger danger in the house- and that is when it happened, I was tackled, these lust-locking bear hugging arms wrap around me, and I smelt his sweet and Axe.

Marcel?

'Yeah, baby!

He was gazing into my eyes, lovesick for me, and that when he said- 'You came!' He said, along with- 'I knew I got you to come for me!' He puts his damp mouth against my ear, playing with my hair, he plants a nibbling kiss under my ear, and whispers 'Hey- babe-licious Karly, you are so sexy.'

Would you be my girl?'

He is so awkwardly lame it is cute... kind-a...? Everyone knows Jenny calls me baby, so-o that is how he can bring up with that pet name. Then he used the oldest line in the book 'Where've you been all my life?' It was all I could do not to giggle in his face, even though I thought it was sweet that he wanted me.

Where in the friend zone, yet he does not see that I do not know why I have made it so obvious! I wish Ray would give me a nibbling kiss on the lips, as I like it when the kisser softly bits and pulls my lower lip, it is so romantic. Sad to say Marcel might be a better kisser than Ray is... I should find out? No... I

am not lowering myself down to that. However, if I see him, and no one is looking, I might just see how good he is pinning him up on a locker in the hallway... just saying, I love kissing boys, girls, and even teachers too!

'You're drunk aren't you,' he said to me. I said not yet, but the night is young. I said- I see you are. It comes out more snappish than I meant it to. 'Sober enough to know you're the one I want tonight,' he says, trying and worsening to raise one eyebrow or to let me go, I try to pull away and he hugs me even tighter.

'Oh, look at the time, it's ten o-two, I look at my phone intently, seeing the seconds tick away.' thinking he would back off some, I was glad he was there do not get me wrong like he makes me feel comfortable and safe, and although edgy. 'It is not late. I called you; you did not answer.'

He puts his hand down his jean pockets, to show me the countless calls. In my mind, I knew, and I was like who calls anymore, that is so the 1990's. He said- 'I must have put my phone down somewhere. He is losing it... because he knew the iPhone was gone forever. I roll my eyes. 'You're so felonious and puerile.' He said- 'I like it when you use those big words, it turns me on!' 'Silly boy- It wouldn't if you knew what they meant.' His smile is getting creeper pulling to the one side rising ever so slowly, and I know he is going to kiss me with those now puckered duck lips. Ah- what, I will give him what he wants, that is when Ray sneakily walked up and tapped me on the shoulder lock-lipped, and said offended, 'So this what you do when I'm not around?'

I moderately turned away from Marcel's cheeks and beat red. And just as I thought Ray pushed Marcel and said that is mine... making a scene. That is when I said to Ray crying. 'It's not what it looks like he's drunk and forced himself onto me.'

‘Why don’t I believe you...? He said walking off.’ I do not want to cry like a baby girl, quickly I started searching for a room, and I rained. Little did I know I rain smoking into my friends, but they are still nowhere to be found.

Jenny, why are you crying about what happened? Liv and Maddie look as if they could kill the person that hurt me, to the point of waterworks. ‘I said Marcel kissed me.’ Jenny said- ‘Is that all, no need to cry over that.’ I looked at Maddie and Liv and they knew there was more to it than that. Jenny walked off with yet another boy, patting me on the back as she scooted off. While saying- ‘You know when you cry after a first kiss it means your soul mates.’ Maddie yells out ‘Okay- who’s ass do I need to kick!’ At this put the music was cut. When I fall into Maddie’s aims, Liv is side hugging me too. ‘Ray saw me kissing Marcel.’ Maddie kissed my forehead and said- ‘It’s going to be okay.’ I get yet another tap on my shoulder, Ray saying- Come on Karly now your chest hugging girls, your Bi too? I felt like two cents!

In the corner, I spot Marcel beating her head into the wall, wearing a pink Floyd shirt about four sizes too big for him, half-tucked into his underpants.

At least he is not wearing his fedora hat. Ray walk-off well-saying something like- ‘If that’s the way it is then fine...’ and I sat down on the sofa in the living room. I look over and he is striking up a chat with Justen Lamer and they are laughing about something. Are you kidding me? I am not jealous- faahh... like she is such a little eighth-grade dog, looking for a big bad bone from sturdily boy.

I know that look and what she wants him, trilling her hair, standing around her finger, and bonding back and forth on one leg, with her thumbs in the loops of her belt keepers. Oh, yes, he is willing to give that young cowgirl a ride tonight. I can

see that gleam in his eyes, he like-likes her, and why not she is a lot younger than me and has never been with a boy yet. They would be a good match, it is so cute when both virgin hookups, they will always remember their first time together, but not with my boy. I need to fix this fast. It annoys me that he has not noticed me at all since he left over a half-hour ago. I feel sick!

I am hoping he will look up and come barreling over to me like he usually does, but he just bends closer toward her like he is trying to hear her better, or kiss or feel her up. I sit like a moron, I send out some texts, one to my sis saying- ‘Hey sis, I’ll see you when you wake up, and we can share.’

I sent one to my daddy saying- ‘Daddy I am with the girls to study.’ Oh, and it is funny I think about her... my little sis, when I do not have any other options. I look around and I feel overdressed and put on makeup. Crap, my fake lashes are starting to peel in the corners. Most of the girls have been naked and changed into their jeans by now, an obvious inkling that they have hooked up.

My change of outfit is in my purse, untouched just like me so far tonight. Why change? So, our moms and dads do not freak out when they see what we were wearing. Dah! Like we do not want to be locked up forever!

#- Hashtag: (Bathroom blowouts, pick a door game, she before me.)

Party time Part 2

My OMG moment!

That is when Ray Raymond sits down next to me and pulls me up to him. I now have my head on his chest, he is breathing heavily like he ran the mile. I know what he did, but I am not sure. He did not say, and I did not ask. I do not want to

think about it. I hope he will not. ‘We’ll only stay for an hour.’ I look up and Justen is walking down the steps, with I think looks like hymen blood splatter on her denim, her hair has been pulled and played with, she looked scared, yet the little smirk she gives- me... said the truth, and that truth is that she was truly satisfied. In my heart, I know... though I did not want to believe it. I thought I was going to be his first. Like the one he loved and would sure that with. I thought to myself, as I hear his heart pounding in my ear. They did not go all the way?

On the other hand, no boys can stop.

Ray said- ‘Is that okay? Then we will go.’ His breath smells like beer, and a little- like cigarettes when he kisses me, I could have sworn I tasted that girl’s leftovers. Yes- I was going to be sick! I close my eyes and think about him kissing her all over, oh, and going down on her. I closed my eyes even tighter, and I recall when I saw him kissing Joy Mabelle in fifth grade. I want to be the first in something I thought to myself.

This is what I get for not saving it for him. I was so jealous of Joy; I could not eat for like three days. I wonder if I look like I am enjoying it now. I no Joy must-a, in sixth grade, I wonder if Justen enjoyed it more than me? I consider her better than me? As a girl. As a kisser. As an oral sex partner. Or even worse a sexual intercourse partner. I do not like using those nasty fifth-grade health class terms but... I have to say what I mean.

It relaxes me to think about things like that: like how comical how life is, like before you know it my sis is going to do what I am doing now, and I will be so old, like in my late 1920’s... scary getting old, I do not want her to do what I do. Yet she is starting, she is already starting to change into a young woman. She loves to put on my makeup! I was about her age when I got my first drip and grew some tiny breasts. She wants

to wear a little bra, but you know how mom is? She said no to her. She does not say 'NO' too much to her... but when it comes to her baby growing up, she holds back. I have told sis that it is not something to be happy about... you are too young- be a kid if you can, you grow up fast enough. She looks at me confused asking- 'What do you mean?'

I remember saying, not too many days back- 'You'll find out soon enough! 'Okay,' she said. In my thoughts- It relaxes me knowing that I, not the only one that is missing up in life, that inside all girls want existences starting way back in elementary school.

I am not doing too badly? I predict you must grow up at some point.

Like, if you want to know my biggest secret of all, here it is: I know you are theoretically supposed to wait to have sex with someone you love and all that, and I didn't really that I loved Ray-I mean, I've kind of been in love with him forever, but did not call it love, I did not realize- it until- I saw her coming down the stairs, so how could I not? But that is not why- I decided to have sex with him tonight.

I will get to why here...

I have not even taken off my jacket I could, and it shows, but Ray unzips and pulls it off me, that is when he slowly moved his hands up the bottom of my dress, stopped lightly to touch me there. I could feel it moving up, I try not to giggle because, it tickling bushing over so softly along my waist and then he moved to the top, and my dress was pulled up I knew Marcel was looking me over, along with most in the room, I was showing more than I wanted too, after everyone knowing I was girl number two If I would have been first, I would have to go all the way on the sofa and not have cared how looked. But Ray's

palms are sweaty and felt gritty like they have not been washed. I just got that Owyhee feeling.

Naturally, I start to pull away, he pulls me back in strength, I pull away again just long enough to say, 'Not right here, in the middle of everyone.' 'What's wrong you don't you're your boyfriend over there to see?' I give him that look, like do not freak with me because I am not in the mood.

He said 'Oh, I was just messing with you.' I said- 'Yeah I know you've been messing around too much tonight.' It went over his head... that comment. 'Nobody's looking babe,' he says, as he is press-holding me down again with all his poundage. This is a big fib. He knows the entire world is watching us, or at least the world I live in is. He can see it, I know it. He does not even try to fasten his eyes shut for me, and he licks kissing my face like Liv's puppy dog Pickles.

Hell- even Pickles has better breath than he does right now. Dude- you need a tic-tac, I thought politely to myself. His hands crawl over my stomach and his fingers are jerking on the underwire of my bra. Jenny said before at Maddie's place that I should go braless. But I am not comfortable doing that as they do, I do not need to pop out of the top. Ha Jenny and the girls can flap I am not going to.

Plus, I needed something to hold the clean x tissue in. Ray is so not good with bras. The clasp is his worst nemesis I swear. I know he is not going to stop, and everyone will see that

I stuff, I just know it. I did not plan for this. He is not that good with boobs or foreplay in general. He fingers like he is picking the button for a can of Pepsi over and over on a vending machine. I am having sex with him because I want to get it over with, and for that reason, that sex has always frightened me, and I do not want to fear it anymore. I am afraid of making real love, not the sex part.

In the past, I always felt safe with Ray, like it was right to want to do him.

Yet not this night, when we are doing it, it does not feel right... I wonder why? This is not the night I wanted. I mean, it is not like I know what it is supposed to feel like, with someone I like... but every time he touches my boobs, he kind of just massages them in a circle hard. And I am just there like... okay, you like this?

It is like I am getting a cancer exam. I remember how Marcel did it on the bus. I loved the way his hands felt on them, and he was so gentle with me, even though he was a little creepy.

However, I would take creepy over Ray's wham bam thank your mom- right now. And to be honest, my gyno is more loving with his fingers and movements- jeez! Crap- that thing the gyno puts in your vagina. to looking down in like that thing slips in and goes down easier than what Ray is doing. Nice visional right... I know. Ray is making me think about that, like being in that bright white room naked on that cold table, and that is not sexy at all, just like now in the spotlight, being nervous.

So, one of them must be doing the boob squeezing and touching wrong. I get that having quickies are the only way- I am allowed to have it.

'I can't wait to wake up next to you, everyday naked in our king-sized bed.' Ray says, his mist lips alongside my ear, he is pulling my hair. In my mind, I was like does this mean you are going to marry me or ask me tonight? Is that why you cheated because you know this is your last free night? I wonder what boys think about during? I am sure it is not all that!

It is a sweet thing to say, I needed to hear it. But I cannot focus while his hands are on me like this, and his body unstops and his legs straddling around me. And it arises to me suddenly that I have not once thought about the waking up part, or sharing everything, I have thought about nothing but the sex part. There is a lot of living together, that I never- ever thought about.

Though I still want to playhouse with the man I am going to love someday, like maybe if I have a baby that will fix everything that awkward? That is if he asks me... to be his girl. I have no idea what you are supposed to talk about the day after you have had sex, with someone that is like Ray I never did a younger lower-ranking boy, or what you are supposed to say well during the sex with someone you are falling too. Normally I am more vocal!

I have imagined us lying side by side, under the stars, or like in that book by Marcel Ray Duriez that Liv loves, where they make love under a bridge. I never thought about just being in bed farting and snorting around. Like with if I must pee or do number two...?

OMG- I never want Ray to see me getting up to do that. In my imagined desires, I have seen us touching like those in romance movies, all hushed, wind blowing my hair, while the sun slowly rises and looks so big and lovely. I love how romance should be... why is it so wrong to not have it be like that?

Ha- sorry boys that I like to take like three honors to finish, unlike Ray that takes less than one minute. I and most girls can pick more than once, however, the boys need to stimulate us, so we girls will be able to pick at least once and is not a one pump trump. Will, at least I have what is in the Pringles can to satisfy me. But even that cannot be all mine or lead me into the perfect fantasy because I must share it with my

little sis! It is like I cannot have any peace. She is my sis, so it is, okay?

Yeah- I have thought about sharing toys with my little sis, but somewhere in my mind like I thought it would be a Barbie. But at least I know what I am getting her for her birthday he- he.

So, Marcel walks up about at Ray's big finish and says 'Do you two want to go up and get a room! That is why there are rooms! I can have you doing it on my mom's sofa!'

He did not stop, even throw, I say let us go up, and then, I look around and everyone else is getting to it like us. It is all because it is Ray and me. I do not see why others care so much. Like I want this? So, they can go and suck eggs. This all happened so fast:

We hear:

Bridgit: 'Oh god- get a room.'

Stivey: 'Hey guys look at this live porn.'

Maddie: I overheard her say- 'Holy crap she is getting nailed. Why didn't he take her upstairs?'

Jenny: 'WOOoooo! Get some! Yah! Yah! Yah!' She is getting it all on her cell video camera. This was big scene number two tonight. Everyone circled us; the music was cut in a roar. Rays' slacks and undies are around his ankles. The ending always ends up with it in my mouth, that is when...

Justen: Shriek out, 'Karly is Ray's 'round number two. Hey Karly, how is my after's taste- going down? And just so you know he did not wear a condom either. I was his fist; I lost my virginity tonight to Ray! AND I BLOW HIS MIND TONIGHT TOO!'

Everyone is cheering for her, that is when Justen starts the chant that haunted me the rest of the night.

'Sloppy seconds, sloppy seconds!'

I hear Liv's voice far off in the room: 'Oh I feel bad for her like this is not cool.' I thought- You think? I felt more of a loser than I have ever felt in my whole life. This was planned. But I do not want to think Ray is that mean. This is someone that is pissed that I become popular and wants to see me go down and fall to where I was in middle school. But who...?

(I did not know then, but as the night went on, I got it. Somebody wants to destroy me, so they get what I have.) It is just like in Ray's rooms, no privacy, and the windows bar is not covered with anything. It is all out in the open and everyone is looking, even like in the next building over they look in the room, even the bathroom is all uncovered glass.

Even the window-washer has seen me and him going to third base.

Ray pulls away from my face like Jenny, Justen, Liv, and Maddie and appears like ghosts next to me. Justen is making a face. Mocking the expression, I made when I glopped the jizz down. All girls know that nasty taste on your face, with your nose all wrinkled up. Yet a classy girl does not spit! Plus, I heard that it makes your hair shiny.

Also- I will get some calories like ten or so too, so maybe I will not have to eat dinner, and become fat? But the least someone could do is hand me a towel for all the runny drips.

Maddie says 'You two are perverts. Doing this in front of all these younger grade kids.' 'It's not what I had planned for the night that's for sure!' After everyone gives me the drop-

dead look. I said- ‘I want to go home!’ But the girls they talked me out of it... saying- ‘Stay for us!’ I wanted to walk out that door.

I did not care if I had to do the walk of shame all the whole way home, no mugger would mess with me... I would rip them to shreds. (That was my last chance for redemption. I was going down in flames.)

That reminds me, like why is there a highway to hell and only a stairway to heaven? It beats me...? I never really put much thought into either place, because I just thought there were hoary stories that were made up by old crazy guys in white robes, with their nuts hanging out, or so that is what Jenny and the girls preached to me.

Saying- ‘They only want you to believe that crap to put fear into your mind, and so you do not think for yourself or have sex. Do you believe in Santa, Easter bunny, or Unicorns?’ The church was not something I thought was cool, really it was a waste of my time. My mom and dad never made us go, so we did not.

(Like it is not cool- to yack on heaven’s door either, the night you die.

Because you are so butt drunk even if your soul is messed up! Believe me... you are no longer an atheist when you see your life flash by, in the ten seconds death is coming to get you. Like even the Ten Commandments rushed through my brain, and I did not even know them! Yet even though everyone I was friends with was anti-God, and I was too for my friends, I never doubted that there was not a higher power than man. I just did not know.)

I will never forget it is the first time that is for freaking sure. It is played over in my mind afterward, like a slow-mo-

movie, Ray is lifting both arms and taking off my dress for me in front of everyone, and then he rips my arms around his waist, he does not unclasp my bra he pulls it up and over my head. All my clean x's are everywhere as he pulls me into the sex passion he wants, and that is with my legs up in the air feet touching my head.

He gurgles a little bit of beer, some of it drips down my boobs, he makes a sound as if he is annoyed at everything falling out. I think- I might have squealed like a piglet when he jammed it in the other hole down there when he thrust it in wildly, he spits on me for the lube, rubbing my clit speedily with his free hand, so, I would pick as fast as he was about to, so it looked like he did an excellent job in front of all that were observing, yet he keeps dropping out will thirsting. All I was thinking was- pull out- pull out.

I think the vibrating chairs in Bed Bath and Beyond give me more of a thrill than that Edge of Heaven banging style, I was involuntarily laid into, like for the first time... I wanted to be on top and take control and ride him like my horse it is!

'Forgive me, babe.' He shrugs his showers and nods. What does that mean? I thought to myself. I see beer in his cup, and it has almost gone golden and foamy, knowing that it must be his tenth and he stares at it, frowning. 'You should get a final, and just tip the keg, Ray.' 'Yah I should!' He did not seem to get the dig for drinking so much and acting like a butt. 'You guys want another?' Said J-C, a boy that is two years younger than us and that goes to another school, he seems like the only one that was willing to talk after me and Ray's PDA show.

J-C I think stands for Jeremiah Calando Redondo, he's Mexican or something like that. Every time I see him, he is like in the Home Depot, chilling or asking us to help push the car. He

has like two babies' girls to Christina Alonzo. Her daddy was black, and her mom was whiter than me.

So, she looks in-between tan all the time, she was a cutie in school and was popular, even for being the knocked-up chick at fourteen and then again at sixteen. She lived with him when she was thirteen and made do by getting her GED or so, that is what I heard. She stays at home with the kids, as he is out looking for younger asses to tap. Christina dropped out at the start of this year... I think... It was this year?

Maddie walks up to me like she is protecting me: 'We brought our own.' Maddie slaps the vodka in her purse. And said to him- 'She doesn't need you lipping her anything.' 'Ba-Bye!' 'Clever!' Ray thumbs his nasty middle finger beating the side of his forehead, nearly stabbing his right eye out.

One because he is drunk as a skunk. Two he needs glass and does not have contacts in... why I do not know. Is that why he has a tough time getting his key overall? He is drunk-er-er than I thought. Maddie covers her mouth with her lifted hand and giggles like a little schoolchild. I groan and roll my eyes- like this is going to be a long night! I say to Maddie and Liv.

'My boyfriend's such blockhead,' I say as soon as he wobbles away tripping over all the bodies. Maddie- 'You've said it.' 'But a cute idiot,' Liv modifies what I said. 'I said yeah, he is... he's my cute idiot.' His walk looks like something from the walking dead, all zombified.

I could not stay mad at Ray deep down I felt like he had to do it with her, to not get picked on by the others. And it is not like I have not had my share of guys. Did he want his first time to be with a girl like me, all used up? She is everything I could not be, and everything I should be, and everything I would have been if I would have never fallen for everyone is pushing me so young. But most of all I felt at being me. Jenny was

behind it, she is, if she cannot have him, she does not want me to either. She knows how he is when he drinks.

~*~

(Chatting with the girls)

Maddie- 'I would love him too if he did not have that nasty dangly thing hanging on there that needs to see a knife, all the girls- like- have been saying that you are the only one that did not care. That is why some girls call you dirty. I would consider looking at it if he would have done that as he said to her, he would and that is why she did.'

'You know Maddie that's like saying a transgender is cute.' She giggles,

'Sure- it does... Maddie said- sure it does.' 'I'm I am missing something here?'

Maddie- 'Yes, yes- you are.'

Liv's observing what is going down around the room, puckering her lips to make them appear more smoochable, she takes a selfie and sends it to Maddie.

'Aww-h cute- I overhear, yet she is standing next to her.' 'Anywhere where did you guys go, anyway?' In mid-sentence, it hit me what Maddie meant. I thought since when did Ray become so cute? Then I got it. Other than his little issue holding him back he would be such a lady's man. That is the only thing turning the girls away from sleeping with him.

It- must be?

I felt so betrayed. I am feeling more annoyed than I should by the whole thing and everything: I want to rip my hair out and running out the door saying you all can go to hell. But that is when the girls start their step team dance cheer thingy.

Beating the floor and stopping around, will rapping insults to the boys' team.

Maddie and Liv do the chest bump thing. Yet I lost in my thoughts with all the circumstance thinking that my besties ditched me tonight, and let all this crap go down, and that is pissing the crap out of me. The point that Ray so butts drunk, and the point that Marcel is still looking at me like, I love you, I want to sleep with you look. He is talking with Jenny.

I overheard her saying. 'You will find someone daddy. She will come around when she realizes you are the one that loves her.' Not that I want him to be in love with me, understandably, yet I do find it adorable. That even after seeing what went down, like he still only has eyes for me, that is so dreamy.

#- Hashtag: (Sortie is getting low, dropped off, and more hole in ones than a game of golf.)

I remember us as kids Marcel made me glad, we had each other, and you made me giggle, and if I could do it all over again, I would not change that. I just wish he were still like that, or is he? Was it me that got all weird? Looking at our life, I see forks in the road, and choices made, the trips we took, the voyages we had.

My pap used to say something like this- 'We fall to someone wholeheartedly, and you never stop falling to them until you fall your spirit away at death, but you must fall to them as they fall to you. In a crazy thing called life, and mine has been filled with bliss, because I fell for you as my granddaughter, just like I fall for your grandma. Falling to you, means love everlasting never falling about, always falling together.'

You will know when you have fallen for the right one.' It is just an unbroken comforting feeling, weirdly.

~*~

I struggled to take the bottle out of Maddie's bag and take another sip. I need it! We made it around the house like three and had our get-togethers. There are, like, ten different rooms up here and down there.' 'Did yah have to check em' all out?'

Liv gawks at me, seeing my face, and holds up her hands as Macaulay Culkin did in Home Alone to her dropped jaw face. 'What Kar? It is not like we abandoned you in the middle of nowhere. You are a big girl.' I was thinking yeah-right comforting.

'Do not trust people... they must make you have a reason to trust them, yet never- ever turn your back, because you never know who is going to stab it. You are only wanted when you are needed. And that is the truth. Truth is a lie to make others feel okay. That is why I do not believe anything anyone tells me unless it is right. And even my rights in my mind have been wrong. Trust is for baby girls and simple-minded-spiders'- that do not know any better.'

I will not cry, I would rather die than have a painful death, than cry over a boy in front of my friends. I look at Liv's face all-loving and such. I think- God I am such a little p*ssy. Like she is right. I do not know why I am feeling so prissy, and detestable. As well as she is looking at me like- you did get what I wanted. I guess you cannot have it all the way you want.
'Where did Jenny go?' Maddie asked me.

Oh! She is off making Marcel feel good about not getting with me tonight. Maddie asks me- Karly would you, if you would, like would you be willing to with him? I just said I do

not know, maybe? ‘O-M-G! Like You FALL IN LOVE WITH HIM TONIGHT!’ ‘I DID?’ ‘Um-hum!’ She Hummed. ‘Like your eyes were never off him.’ I thought- like I never fall out? I was so confused, as you would think, I was the one that was a girl in the room.

‘Maddie is now glugged to Liv’s lap, there sitting next to me on the sofa lip locked. I was thinking this is fun. And Jenny is fighting with Ray about me.’ I do believe that Jenny and her Ex-boyfriend may have had some hardcore makeup sex tonight. However, that is just a rhymer, I overhear going around. I lost track of all the Ex’s it could have been any one of these guys.

#-Hashtag: (Lovedrug, tear jokers, and spared out on the sofa)

~*~

‘You never know how much time you’ll have.’ So, I thought the best way to spend it was partying my ass off with whom I thought were my friends and the perfect boyfriend. (However, looking back at the dying girl looking for the borderlines, I see where I should have been. I see the arms that should have been held in.) It is the outlandish world. Living for other observations and expectations.

‘Love is merely where it is, where it is at, where it is going to be, and never- ever changes. But you must let that love you in regardless of you shutting them out.’ Back on the sofa- As I said- ‘Maddie sucked to Liv’s lap. And Jenny is fighting with someone’s girlfriend now, and Samara Still is stroking off Christopher Work’s willy in my ear, she is pressed up on the sofa cushion with her small chest, with her knees crunching down, facing the back he is standing like, right behind me behind the sofa. I want to say she is like a seventh grader, if not she looks it. He is in my grade also. That is a lovely sight and sound. Is it not?’

(My thoughts drift off, as I hear every fap- fap- fap of every beat. Like ticking-talking every second of my life away.) Yucky! Like no wonder Liv and Maddie became gay lovers, I get it. I am like seventeen and I already hate everything about sex. It makes us girls feel used, and valueless in a man's mind.

I must think that all boys are like that, except for my daddy, unless your dad is like some girls, I know that is correct. Your daddy is the one that holds your hand, picks you up, and on his shoulders so you can see, he is the only boy that is not trying to get something from you.

'Love your daddy.' Even if I never said it. Even if you embrace the piss out of me. Even if you made me feel as if I was not always there, or you were there too much. Even if you were snooping in my room. I will always be your little girl, always.

'Yeah, well, as everyone has, it is like kissing all around me for five minutes. I look over there and Maddie and live, flicking tongues and look over the other way and Samara and Chris are sucking face. I am like the only girl that did not get an awesome long tender kiss today. Even Marcel got a long sexy kiss from Jenny because she felt bad for him. Ray and I only kiss for thirdly seconds... if that.'

'I yell out all-righty, stop it already.' Liv- 'What's your problem?' 'You have been going at it the whole time you set here, like hello I am here.'

The cracks Maddie up and Liv starts laughing. It is making me feel crappy, and even more comfortable. The vodka fills my head with warmth. More people are arriving as some are leaving to go to cheap hotels or campers in the backyard for the night.

To sleep it off, or to get off. One of the two, most likely. No one just talks to anyone anymore. It is all sex, sex, and more sex.

So, I get plastid sipping increasingly nasty stuff, and Maddie hands me something to pop a forget pill. At this point, I will like all pop anything... it works fast. I chill down; I see the faces just like I do in my dreams. The room is spinning just a little. Yet it feels enjoyable, though, like being on a creepy sluggish merry-go 'round, with the creepy music, all jacked up like evil, and clown-like. I feel like I did when I played- ring around the rosy, as a little girl, the drug took me back there.

Maddie and Liv decide to go on an undertaking to save Jenny before her catfight with that girl over there turns into an extreme scuffle. The wondering eyes are on me; he has never looked away yet. Damn it appears like the entire Clit high school has shown up, like even the middle school kids too. I know that about 200 were invited, however it looks like there are about 500 teens and tweens here.

A tween is a girl aged about 914... too old for toys, but too young for boys. Yet those are the ones the senior boys like the most because of their ease, and down for anything that they ask them to do... I should know that is how I lost my virginity.

The boys that are under 18 are like if I am under and she is under were not doing any time if she consents, and even if she does not there are several guys around to say she did, and she wants it not saying anything. She wants to be a popular girl in high school. Girls will do anyone or anything to be popular and not a loser that is bullied. I should have known I had to do it.

This is the most that ever seen shows up at one party... for-reals- I did not think- like- Marcel was so cool with the in-crowd? The house is trash. Popularity wishes me and the girls

are the highest, and everyone else here is more mid-level most of the senior girls that are on the homecoming court have left already with their boyfriends for the night.

Popularity-wise- Marcel just holds the top spot in his class in my eyes, he is like the rung ladder to his posies, more like the jester. To be wired to be one of use, and too unique to be one of them. And there is a lot of low life here like the tweens, looking for a boy toy popularly boosted.

He is in with most of the sophomores and younger, that mostly are the cool kids when we graduate, I have to say like they could be cool sophomores, I would not mind getting to know some of them if it would be cool for me to do so. It is all part of being a girl that is a teenager.

#- Hashtag: (fantastic, slang, and cherry popping)

Party time Part 3

Am I in the wrong crowd? I know I am supposed to hate them and hate them, yet I can help but like them, they are nice kids. Just because I am older and more popular, I am supposed to treat them like crap...? I cannot see that. When I am just sitting on my ass feeling left out by my peeps. I remember being like them like I was hated when I was a sophomore by all the senior girls at the parties, yet most of us girls in my class did not have their rankings yet, it is understandable.

I cannot bring myself to care, I will talk or be with anyone, I find fit. I know it is breaking the popularity rules, but that is okay by me. Liv gives a group of them one of her stinking eyes as she goes by them. Yet she does that with anyone she does not try to get to know.

Maddie is the character. Says 'Young skanks, ho-ing it up!' vociferously. One of them, Chrissa Dillard Is rolling around

ass naked on the floor, hooking up Brice Rice (a senior boy.) There is a lot of that going on, with the tweens and older boys. Hell- It is more like a coming-of-age party, than a beer bash, at this point.

The social bottom does not ever show their loser faces. They would not even get past the door. Like the speed and undesirables rejects the loosest of the lowlife.

They stay home and creep on Facebook, they are never invited to anything, nobody wants them or would care if they are gone. Harsh but true! It is not because people would make fun of them, although they undoubtedly would. It is more than that.

They do not hear about these parties until after they have transpired. And nobody likes them, they have no friends or contacts, and that is the way we want it, they cannot make a move up without us knowing or approving. They can have any friend online or in real life unless the popular approves the contact.

Because all we have to say is- 'If you're friends with him or her, you're not friends with us anymore and you lose your ranking.' The low life- the more they try to be like us, the lower they go, if we do not want them to gain popularity. We make it that way. They are so dumb that they would even think about going in the back door where the popular's come in. They do not know about the secret side entrances to the parties, so naïve they walk up to the guarded front door asking to get in, like come on.

Sometimes, you must show that you got a text from some stranger, like the one that invited you. And yes, no if it is la-jilt because most lowlife- rejects have no cell contacts other than their mommy. To invite them... you can spot a faker. You are either in the loop or pushed out. And just like a naughty dog

they get slapped on the nose, they are told to go home and cry to mommy, for sucking at life.

It is 2015 everyone has a fake ID, not like we need them for Marcel's party, but they do come in handy for the night joints, and bars. I have a visa card, school ID, and a suspended driver's license. However, I am a good driver compared to Jenny, yet Jenny can get away with anything. I know boys that like to spend all their weekend time in the strip clubs. I have never seen Marcel at one of those, however, Ray has had a lap dance, and it was not from me, or so I was told. Would that be considered cheating?

I am getting thirsty, so I am going for a beer or two or three. If everyone else is drinking it like it must be okay. The DJ keeps the beats coming, making sure everyone has a glass as well, and is having an enjoyable time. The laser lights are going nuts, flashing colors on the walls, floor, ceiling, and mobs of kids. The house is trashed; everyone is wasted or stoned.

There are even thongs hanging from the chandelier. And about five minutes or so ago, I saw Bob Zaza Tarzan swing from it, from upstairs landing down to the living room dance floor. It would have been okay with me if he had been wearing pants. That is a Facebook photo that I will tag him in. Daisy Clementza is crowd surfing.

Oh, that reminds me, like there is one of my favorite things hugging from Marcel's rearview mirror of his 2014 Toyota Corolla. He is a strange boy, it is sweet... Kinda? I wonder where Ray is? High school is supposed to prepare you for the real world, I could just imagine college parties and spring break.

#- Hashtag: (sleeping bag, sleeping around)

~*~

I get up and do some walking around. I was sick of seeing this suck fest in the living room. There are several tiny passages and rooms, it feels like a maze, in this place. Only one door is closed, with a boy's boxer hanging on the nob. I like a sign to keep out of the nasty and we do not want you seeing it. I had planned to use a big ass sign that says: 'KEEP THE HEEL OUT' and post it on the expert's door... yes, that was not needed.

I passed one girl that was using a pocket rocket on another girl. Um-okay does not look... yet it is hard not to. I walk more, and I pass Melissa Franc a first-year student, she was downing a bobby shot that has been poured down Nicki Dickerson small of her petite back running down into her very naked ass crack where Melissa's mouth is slipped under... it is freaking sick and awesome all at the same time.

Everyone in that room is cheering for her, (Melissa's! Gulp it! Lick it up!) Or making fun of her doing it. One of the two, she is going to be a YouTube star with her first-year students hazing, I mean her lips are touching Nikki's lady lips. Or did she want it?

Oh, cool some random-ass first-year girl just flashed me... running past. But like her t*ts are bigger than mine... what gives? I think I will pass on showing mine. Walking down the hall that never seems to end. I wonder what Madilyn is doing at this very moment?

I could see her kissing a photo of Maddie and making out with it in her bed, before doing what she needs to do, and then roll over to fall asleep, all alone with just a teddy bear. It is a sad thought... like here I am having all this fun, and she is lonely. (She needs a cuddle friend and so do I. Ha- I should sleep with her tonight?) I wonder if she and Maddie will ever hook up, hey, anything is possible...? I hope she finds someone.

Someone that will see her for who she is, and not what people around her think she is. ‘I see her... but have to un-see her for my friends, friendship.’ I walk into the bathroom and sit down on the pot. I am not going to say what I was doing- I think you will get it. Looking on the wall next to the crapper, some ass hole drew a naked girl cartoon with a big d*ick going up in her, and it said above... it was Maggie.

‘This is what it looked like her first time.’

With the word ‘Ouch!’ coming out of the drawing’s mouth. I got some paper towels and washed what I could off, yet I do not think it did any good. Marcel is going to have to paint over that before his parents come home at the end of the weekend. Or they will go ape on his ass! I have to say I am grossed out! I did not want to go in here, but a girl must do what a girl must do. Flush! I strode out.

Walking, walking, and walking! And that is when I walked into Marcel’s room. The door was cracked, it is the typical nerdy boy’s room, stuff all over. I like the big king-sized bed even if it is undone. I must do some snooping. There is a photo of me under his pillow. I had to pick the pillow up and smell it... creepy- I know... it is a girl thing. I walked to the dresser, and I snatched a pair of his undies from the top drawer... two can play that game. Like why does he have so many anyway? Like whom wears black socks? I found a cute T-shirt that I could not resist taking for my own.

I know he would not mind if I wore it for the rest of the night and did not wash it and give it back at some point. I think he would like that. I put on over my dress at first, oh it is black with the saying- ‘Kiss me I’m Desperate.’ It was appropriate for the night I was having. That when I thought- no, I am taking off this dress and bar off.

So- there I was naked standing in his room, I sure there was a hidden camera somewhere, but I did not care... it is like I had to do this... I felt so devilish. And I do not understand why, but I ran from the door, jumped into his bed, and pulled the covers over, and they were so soft next to my bare skin. 'Awe-h-h-h- so nice!' I may have even dozed off for a minute or two. It must be the softest bed I ever wiggled around in. Hugging a pillow and with one between my legs. It is a girl thing, I cannot expand. Looking around there is everything you could want at your fingertips. TV, PC, guitars, books and so much more.

I jumped up when I thought I heard someone coming down the hallway. And I did... I did see someone pass, they looked in but did not say anything. I need to learn to close the door... as I scream at my sis for that.

So, I slid my unclothed butt and laid business on his cozy sheets getting out of the big, and that is when I put on his T-shirt. Dancing around in the mirror-like a maroon of course. I grabbed the handbag that I placed on the floor walking in. I reimaged out my thong and jeans that were in my purse. Then I placed my bra and the dress in there as a rolled-up ball.

By the time we got to Jenny, she had broken up with yet another couple and made it with yet another boy, a massive surprise. That must be boy number five tonight...? She is fighting for her boy with yet another girl. She is sitting on his lap, and he is smoking. They are sharing a joint and suck the smoke out of each other's mouth every time they take a bong hit.

They are the cutest couple ever. I must find out his name... like who is he? The girl that was his date or one-night stand left out the front door all pussies- like, leaving in some lowlife rejects that can be held back. I guess she can sleep with one of them tonight outside in a tent. Ha!

#- Hashtag: (bedhead, swiping, peaking, and making the change)

Back on the dance floor, Liv is standing in the corner with Dan Dilco who is pressed upon her snugger than a PP and J sandwich. I read the words coming out of her mouth, it looks like- 'I took care of it.' and 'I do not want to see you. Get something out of my face.' Maddie comes up and clocks in right in the face, his nose is beading, he runs into the next room with a sophomore girl named Veronica, he got her too. She is showing some. She chose to be dumb and keep the oopsie.

I see Shy and she is pressed up against the wall and she is semi-dancing and a half grinding against his boyfriend. Ray will say he is just having fun... if I walk up, so I am not going to break it up. It is okay with me.

Shy is nothing but a wall follower now that she lost most of her rank. They both smashed anyways, I drought they will do anything other than vomit on each other and dance 'till they drop. Dan was sobbing like he wanted the baby or something.

Every girl he has had sex with has to take something... or finds out too late. Like does he want to be a 17-year-old daddy, and throw away his life... or worse hers for that thought? Boys do not think it is good that we girls do that for them! Liv has a half-gone cigarette flaccid-like dangling from her lips, she smokes a lot when she is under the gun, or she skips a period. She does not shake her ashes... she just inhales.

In these low-ride jeans, I was thinking- I should have warned- my tight leggings because I see a lot of the girls here are wearing black ones. It must be the new thing? Oh, why do boys come up to you and think it is okay to make a random dance move and rub up on you? And then they use their heavy

arms to keep their footing, most times feeling your butt end, also.

My hair's a mess. I see it in black from the night window glass. It is from falling asleep in Marcel's cozy bed, and Ray's hands running through it. Like even though I know I am an attractive girl, I do not always feel beautiful. I wish I had someone in my life that would make me feel beautiful all the time, even when I know I do not. I do think there is someone that would make me feel that way... there must be.

~*~

Oh, life- 'life is a slut that makes us bend and bangs over and over every day... humping it until it has enough of you.' Oh, boys- 'boys are d*icks heads that penetrate us over and over any way they can. Mentally and physically.'

'Life sucks butt, but sucking butt is life. And when you die- like- I did you miss sucking butt.'

'Mom and dad and little sisters are a pain in the neck, but it's nothing like having some random man mortician seeing you naked on a table shoving embalming liquid in your neck artery.' I was floating over like; I could see it all as he was doing it.

I remember, Frank said as he touched my hair, and ripped the sheet off me completely- 'Awe- such a young little girl, what a shame her life is over. Why? Why is it always the young ones... that never did anything wrong?' I think- he was taken back by me or something. It was like he did not want to cut me up. Like I was too beautiful to him, to do such a thing.

I remember, him touching my hand and stroking it- 'Saying your time was too short... there just was not enough time...' and he whispered it again- 'Not enough time...' I was

looking down thinking this must be hard on him, like having to do this with every dead person. Like how could you do this job?

But it was hard on him when it is a teenager like me, never seeing life other than high school.

(Life in high school is not a life at all; it is a pretend world of what life after graduation will be. There is so much more than getting wasted, partying, and hooking up. So much more...)

(If he only knew... I did a lot wrong.)

Like, cheating on my math test in thread grade. Peeing in the shower onto my sis when we were younger. Even spitting in her orange juice every morning before school. Nasty trivial things like that, I was not blameless. I remember the day I said to my sis, that I wished that she would never be born... I did not mean it.

(I do love her! And will look out for her.)

I remember picking on her all the time, just because she was frailler. I would get onto her and reseal her down. I even put a pillow over her one night saying stop freaking snoring. (I am not above suspicion.) Just because I like to look cute, sweet, and loveable does not mean that I am not disagreeable, vail, and worthless. And I am valueless! Only one boy thought I was valuable, and he got all creepy, or was it me that became the creep? I did so much wrong, I would love to have do-overs until I get it right.

I drift off and think about how funny it is that my dad is always in his lazy boy chair, barking orders on Sundays. He loves the Game Show Network; he must do his Steve Harvey impressions too.

Yes know- smelling big and such.

However, his favorite show is the Newlywed Game. He bursts out laughing, with the question Sheri Shepherd asks. Some of them are dirty! Like last Sunday I was doing something, in the living room, and I heard something about a- lush underbrush. And the back door.' I just got up and left him to have his moment. I was thinking so gross! Yet I cannot help but snicker!

#- Hashtag: (daddies got the giggles, under the spotlight, and damsel in distress)

~*~

I snap out of it- 'Poor Liv,' I say. I do not know why I suddenly feel bad for her. 'She is too nice. That has always been her downfall.' Plus, boys will piss on you without the decency to call it to rain. Just like Jenny, she let boys piss on her all the time.

And yes, you could take that literally if you wanted to. 'She's a whore,' Maddie says, but not spitefully. She knows that she must be to keep the sanity within the click. I do not think Maddie gets that she is not interested in him, she just wanted to have a baby? So that she has something that is all hers? And that is something Maddie could give her? Either way, it all ended today with Jenny's say and not hers. I said- 'Liv's not the whore, Jenny is just making you think that. Put yourself in her shoes. You do not care, she does.'

'Do you think we'll remember any of this?' Maddie asks me. I said- 'I don't remember what I ate last, so I don't think so.'

I said- 'Maddie What the point in remembering... you only have regret.' She said- 'It's so you don't forget that there is hope before you die.' 'Hope to die?' she said- 'You get to have hope, or life is not worth living.'

Me- 'This is coming for the girl that's faith is shaken by some boy hooking up with your girlfriend?' I am not sure where the words come from or what end or side. I think out of her butt hole, or you could have called- it a quaff. She is talking out of her holes! My whole head feels light and uncertain, all set to drift away.

Maddie- 'Do you think we'll remember any of it two years from now?' I said- 'Who knows...' I thought about it more and said- 'Like maybe when you and I are old and crazy crapping in our Huggies at the old age home, it will come back to us.'

Maddie- 'I'll drink to that... he- he.' Then she said- 'Karly you have one distorted way of thinking, and that's why I love you as I do!'

Maddie giggles, saying- 'I know she loves me more.' Tapping the bottle lightly on my lifted arm. There is a little bit of it left. I cannot believe that we drank it all in less than four hours. I sip and chase it down with my beer, which I know is not a clever idea, but I did it anyway. 'Could take my picture because I don't remember.' By this time Jenny and Kenneth have made up and are boyfriend, and girlfriend once again, even after swearing up and down that they would never hook up again, all the same, they did they made up, and not there kissing up and it is sickening- yet- NO- massive surprise.

That the way that has been seen they were in middle school; they thrive off one another love and hate. They can live with each other or without. Now Liv is sitting in Maddie's lap and smoking her joint. Just like Jenny is doing with Kenneth.

Marcel is looking at me from the corner of the room with puppy dog eyes.

A slow dance would not heart? So, I walked over and asked him to dance. It was nice, he was not creepy at all, and it

was sweet. He is leaning against the wall, and I am pressed upon him and out of nowhere I just kiss him like I never kissed another.

Where half dancing and I am half grinding against him, he is so in love with me I can just tell and make out. I never-ever thought that would happen. Ray is off with his little slut for the night anyway. It is time for me to have some fun too. Two can play the cheating game! It is not spitefulness fun!

Jenny cries when she sees us and stumbles off when she is on Kenneth's lap.

Jenny never cries! What is up with that?

But is she crying over me being with Marcel or him? They walk up after slow dances are over, Jenny and Ken throwing an arm around each of us like it has been years since we were together, and we all are old friends. She snatches the vodka from me and takes a sip while her arm is still wrapped around my shoulders, Jenny's face is so close to mine, I can feel her eyelashes brush against my cheek. I forgot- I was still holding it when I had my arms wrapped around Marcel's neck.

I was lost in the moment.

'Where did you go tonight, Kar?' She yells. Her voice is raspy but loud, even over the music and the wide-ranging sounds of everybody talking and laughing like idiots. 'I was looking everywhere for you.' 'I was sitting here all night,' I said, 'total bull-crap,' Ken, and Jenny says, 'we saw you coming out of his room.'

All sneaking out of his room like you just had sex. And you obtusely changed, what did he do jizz all over your dress?' 'Nothing happened- I was just looking around.' Ken- 'Yeah, we got it, you were looking up and kneeling on the ground, in his

room. Am I right? And then you end up naked together in his bed slapping hips?’

I said- ‘You’re so wrong and nauseating.’

Ken- ‘Surrel! I said- Why do you care anyway? Ken- ‘Why? Like so we can tell everyone that matters that you got some tonight!’ I said- ‘Is that all you think about?’ Ken- ‘Um- yeah purdy much, that all that matters at a party.’ I run to the bathroom, they make me sick, and I hear Ken say- ‘She’s got morning sickness already.’

Ha- ha ha’s are coming from everywhere. Ken, he is such an ass! I let poor Marcel stand there to define himself. I was so embarrassed saying I was in his room without him okaying it. I wonder what he said, we did or did not do, to them? I wonder if he figured out that I was wearing his T-shirt when I ran away? Thank you- toilet rim for being cold, it makes my head feel better, after vomiting beer and vodka.

#- Hashtag: (Hold me, thrill me, and kiss me)

Party time Part 4

I must unblock myself from this bathroom before someone thinks I am ending it. I spend thirty minutes in the bathroom, first washing my face and then reapplying makeup, even though my hands are unsteady, and my face keeps doubling up in the mirror, with my eye movements. I know at some point. My head is still fuzzy and pounding with every move or eyelid blink I make. I was trying so hard to not think yet this popped into my mind. ‘If you do not have trust, you do not have anything. And if you do not trust them, you lose them to someone that well.’

Jenny sees me down the hall and runs to my side...
Saying- 'Come on back. You are- such a baby, we did not mean anything by it.'

Jenny is such a bull-crapper and Maddie drunker and then me and with her. Liv is like a little girl on Ritalin when she has a sip too many and I am antisocial and paranoid, and someone cracks a window to let out the smoke and sex stink yet know does. They are like are you nuts, it is freezing out... that was the look on their cold-hearted faces, everyone in the room is like icebergs to me, and I felt like the Titanic was about to sneak, no mercy, no compassion. I was a- nobody among everybody.

Marcel went to his room to see what I did or did not do. I think Ray most of went out to a camper or up to one of the rooms with his little slut for the night. I could not see that boy around anywhere. Whaaattteeevvveeer, Jenny saw me scratching my neck looking for him. Jenny said- 'He'll be back to kiss your goodnight at some point.'

'Who?'

I asked Jenny- 'You know who!' I walked back to his room not sure what to expect. I see him standing next to his bed. He was planning to get naked to sleep or something. I sat down with him on top of it, we started talking- he was playing with my hair, I did not know how to make small talk. We are laughing over the fact that Jenny is such a stuck-up b*tch. We talked about Maddie and Liv having issues because of her. I even told him that Liv terminated Dilco's baby.

That is, we he said- 'Hey Karly was you and I made a baby would you do that?' I said- 'No.' I ended up laying on top of him, and we talked and talked. I said- 'You want to have a baby with me?'

Marcel- 'I don't know, I want to spend my life with you so, yeah someday or sooner, that's if you want kids... or like me like that.' I put my arms around his waist. I pulled ever so slowly toward him as he did me. The kiss was hard yet soft, it was fiery yet passionate, romantic, it was filled with a hunger for each other, the hunger I had for him oh so long ago. It was also filled with affection, he showed me he loves me with that kiss. But can I love him back, can I show it, or do I want to?

Even though we have kissed before it seemed like the first. It felt as if the entire world stilled for us. As if fireworks and explosions went off. As if all eyes were looking into each other's souls. I could see into him as he could- me... I just wonder what he saw looking in. I wonder if he really wants me, forever or if that is just a line. I wonder... even if we felt all these emotions.

Even though I feel them for him, I had to hold back, to know for sure. I just had to hold back. That is, we he drifted off... Why did he fall asleep on me? Was it because I am boring or is he just exposed? My head thumping still, I knew I was not thinking clearly, so I staggered back down the long hallway back into the dwindling party. I see one of the double-hung windows. Without anyone observing I reach my hand forward and place it on the big old sill, there is an electric candle with a night light bulb sitting in the middle. I crack the window to let out the smoke and smells out, and to get some much-needed air.

A fine stream of rain mixed with wet heavy snow is gusting in on my face, it is cold but feels so-so good, even though it is winter. Enjoying the freezing air and the sensation of a hundred little sparkly flakes.

I squeezed my eyes closed tightly and promised myself that I will never forget the moment I just had with him. Funny, I wanted to forget about all the sound, the tacky lights, and smells of my friends and their mindless hilarity that they are

tittering about. For some reason... I wanted to forget about all the heated hookups and the many bodies that were around me. What surpasses me the most about this, is that this is what I lived for and sacrificed so much to gain... to have the gathering and wanting of others that are popular, it is everything I ever wanted. Yet it seemed at that moment, I was better off before not having it. Before I became this girl... the girl that I am not... not truly on the inside.

When I open my eyes, I get the shock of my life. My little sis is standing in the doorway, staring at me. With that look holding me. She must have snuck out and followed me to this party with some of her older girlfriends, she has been messing with the wrong crew lately. I knew what happened to her tonight just by looking at her face, I knew. And if I find that boy, I will rip his sagging balls off! Then again, I was not much older than her when I went to my first party. I was horrified, she was doing what I did, back when I felt like I was dying inside. I was dead long before I wound up dead. I just wonder if she feels the same...? I wonder if I am the cause. How would let her in... and how did she get so popular already?

I swear there is not going to be a virgin in the house after tonight like come one some of these girls are young. I guess when you are a boy that's high, drink or whatever you can see. My little sis looks a lot older than she is when she wears my makeup, she could pass for about a first-year student to these boys.

My words for her were, 'Go home, take a bath and you can cry and tell me about it when I get home. But leave now. Get home before mom blames me or see that you are going!' She said- 'Mom thinks at a slumber party with Justen.' I said to her- 'Okay... (In my mind, I was thinking more about re-signing to heat on Justen.) Go home then... but go home- please, I think you have been all grown up enough for one night. I will see you

when it cracks daylight or sooner than that, but you need to sleep your buzz off.' Her mascaras-like- was running down her little face. Before she walked away sis wanted a hug. But I did not hug her back, I was too mad or upset at her.

I feel reasonable for her god knows I must; mom and dad do not get it. She likes how old... they should like to know that she is not at a slumber party, that what babies do. I will never forget her sweet little hair pulled back into a long ponytail, and it is the first time I have ever really seen her face, and that it looks so precious.

Shockingly, she is there, but it is even more shocking that she is pretty. She is pretty, sweeter, and cuter than me. Clear and white skin, pink lips. All boys' dreams! I could not stop gawking at her. Kellie has amazing big almost turquoise eyes that open wide and slight rosy cheekbones, like a model. And the best part of it all is her boobs look as big as mine. People are nudging and pushing us because she is and I am obstructing the entranceway, but we just stood there, anyways when we had that chat.

Oh, I forgot to say that a girl was peeing behind a car when looking out. It slipped my mind. It is a chilly night, those intents better have a snuggle friend to stay warm, and a good sleeping bag.

Maddie and Liv catch a glimpse of her walking by, and their mouths both drop open. 'What the... hell... is that relay Karly little sister?' Jenny and her boy turn to see what we are both staring at. I see Shy- looking to form the steps. Jenny goes ashen at first-she looks afraid, which is beyond strange, for her... because of her- the type to say you are never too young to go down and get down. She loves to see young girls fall to their knees; I call it- 'Fallen to You.' It is when you get up everything for a boy, like your dignity, pride, and justice.

When you fall in every way- to me, it is not about love... I have a tough time believing in something that I do not find too real for me or can trust... like papa said- I should. Times have changed. To me, it is trying to keep it, after the fact.

That is the color of Jenny, her skin is never that natural looking. What was the look on her face all about?

Maddie begins giggling hysterically until she doubles over and must cover her mouth with both hands. I do not know what she could find funny. Then I see Ray and Justen are love drinks doing it on the pole table, with my little sis just eyeing it all up.

She knows- Ray is my guy, and Justen is her new bestie.

'God save me if you can hear me!' I am ready to rip someone's head off and the skin that goes with it. 'I can't believe it,' she- my sis says. 'I can't believe it.' She looks back at me- like I know your heart has broken. Justen looked at her and said- 'OH MY GOD' get her out of here. She was her to dance not see this. I grabbed her by the back of her short dress and took her into the next room and spoke. 'It's okay, everything is going to be fine not damn it goes home!'

She said- 'Know it's not... Kar-ley I did a No-no!' (She still babies talk.) You are never going to forgive me. I said- 'I know you had sex, for the first time tonight.' She said- 'Yes, but...' I said- 'But... what... go on.' She starts subbing. She said- 'It was Ray that did it to me, up in the master bedroom. He said- 'That you would think it would be okay because I knew him.' 'So, I believed him.' She added- During sex I bleed a lot out of there (and the point) and it hurt so much Karly, I cried the whole time. But I felt close to him... How was it I ask? And then she dropped the shocker of a lifetime. She said- 'I am in love with your boyfriend, yet Justen just ripped him away.'

She asks me the most complex question ever coming from the mind of a ten-year-old. 'So, which of us girls do you think he loves the most? Is it me, you, or her?' I said- 'I don't know... she looks puzzled by that... just like I could not believe that I didn't say- me.'

Kellie said- I feel a little sore but other than that I am a hundred percent perfectly fine emotion Madilyn and physically, up till this point at least.' I whispered in her ear- 'Aww sis, boys will say anything to get you to do what they want. She has her head on my chest. No, I am not mad at you. I will take care of this, 'I am not mad'- I said once more. On the other hand, inside I was pissed, she had the night that I had been planning for a long time.

I whispered- 'Sis now would you go home. I looked into those big sad eyes and said the only man you can trust is daddy remember that. Said- 'Okay, I- I- will.' We got up both heartbroken, I walked her to the door, I was asking around if someone would give her a ride back into the city and get her home safely. (She left and that was the last time I ever saw her, and no- I did not hug her.)

I have been betrayed, and I do not know why or who or the cause, or what for. All I know is that someone is the mastermind of all this.

But Is Ray that malicious?

~*~

#- Hashtag: (IDK! WTF! F2F, and FC)

You know how in flicks someone says or does something wick and the record scratches and there's dead silence suddenly in a fast impulsive? That is the crap that went down for the thread time tonight. I was not sure if I should add

this in because my sis has been hurt enough, but... it is part of the story so I will. So, the music stops, that is when everyone in the room starts to notice the fact that my sis just-wet herself, and was freaking out about Justen and Ray, and all around- I hear 'Pink Pisser,' you could see it through her light almost white dress. She still wet the bed from time to time and feels guilty about it when I must wash her sheets late at night.

I gave everyone the stink eye, and the chatter started, and we went off into the other room as I said. It was getting louder and louder and more insistent until it was continuous hum until it sounded like a breeze on the beach. Yet I do not think that is going to hurt her popularity really if anything her freak out is going to get her known. And everyone is going to know that she freaked out because she is in love with Ray, and she did it with him. She walks slowly and confidently toward a car with Beth Thomas- I have never seen her look so shaken- shuffling her feet past all the campers and tents and kids around the fire.

I see Justen running after my sis half-naked. I hear my sis say to her- 'You are a b*tch, and she b*tch slapped her right across the face, which I wanted to do, but like everything tonight someone got there before me. Justen said- 'I thought you were my friend.' There was some hair pulling and then I walked up and said- 'I should be the one that's pissed, you two- like he's my boyfriend...!' And there was like a gasp from everyone like they could be I said that... Everyone was looking out the doors and windows.

I overheard Bright say in the background- 'You mean to tell me she still wants him after he did what he did to her. Disgusting what a dissension!' Kellie's voice was firm and too loud like she is deliberately addressing everyone in all the rooms and the yard. I had always imagined her voice would be high-pitched like it was always jerky in-such, but it was deep

and kick ass like a boy's. She was serious. It slipped out what I said. I was just so livid, and I do not know why- I was done with Ray, but my emotions were not. I saw Marcel coming to my aid, in his footy PJs, and he impressed me, and the chanting started to buzz, and he walked with me back into- like- his house- like- I was his girl. I was amazed. I saw sis being driven off down the lane, and she waved, but I did not even look up to see.

I remember my Pap saying- 'Don't let a boy wear the pants in your relationships.'

And I remember saying back- 'Pap it is not the 1950's anymore. Like no one wears pants in a relationship anymore or at all that matter it is a partnership.' But I did not know just how true that was. He just grunted. It takes less than half a second for Marcel to feel a little better also when inside, and then before he got it out of his mouth I said- 'We're done.' His eyes got all watery. He said- 'your sister needs to make new friends.'

I said- 'You said it.' Everyone was shocked at what all just happened.

Maddie is still giggling yet is more a nervous giggle. Liv's mouth is still hanging open trying to say something, but nothing is coming out.

Jenny is balling up her fists like she is thinking of clocking Justen in the face.

Which I can believe. I know that it is not for my defiance. And even though I am infuriated and embarrassed, the only thing I can think about was Kellie being here: I never knew that she was so beautiful. Justen gets a bloody nose, but the boys broke it up before it got to be too much. I have never seen her so angry; her eyes are going to pop out, her head was shaking. Her mouth is twisted into a snarl, like a hungry wolf. For an instant, she looks ugly. I hear Justen screams as the car is

going the long lane. ‘I’d rather be a b*tch than a slut than bangs her sister’s boyfriend off.’

Maddie runs up to her like lightning, she is grabbing her by the shirt, and spits are coming out of her mouth, she hocked a loogie in right in her eye, and some of it went into her mouth, then she walks off like Miss. Cool. Maddie is the only girl that I know spits like that.

Yet, she is an active child. Justen tries to shove Maddie backward, but it was an epic fall on her part. Justen stumbles into my arms and you know what I did? I just dropped her.

(Thump on the ground.)

Jenny starts screaming, ‘B*tch, B*tch,’ and just like a slow clap everyone joins in, everyone follows Jenny, regardless. That is when I ripped some random ass guy’s been out of his hand and overturn it onto her head.

I said- ‘That’s for my little sis.’ And then I kicked her in the ribs, (I am sure two snapped) and said- ‘B*tch that what you get for what you did to me tonight.’ Jenny said- ‘Damn girl, when did you get so tough.’ I said- ‘I’m not... it’s because I love my sis and blame Justen.’ Jenny said- ‘Is that so...’ (Thought to me- what did that mean?) ‘You should blame Ray,’ she said. I did not even realize I was screaming along with everybody else until my throat got sore. It could be sore for other reasons too... yes, that is a possibility.

-You can see McCrory's shop in the background.

(Funny I would have much rather it has been Marcel’s crammed down than Rays tonight. I can believe I just thought that.)

Liv does the unthinkable and smashes the vodka bottle over Justen's head.

Saying- 'That one way to get rid of it.' It was empty anyway. We all knew that she would stumble away from that anytime soon. She was knocked out. Before Liv did that Justen gives me a look after the beer was dump out over her head... yes know- I cannot explain it- it is silly- but it is almost looked like a pity look like she felt bad for what she did to me, like she had to do it or something, but did not want to. It was not over Maddie dropped her jeans in pissed right on her face and took a small dump on her chest- her goodies were visible to everyone, but that's Maddie she is crazy. All the breath leaves my body in a rush, as Liv shoves tampons up her nose, and we all walk away.

'Payback is a b*tch!'

I feel like I have been punched in the ovaries, and I was slogged in the stomach... by you gusset, its Ray. He still loves to get drunk, off all the humps, rumps, and lumps he had tonight. Saying- 'What the hell are you guys doing to her? She did not do anything to you.' I said- 'Don't even talk to me ass hole- you're missed up!'

He said- 'Fine, you are a baby anyway. And he walked off all pissed.' (He is the one to blame, isn't he?) I said when he was walking off- 'If she gets pregnant at ten by you not pulling out, I will kill you!' I know this because she just started her period last month, and I had to be like her mom and explain everything, like always.

My girls had my back... when he walked off. That is why he backed off. Oh yes, without thinking, I chest bumped them both as hard as I could, I felt like they saved me tonight. I am sure a fist bump would have worked but... you know.

They showed they carried for me. That is when I see Rays' phone on the windowsill, like most boys he is all laying it down... I go throw it and see an ammeter video of him taking

my sis on Marcel's mom and dad's bed, I deleted it, before everyone sees it, online and on their phones. I am sure it has been sent or is going to everyone that matters. I just hope I am not too late. And just like that, I see all the sexy texts and pics, so I drop it into a full cup of beer that someone left next to it on the sill. It is bad enough she was popped and dropped like she does not need that too, on top of it all.

Jenny is squeezing Kenneth like she is frightened or uncomfortable by all that is around her with all this drama. I see him- we lock eyes for a moment. He saw me doing it dropping the phone in. He was going out the door to aid Justen that was surely still passed out. I cannot exactly tell what he is thinking, but whatever it is, it is not good. I look away, feeling hot and uncomfortable.

Like I should have done that.

Everyone is buzzing with energy now, laughing, and talking about Kellie. She had everyone fooled with her age. But my breathing will not go back to usual, and the feeling of all that vodka and beer is burning the lining of my stomach, and more is creeping back up my throat, and I am holding it down. The room is muggy and feels airless revolving quicker and quicker. I need to lay down and fast or something. I overhear Marcel's voice coming from somewhere, I am so sick feeling to be 100% sure where from.

But he said- 'it is all going to work out.

She cares about me, and I care about her, and that is all that matters!' I was feeling 'Aa Haha cute' inside.

I try to push my way back to the sofa, but Ray gets all up in my face and blocks my way. 'What the hell was that about?' He demands me to speak. 'Get away from me, crap- can you leave alone, please?' I am not in the mood to deal with anyone,

and I am especially not in the mood to deal with Ray and his stupid explanations.

‘What did- I ever do to you?’

‘Boy- you got that crap backward- what did I ever do to you, if anything- I fall to your leave to date you.’ I had my arms crossed, tapping my foot. ‘I get it, you wanted to take a girl, and I could see that, which you did. But you should have stopped with Justen or me! Your second time was with me. I know this... your third time was with my sis, and I am pissed off about it. And your fourth was with Justen again. God, what is wrong with you! Was there more than that? You are not a virgin anymore- but she was, and you were when you did it with her. I know- I will never be your virgin girl, that you wanted.

‘Is that it... am I ever- going to be good enough- to you? I got news for you- I do not sleep around as you do.’ He scents his eyes at me.

‘Get away from me... GETAWAY’ I manage to squeeze past seeing the sofa in my sights, but he grabs my arm. ‘Why?’ he says.’ I do not need a reason you should know the- because.’

We are standing so close together I can smell my sis’s girl perfume she uses. Even though everything else is blurry, I look into his eyes and see no love. He is looking at me like he is desperate to understand why I feel the way I do. It looks like I never gave you a ring or anything, so we are free to do as we please. He was like trying her to finger out something, I was trying to read his thoughts, and it is worse, much worse than anything else he has said thus far. It is scary not knowing what a boy is thinking, and yes- I fear him at this moment. Then Justen comes up and puts her hands in his back pockets and starts grinding on his ass.

Like- I could not tell if she changed or not- I could not even see sight enough to tell, and the whole place smelled like crap anyways... so yes. Anyways that is when his anger towards me pics, like never before.

The feeling I am going to be sick is coming up again, so I take a step forward. I was terrified- and uncomfortable. I try to shake his hand off my arm, face, and boobs. He was grabbing me all over. ‘You cannot just grab people, you know. You cannot just grab me that is for damn sure.

You are not my boyfriend anymore, nor will you be again.’ ‘Oh- yeah- keep your voice up so everyone nearby can see and hear us. I know how you like to do this crap, so your eyes are on you. Ray- Keep my hands to myself, that is not what you were saying before the party. Really cute Karly- you are such a mother-fucking baby- and all the time too. He said to Justen go and I will see you upstairs... she wiggles her bubble butt off blowing Ray a kiss.

Ray makes sure she is up in a room. I see him looking up there. That is when he knocked me down on my ass with one push of his right hand and said so loud my ears started ringing. ‘I freaked your sister tonight because she is more mature than you and hotter than you will ever be. She had the tightest p*ssy, I ever had too. And with you, it is like throwing a hotdog down a hallway.’

‘Ah’- The sound I made was sharp and fast. ‘Look! - Get off!’ He said- ‘Ha- That’s what she said.’

‘Oh- and I am the one that needs to mature?’ I said- discussed. I prospered in shaking him off me, by talking too loud and too recklessly, and pulling away with my body. But more like I was lying on the floor, caring away.

(You could ask Maddie and she would say I was flopping around like a dead fish.) I know I sound frenetic, but I cannot help it, and I know that I should not. When he walked off, he said- 'I don't know what your problem is... you don't own me.' (Like in my mind before this party, I thought he owned me and was going to be my soulmate or something like that. I have been too clingy?) And there is Marcel in the background shyly obsessing over me. I would never in a million years go out with someone like Marcel.

At that moment within that thought, I looked up at Ray walking up the staircase and said the same thing. Wow- how a million years can just fly by, in a girl's mind. I would reconsider whether Marcel seems safe, easy, not my type that I have been going for, but I suppose he could be? Should I have... let him in tonight when I have the chance? I should wait... there is always tomorrow.

#- Hashtag: (Smackdown, it is going down, and feeling down)

Chapter: 9

Tomorrow is coming

Tomorrow is coming, unlike me at this moment, and like everyone else in this house. I should be riding him like he has never been ridden before. I want him to yell my name so that everyone in the house will hear. I did not win blue rabbis for noting. It is all in the legs... Yet back to reality. My mom said to me when I was twelve or so that I was over-sexed whatever that means.

My sis is the same as me... at that age, yet nothing said about her. Suddenly, I cannot breathe, with Marcel's unbreakable staring. I was not on the sofa long. He walks into the hallway back to his room, and I follow him stubbing. He

stops and I see him looking at me, and I walk up to him. Then he leans in even closer to me, than ever before so close, I can feel his breath on my cheek, his lips almost touching mine. For a second, he is going to try to kiss me and my heart stops.

(This is my chance should I take it or leave it?) Would I respect you if I did? Would I have respect from him if I did not? What to do? I promised myself that I would not just hook up with someone just because, any more than I wanted respect before and after. But he just put his mouth to mine, and our lips started touching softly, he was sucking on my lower lip and then he sucked my tongue, and I did it back, the kiss lasted like six minutes. I just wish you could have seen it... it was that good.

I was completely breathless! So, as he put his now wet lips up to my ear and said, 'I see right into you, you're not sure about me, are you?' I said how do you know that? He said I can tell... I said back- 'I can see into you too, and I know you love me, and I love that fact. It is nice to be loved. Do not feel that I do not love you, it is just that I close out everyone.'

Love is hard for me to show. You understand that... as of now, I am in-like with you, but the love will come if you keep being so sweet to me.' I started to kiss him again! It was great! The best kiss I have ever had in my life. My heart is pounding in my chest so hard I think it will explode. Yet I need to think with my head and not my heart, it has hurt me too many times in the past. He turns to look at me.

So, ten minutes have passed or so, and I get a tap on the arm. So, I do a - girlie-like spin around, wishing I had not borrowed a pair of Maddie's ruby slippers. Something twisted a little wrong, the room spins with me, and I must steady myself against the handrail of the staircase. It was Liv poking me saying- 'I am not touching you!' she said so this is where you

sneaked off to. I was beginning to wonder if you went off with someone for the night. Marcel said, 'Your boyfriend's upstairs.'

Liv said- 'Yeah she knows- that he is putting his winner in many girls tonight.' I give her that look like go be somewhere... she got it and said- 'I leave you too to get at it.' I gave her a side hug before she walked back into the main space. Then I said to Marcel- 'I do not even care now that I am with you. You know he took my sis virginity tonight the creep.'

'He said- Wha-Oo, I would never do anything like that to hurt you!' 'I replied yes you mean that.' He whispered- 'I do.' I asked- 'What do you think about that?' He alleged- 'I do not think it is right, and I do not think he treats you right. He is shallow and unsympathetic, and just pathetic. Like she is just a little girl.' (He is holding me.) I said- 'Yeah and they both are underage, so he is not going to get into trouble for it. All he must do is say she consented.

And no one will believe her if she says otherwise.' 'That horrible...' 'I no!'

~*~

I may be out of my mind tonight, but Marcel is looking perfect, to me superhuman, in his awkwardly sexy body, that's not perfect, yet molds perfectly to me, so it is perfect. I will never forget the first time I saw you; I fell in love with you, and I remember him saying to me, not believing it.

He is not fat, but not lean, he is muscular, but not overly buff. I am falling to those lovesick eyes, so dreamy. Like a liquid shin, and above suspicion. Tick messy hair, which I want to pull, and play with, and run my manicured fingers though. He has chiseled faces, a strong jawline, which I never really took the time to look at. His skin is soft, some scruff can be felt when cheek to cheek. He is here, dark, yet bronze under the twinkling

lights. Soft white, warm skin radiating heat. Cute smile with straight white teeth dazzling indirect smile.

(Which do I love)

Perfect size lips soft and delicious. Long lashes, which rub against my face. He must be tall; I must be on my tippy toes to kiss. The only thing that is out of place is his fashion style. I would just imagine everything else is simply perfect. I do not get it, but when I am holding his hand, my heart is racing.

Then I thought to myself- Marcel... or him or her? 'Am I Falling Too,' you are a way that I have never fallen before? Is this me feeling genuine love? You know with the one I am falling for.

#- Hashtag: (up Cucking, panting, and alluring)

I see Justen looking down at me from the walkway overhead, I just gave her the finger over my shoulder without even turning around to see if he is watching me. Like I was too into feeling him all up on me. It is like a psychological instinct that comes from when little girls are born, they want to be held, it makes me, and most girls feel so safe and loved. The only other man that has held me like this is my daddy. Yet daddy is not this romantic. Even before I went down the hallway, and said something about Ray, Marcel already knew it was true, he knew. Like he already believed- that- I was falling to him. I had to think about what Jenny said. About how we would make a great couple. I know it: tonight, is not the night.

(Haunting whisper)

There is always tomorrow... to find out if I want to have sex or date him or whatever.

I will have to see how it goes. You know I cannot trust anyone. Even if he is one of those nice type boys. I must feel that it is right.

The mixture of displeasure and relief is so overpowering in my mind. I knew that I would pick to have that pleasure if he kept being so passionate and felt right. I look down the tunneling hallway my eyes feel like kaleidoscopes, yet I can figure there are kids with sparklers and the firecrackers the sounds are going off within all the colors I see. He must hold me with my back against the walls or I am sure I would fall, I see Justen feeling the left of a rail of the stairs, walking over the entryway into their room feather down that hallway, up above me, me like they are going to slip away any second, and share the rest of the night cuddling in bed. Is tonight the night I follow him to his room and crawl in with him, or is not tonight the night, hold back until tomorrow? That kept running through my head.

Tonight, or tomorrow? Tomorrow I will wake up and be the same, regardless of if I am in his bed or not. This earth will look the same, and everything will feel, taste, and smell the same. What am I rushing it for, is he going to love me the same if not more is, I hold out? Maybe play that three-date rule.

My throat gets taut, just thinking about what we could be doing right now, also I must think about what Ray and Justen are doing, and my eyes start to tingle in ire, and all I can think at that moment is that it is all Ray's fault, that my sis has gone home broken-hearted.

Yet I do not want her spending the night here anyway, with him of all boys. It is funny how you can go from love to hate in seconds. Half an hour later the party starts to wind down.

Inside, everyone is about to pass out, at this point, I need to find a place to crash too. Then I thought, should I, or shouldn't I? My sis is one of those shy ones around cute boys, and those are the ones you must worry about because they are freaks between the sheets. I can see that somebody pulled the drooping icicle lights bizarrely there getting crouched on by the others passing by.

They are getting tangled up in my feet, as I move. There twanging and shorting out from the broken blabs, in sparks lighting up the grime corners, like cups and broken beer bottles. You must be careful, like I see a lot of girls with flip-flops on or barefoot running around, not a clever idea.

I am feeling better now until I move away from the walls, but I am starting to feel more like the girl I should be around all my friends. 'There's always tomorrow,' Jenny walked up to me and said before going up to her bed when I told her about Ray, yet she seemed not suppressed and I ran the phrase over and over in my head like a chant: There is always tomorrow. There is always tomorrow. So that is what I went with thinking... I am going to be with him tomorrow night. I see myself in the ornate hall mirror in the makeup that I replayed, thinking- 'God Marcel loves this face.' Every time I put on makeup it reminds me of my mom, I used to watch me bowed over her vanity, getting ready for dates with my father-daughter dates-and it calms me down. Until I thought about how that would stop, and my sis got to go because I was always going out with my friend because it not- cool- to spend time with daddy. Thinking- There is always tomorrow, to be with daddy.

Now- I see my sis bent over my vanity in my room doing that. Sometimes like I want the old days back, I could see that face, which I used to have in that glass as a flashback. Now all I see are lines running down my face, like lines of crack that I can see on the glass on the coffee table with the razor blade.

Shoving a straw up my nose is not my thing either, yet Maddie and Liv enjoy it.

It is the time of the night I like best when most people are asleep and it feels like the world waters are belongs lifted off my shoulders, as though nothing is in my way of having the time that I want, everywhere is darkness and quiet, soothing I like the dark, it is where I see the bright points of my day. I may sleep with Marcel tonight, with everything on that is... or on the floor, I do not know yet. The groups seem not to matter anymore. Everyone is open to anything.

Hell- I may just get on top in the nude, I am sure he would love that... however, I do not know yet. It is not like I know him all that well, it may be a little creepy to creep into his room and do that, or maybe not.

Jenny is always talking in preppy girly code. Like 'Totes ma goats, boat, and fur coats- 'I am just standing there... like in the replay- 'Mary Had a Little Lamb.' Uhm? That crap gets annoying! She is like a Yorkie dog barking in my ears, I am surprised at how hipper she is she does not piss herself. I swear she bounces when she bones and talks like she can do both miles a minute.

Maddie is leaving with Liv, they are going to sleep together tonight, and you know to do a little girl on a girl too, hey good for them. They are so stinking cute together. Maddie and Liv like they just belong together take their last names Hansom and Jobs and combine them you get Hand-jobs, any everyone loves girls that give good hand-jobs. The crowd is thinning as people take off, a lot of them are driving home which is not the best thing to do with all the pain in the ass cope creeping around in the city. Looking for a teen to slam around.

But it is still hard to move around in here or so it seems to me. Jenny keeps calling out, 'move it, excuse me, get lost,

girly emergency!' All of us girls have been there, and it is not fun. Knowing her as I do, she forgets to put a tampon back in, she freaked up drunk and high.

Nevertheless, nothing clears a room faster than referencing a girly emergency. It is like people think decrease, more the boys than the girls. Jenny and us girls found that out in seventh grade when we went on a field trip to Kenwood Park, and I got mine after going on the phantom. You do not know if you can run, but you can walk. FUN! Ah- the thrills of being a woman, yet I was always spotty.

Sometimes, I feel just like standing on a hill holding a dreamcatcher, wanting the perfect dream, however, the only thing I seem to have been nightmares, something I wish I knew what dream I wanted to be in because it is sure not my own.

On our way to Marcel's room, I see two couples hooking up one in corners, and the other is a girl pressed against the stairwell- going hot- and heaven- with some sophomore boy. Behind closed doors, we hear the soft sounds of people giggling, gagging, crying, and snoring. Maddie knocks her fist against each door and yells out, 'I don't need any condoms and she points to Liv lady- business, each time, saying but you all do, you can have mine.' She put them on the hall table. Maddie- 'We're heading off to bed to do the bump and grind.' Then- Liv said to everyone in the rooms- 'Yes I am going to suck and bite Maddie's forbidden fruit tonight.' The ones that were awake all cheered them on.

(All Right!)

Jenny turns around and whispers something to Maddie, and Liv and that really shuts them up, and they both look at me shamefacedly. 'What's that all about?' I want them to know that I do not care what they do. Or is it something else? What's Jenny keeping from me?

Really- I do not care- but in a way, I want to know. I do not care about Ray or missing my scheduled lovemaking event of the night. Really- I am too drowsy to run all that passed my clouded brain. Too lethargic to talk it out with them now, I thought I would ask, or know all about it tomorrow. That is when I see Marcel sneaking out of his room, oh boy- with a bathrobe open in the front, I see him drop it as he is getting in the foaming water of his off-limits Hot tub on his veranda.

That was my chance, I thought. I pass many doors going down to his room, I see many first-year students, girls, with their heads in their hands and crying at the edge of a bed, after the fact of doing. I see more d*icks than I want too also. I see a girl taking a cold shower outside in this cold, talking to herself. Anyways- You know it, I got naked so fast in his room, and rain, as well as I, could and cannonballed in with him. He was suppressed, and he laid into me with the bubbles massaging us. I had my legs wrapped around his bully.

All we did was make out, truly. I wanted more, yet this time he was holding back, it was sweet. Yet there was something I was feeling about my bully, that said he wanted me.

And then I thought I must play hard to get it.

Make him work for it. Nevertheless, there was some rubbing going on, I will say. Where and when- I let you run that in your mind. I love to get my back and butt rubbed by his hands and every space in-between.

I said to Marcel so- 'What's wrong with her over there taking the cold shower talking nutty?' I say, wondering if she is going to be all right. He said- Oh Kristy she got dumped and cheated on the night, they were in the pool house doing it and she saw it, and that ended it.

Tony was her boyfriend of four years and left her for a first-year boy. Tony said she turned him gay, is so freaked up in the head. I said- ‘Wow harsh.’ ‘No kidding, oh and now she is not sure if she needs to get tested.’ Marcel said.

‘OMG,’ is all I said back. When her crying got so freaking loud that you could hear it over the bubbles. She clasped and was just let there to croak... I would say, no one cared about her. And of course, like always I cannot get the dead done, no-how. There is always someone with their eyes on me. Ray grabs onto my elbow. He pulls me out, legs like splitting on the wood decking, I am like- ass naked. He rips me up from my wrist to my feet.

He is looking at my vagina. and little boobies on the front. That is where his eyes were locked. Saying- ‘I can believe you did this with him. You cheated on me for this d*ick!’ Justen is still hanging around his neck. She seems a little more- sober and running at the mouth. but her pupils are enormous, poking out at me like my nipples are picking out at her, and her eyes so bloodshot, she looks- like- she eats a brick of crystal meth. I’s- eyes are red from being under the water, so are Marcells.

You can believe it and shy and the other wannabe girl saw us together. And had to end it. I am naked, and Ray will not let me go, and Marcel is too cautious to get out of the tub as I want him to. Though I could see why.

He said- ‘Karly let go I have a job appointment in the morning.’ ‘On Sunday, I said.’ ‘Yah!’ He is dragging me by one arm over the wood, the splinter is- going up my butt whole- I swear- to flipping GOD. My legs are getting cut up by nail heads sticking up. I said-

‘I am not leaving with you; it is not going to happen. My hands slipping off random objects passing by, as he is pulling me into the house, to get his way. ‘I am not your wife; you cannot

act like I am.' He said- 'Stop it! With a kick to my side.' Marcel just looked from a distance, as Ray made me do what he wanted on Marcel's bed just like before. I have a tough time just lying there, but what choice do I have?

Ray said- 'I have you, now and always. The way I want you, anytime anyplace you are mine- you are mine. Regardless of whether I marry you or not. I owe you! Don't you forget it?' 'You don't own me?' I spoke. 'Yes- yes I do!' Ray said, finishing off with a grunt. All the same, I knew Marcel was not the guy for me either when he did not come and save me from this horror of getting beaten and used. Yet I get it...

I was not his girlfriend. But again, I was heartbroken all over again. Ray was getting off me, and then I said, pressing my luck; 'What do you mean you own me?' He said- 'You'll see.' In an almost evil way. Ray is only like this when he is drunk. I should forgive him for knowing that.

Marcel finally comes to my aid, Ray was heading to the door, and Ray looks back at him, saying- 'You'll be better off, d*ick-weed staying away from her, or I will kick your ass up to your face.' Justen is standing over my shoulders shaking up and down like she is convulsing, and just like that she grabs me, and hugs me so tight. Saying- 'It's going to be okay.' I could have died. I am not the only one that is petrified. 'They're all gangbang!' she said. She was crying on my shoulder.

Currently Jenny takes her cup and sets it on a side table, in bedroom three, on top of Liv's worn copy of Nevaeh. Why she has it I do not know. Before going to bed she pockets Marcel's grandmother's two-carat wedding ring too. Why I do not know, it is not like she is going to elope anytime soon or settle for one man. She most likes going to hock it.

(Hell- that ring may have been mine.) She always steals something from parties. She calls them her mementos. And that

is a big word for her- but yes... I swear she would take a potty brush if she could get something for it. She has even taken a thing from my room, like my blue ribbons, undies, and knickknacks.

At this time Ken is stretched out on a couch downstairs, and not with Jenny. But he manages to grab the hand of some first-year girl to lie on top of him. They sleep together, I do not know who she is and neither does he, and names do not matter at this point.

I start to walk out of Marcel's room 'Where're you going love?' Marcel says. His eyes are distracted by the door, like looking to see if he comes back, and the ones walking by, his voice is gruff. 'Who-o, you love me?' 'I know I do- I always did; you just did want me too.' I was creeped out more than ever. 'You know a thing about me, yet you love me?'

'Yes, I want you to have my baby's too, and I want to spend my days with you.' I was so freaked out at this point. This just is not normal... yet Marcel was never normal. But this is going beyond weird even for him. 'Okay lover boy, let me go.'

'So, I can get something on.' 'Not before a kiss and a selfie.' I said- 'Oh okay,' even though we were both stark-naked, with the lights soft in the room.

(What could it hurt, I thought.) I shove him off playfully. I said- 'This is your fault, too, you need to grow some balls boy, and stand up for me, if you want me to be all this, you want me to be. Be a man, not a boy like Ray!'

'I have balls!' I said rolling my eyes and batting my lashes- 'It's a figure of speech, silly.' 'We were supposed to...' His voice trails off and he wobbles his head, confused, then narrows his eyes at me. 'Are you falling in with me?' He asked. I said- I am not going to say it just to say it, I said I like you very

much, you have a lot to offer even if you are silly, but love takes time for me. I may get there but, I must feel it.

'Yes, now.' He looked at me sadden. Then I said- 'You're doing okay.' Even if he was not completely like I am just not that mean. I kissed him- 'Don't stop,' he said. I was winding back to being on the bus with him in my head. Thinking OH MY GOD, this is love, I have had it all along, and did not see it back then. Did I keep love away... am I running away from it? Am I going to run from it again?

Just like my mind reminded back in the past few weeks ago, back to the moment when Ray leaned over, rested his head on my shoulder, saying I want to spend my life with you. What happened? That he and I wanted to sleep next to me, every night, and kiss me every morning. Like how can you change that much in a week or so?

Yes, go back to that soft moment, in his dark living room with nothing on under the blanket, the television flickering the sound faint mostly just hearing his breathing and my parents sleeping in the next room over, going back to the moment, I opened my mouth and heard my wipers to that daydream. Yet I said it to Marcel without thinking- 'I do- feel the way.' Currently, I am lying on his bed, so sleepy. I did not even ask, I just crashed. 'You are sleeping,' Marcel nudges me. 'You love me. Exist or not existent?'

I tell him, 'Exist.' Nodding off.

#- Hashtag: (Not enough Bubbles, Naptime, and two boys' one bed.)

Chapter: 10

Dawn arising

I am a girl-I I change my hair color as I do with undies, boys, and my mind about loving only girls.

'Our existence is drawn-out by chances, even the ones that are missed out on.' Sleeping with me is a lot like the first step of dying. Running down a dream, looking for an answer that may never come. Yet when it comes, will you want to go or run the other way? It is just like you never- ever fail to recall the appearance of the soul who was your last and hopes to save you from yourself. Your future life is shown to throw your dreams; however, I could see much of anything, and that was odd for me.

The only thing that was shown in this dream was my hand slipping away for someone else's in the scary blackness. I was falling, and you were falling to me. Yet they are never together even in the dream. I am sure he is holding me, yet I was never sure.

Something a guess is best left unknown. Or I fainted in his arms, and he put me to bed, I do not know.

I swear that I am going to have a sex consent document made, so I know when were, and how. I am sick of boys that freaking hard. I want to know I am making love. I am sick of serenading everything to anyone that says they own me. Yet again I am on the pill, so I do not have anything to worry about. The whole time Bela Lucas, one of Ray Hobro's girl's best friends, is standing in the corner laughing at me, and Ray stumbles over to her and kisses her like they have been hooking up for months.

Marcel loves to call me Miss. Barns, that is so weird, he was doing that all night. He wants me to become Miss. Vogel in the worst way even slips and calls me that tonight, along with that I can see it in his loving stricken eyes, he wants me. And he wants me more than to just bend me over as Ray does, he

wants my whole entirely. Marcel would own me, on paper only by me took his name, yet I would have the freedom to do as I please. It is worth thinking about. I know that I would not have a life with Ray, it would be nothing but bondage, pain, and crying myself to sleep at night alone in my bedroom. I do not want that.

#- Hashtag: (Smack in the face, bedtime, and call me Miss Barns)

~*~

Note to self: 'Just because a boy is hot or cool, does not mean he is going to be the one. Just because a boy is weird or odd, does not mean he cannot be the one.'

I was out with the note to self-playing in my head, and then I awoke slightly when I overheard a battle. Marcel became my everything at that moment.

That is when crazy-eyed Ray walked back into the room about ten minutes after I passed out, and Marcel defended me, just the way I always wanted, my man too- do. 'Are you cheating with my girlfriend, Vogel?' 'Not cheating takes your place ass hole.' 'Is that so?' said Ray. Marcel- 'Yes- that is so- so go freak yourself and get out of here you're drunk!'

Ray said- 'She won't be yours for long, she'll be nothing but your hunting recollection.' Ray pulled out his belt and was going to hit us with it.

He did not though... He said- 'She is not worth it. I already got what I wanted, when I did this to your little sister, oh how she screamed when I had her typed down and wiped her ass nine times, and rammed it in. Revenge is on its way, with you in another way. You see these skies blue petite underwear their heirs. (He is trolling them around his index

finger by the stings.) I used them to tie her hands together.' He threw the undies on my face and said- 'inhale that!' The door slammed shut. I drifted off once more, I could stay awake.

I only liked having one eye open during the whole thing. I heard Marcel getting up and locking the door. Getting back in with me and cuddling up. I knew that I was safe in his embrace.

If you ask others what went down in that room, you will hear many differing takes of the event. Some will say that Marcel jumped on the back of Ray and ripped his slicks off, as he was clawing at the door. Some will say that Ray's head budded Marcel and that is how he falls into bed with me. The first-year girls will say, Marcel and Ray were wrestling; they do not know any better. Others in the living room will say they heard a little scuffling around the room, or things being knocked to the floor. Some might add that they heard sounds like the headboard hitting the wall.

With two gay men going at it- roaring. Some knew that I was in the room, though it was a threesome.

Oh, boy how gossip gets going... and the fun fact of it all is that I did not do anything. I am telling the truth or God strikes me dead. Either way, Ray ends up getting Marcel down on his knees. And then they are both on the floor. Come to think of it, Ray always gets yes on your knees. From what I heard girls were yelping, looking in the doorway, at what they saw.

Someone cries out, 'Where is a condom!' I was told that Mark Formare said- 'You don't want crap on your d*ick.' Yet I do not think that is true. Like whoa what did happen...? I am butt crazy infatuated with Marcel; I just hope Ray is not too.

~*~

I am all the way asleep when I feel a little squeezes' from behind. I knew he was there. I could feel, just like I could feel his arms rubbing mine. Soothing me off to La La Land. If anything happened, I was not awake to know, yet I do not think he likes that. Even so, I would not mind if he would- is that weird? I would love to be rolled over on my belly, feeling him go for that tight squeeze position on top of my backside, yes feeling it all as I dream about us. Is that strange? Yeah, I know, I am messed up!

There comes a point where you are both out, but as a girl, you wake up because you must go pee at night like three am or so. I look at the time and think I must get a move on. 'I can't just leave him,' I say, though a part of me wants to. It is not normal for me to wake up with a man the day after, I normally split. 'He will be fine.'

'I am looking back lustng.' I was pondering what I should do. Say or go? I must go. I hopped in his bathtub and washed up, so when I got home mom would not freak at how I looked. Let us not forget she thinks I was at a sleepover with my girlfriend's, doing homework, painting our nails, and girly stuff like that.

I had my toilettes in my bag, so I brushed my teeth and hair. I keep the T-shirt and put it back on with my jeans and other things. I walked past his bed hair still damp, I blew him a kiss and said- 'See you at school Monday.' He was snoring a little. I know he did not even know I was gone, or I said that. I unlocked the door, locking it back up as I walked out, knowing if I shut it, I was not getting back in. I closed his bedroom door softly, then I walked down the hall, and everything was dead still. I was scared crapless; it was pitch black. I did not know who would jump out at me. But I must go, it was time, and I knew that I was going to leave with the girls to be home before five am. To make it look like I was home long before that time. And

with Jenny it takes a lot of time for her to get her crap together in the morning, that is why she is always speeding in her car.

~*~

Sunday's mom and dad like to drag me out for crappy eggs and toast, with my sis at the Rusty Anchor it is like a café opens at seven am. Down in the lobby of our apparent building. They say it is the only family time we all get to have all together. It is so-o painful to sit through. The meal is free for us kids, that is why we were there, I have been saying I am younger than I am on the same server for years now. I have to say I am only twelve and wear a paper hat with a baby bib of the cartoon logo with the caption Wet Willie on it. Like, get real!

Yet my sis never minds this embarrassment. My dad makes nautical jocks and says R- thought the meal. R- You having fun? R- You winches going to walk the plank? He picks me and my sis in the arm with his egg cover fork saying- Scallywags! I love my dad, yet I just want to say fork you, and leave! My mom never looks up, yet I know she is just trying to make it through the meal too. My sis is giggling, and I just roll my eyes, sucking on the straw of my peewee juice box.

~*~

I know if I run into Ray he is going to be so pissed still. Yet I must walk past all these doors and go up the steps to find my girls. I see Jenny as a spread eagle on the bed more than I wanted to see. She must have gotten into a fight with the covers because they were all on the floor, like her clothing. I woke her up saying- 'Hey- hey- we need to get going soon.' 'Already?' She is groggy- yet

Jenny knows I am thinking about ditching Ray and leaving him here at the after-party.

She knows me and how I am. Like I planned to go with him last night, as you know, that did not happen. She said- 'So you're coming with us?'

I said- 'Without a drought!' She grumbled- 'Okay.' You and Marcel did not hit it off? Jenny asked. I said- 'Yes, you were right about him... but my mom, she will kill me if I am not home to have our family time. You know how she is...' Jenny- Yeah I know she's a b*tch! Jenny is not on her feet; she gives me a quick side hug. 'Remember what I said.' I said- I'm not going to remember anything until you cover up your junk.'

'Oh- sorry.' She spoke. She starts singing 'High Highs' by Open Season, as she gets decent, as I walk back out into the hallway, I wonder if Ray is looking at me. I hear: 'Get on your knees in the fire, you can leave it, all in your mind, it is all in your mind.' For a moment, my stomach tightens on the inside, thinking they are all going to be making fun of me at school Monday at lunch, but it is a coincidence... what happened.

Jenny did not know me when I was little, yet I knew that she was on course, until it was no longer cool for her to be. She is an amazing singer. I was in the band but even back then she would not even have spoken to me then. Come to think about it, she was more- nerdy than I was, back then she even wore thick eyeglasses, that were taped for being broken in co-ed gym class.

I remember the day little Ken Kicked a ball in her face, just to make her cry. She has no way of knowing that I can sing too and play music. When I was a little girl, I wanted to become a pop singer, I used to lock myself in my room with the sing-along with late 1990's soundtracks, using my hairbrush like a mic and belting out lyrics Like- 'Hit me, baby, one more time.' at the top of my lungs until my mom and dad would say stop or

you will be kicked out and must live in a box on the block, stop or you are grounded.

Sometimes the apartment next door would compline. The old lady down stars would hit her ceiling with a broom handle. God- I was such a little Britney, I had the look too- sort of. Those are the songs I played over and over no wonder my friends and I grew up all messed up.

~*~

'Suckish party, huh?' Maddie says, coming up on the other side of me, from down the hallway. I know that she is pissed that Dilco showed up and wanted to be with Liv. She said- 'I am glad she said it worked out, yet I depressed that Liv will not be having that baby. I do not know if I could see us as mothers.' I looked at her like you got to be kidding me. The sound of the sleet is thunderous betting down on the roof. It is coming down so hard that it startles me, knowing that the roads will be a sheet of black ice. Maddie said to me while Jenny was doing her thing.

'I am supposed to me Liv down on the porch, she is sitting on the swing. So, come down with me Karly,' she said. For a twenty-minute or so, we all swing together under the porch attics, looking at it dumps down on all the kids sleeping the mud intents a- campers, waiting on Jenny.

Mud is even spraying upon, with the ice rain, and that is all I need.

I want to stay clean, so I do not have to change to go-to breakfast when I take these clothes off to crawl into bed. We were all making little puffy clouds with our breath, contemplating hugging ourselves from one of those oak trees, like it would be far less painful than sitting here with our ass cheek freezing. Yet this is where Jenny said- to meet up with

her. Water is falling in steady streams from the eaves and over the gutters.

Jenny only said she would be a couple of minutes. We should know by now that it is a big lie. Mandy Jan Smith got a Bebe gun and is firing rounds into her ex Sang Yung Dong's car, even though she has a restraining order. His parents own Chinatown Inn Chinese restaurant, downtown. Yet he acts like he is going to be a big-time rapper someday- Nope... not going to happen.

Yet with Mandy Jan and some girls like her, they do not know when to give up. You should see that cars, like the headlights, are shamed along with the side glass. Maddie was saying that she heard it from a friend that heard it from a friend, that she threw an empty beer bottle at his face last night. Yicks- I know Mandy Jan, she seems corky but friendly. She sits next to me in math class sometimes. The gunshot makes an ear-splitting crack every time and makes us all jump.

Young girls are running around topless, or nude still it is complete anarchy.

The craziness never stops till the police officers come. And out this far they are not coming. There are no neighbors to call the police officers for miles. Children are chuckling and shouting and running in the rain dancing around like fools, some are running and sliding, like a very muddy slip and slide in the yard, some of the boys are all shalong and the ball's out. It is gross when you are hungover and freezing.

The chilly rain is coming down fast and hard. Everything appears as though it is being wished into everything else, like looking in the door of a washer at the laundromat. The grass is tossed up, immense murky pits of mud are exposed, and girls are fighting in the pits. It is so disgusting. Like they are scraping all over one another.

This party has gone too far. Marcel wants everyone out at nine a.m. Yet I do not think that is going to happen. Like how is he going to explain this or clean it up in time? His mom and dad are going to freak out when they see this place! I would stay and help, but I must be home soon. No one is going to help him clean up this disarray.

Yet, the price to be cool in high school. Headlights are flashing on the bodies, by the cars that are mudding or leaving. Looking around all you can see are peculiar-looking woods and the driveway that snakes through being washed out by sheets of water. 'I think I would be warmer if I were dead,' I said joking around. (Amusing not thinking that was a true statement.) At about the same time, we hear little Hanna O'Conner vomiting behind us. What a wonderful way to start the day.

Jenny sprints out the door, looking sexier than ever, the storm door bangs and rattles on the hinges 'Run you guys!' Jenny yells as she passes up like lumps of crap. I feel Liv tugging on me, saying come on. She is not going to wait up. I grab Maddie's hand, and she is already holding Liv's, and then we are running all hand and hand, blaring profanity, and giggling in the chilly shower blinding us gushing down our hair, tops, and bottoms.

The mud in Maddie and Liv's flip-flops is just oozing and gushing in their shoes between their toes; their cute toenail polish is toast. My landed ruby slippers feel squishy, and one gets stuck, and I must lean on Maddie on one foot to get it out of the mud. As Liv is pulling my arm.

The icy rain is so firm it is like everything is shiny liquefying everything away, yet the trees all look heavy as they are solidifying. By the time we get to Jenny's Ford Focus, at this time I certainly do not care about the terrible way the get-togethers turned out because we are chuckling uproariously,

nevertheless saturated from head to toe and trembling, roused up from the unsympathetic and bitter downpour, yet amused at each other's appearance.

#- Hashtag: (Powder your nose and let us go, three girls one swing, and saying goodbye.)

Jenny yells from the driver's seat- 'Ugh I am so wet!' Liv said to Maddie nagging her arm with hers- 'Yeah we no, you're always that way.' The inside joke is so much fun when Jenny is clueless. All the same Jenney's crying boo-hoo tears about her and our wet butt making marks on her fuzzy pink and zebra cloth seat covers, and all the mud on the floor carpet, she does not want us messing up her Walmart replacement mats either. Yet if you look at the flip-flop air freshener hanging from the rear-view marrow for too long, she starts giving you this long story of how her first time gives her that to remember him by it was in his car.

It does not even smell good anymore... yes, it is that old. I saw a bolt of lightning cracks and it looked like it was right next to the SUV, Maddie said- 'You are not going to have to worry so much about the mud, but more about me making pee stands on your set. I am still not wearing undies. Liv giggled, saying the same here, they started touching each other inappropriately. I am thinking to myself sluts! I see looking over my shoulder a little squeeze here and a little grab there. That is why I take a shotgun, so they can roll around in the back seat, and play around.

Liv is begging Jenny to go to Bob Evans Farmer's Choice Breakfast, and complaining that I always get a shotgun, even though she wants to be next to Maddie. Maddie is shouting for Jenny to turn up the heat, so it reaches the back.

Yet, Jenny said- 'No- cool it.' I must defog the windows first, so I can at least see some. Even so, this car is so old I am

not sure if I can get it warm enough for you.' Liv is being overdramatic, and intimidating says- Oh my flipping God Jenny, I am going to die from pneumonia.' I was thinking about it... but did not say anything, I knew it would not do any good. I entertained myself drawing on the steamy window with my finger.

I do not know why... but every time we girls start chatting as it starts with food, then all types of sex and way of having it with children, that leads into death, and how as well as when. That is how we get underway with chit-chatting about it: disappearing, you know dying in all.

Jenny is right, is that the only thing in life that is worth talking about? like what do you do when you are too old to bang hard, vomit on heaven's gates to forget how sucky life is, or wait slowly to die sober? I assumed that Jenny was all right to drive, she seemed all good and such, even though she drank as much as three all combined. She is different about the need to speed.

I look at the dash and see the needle pointing at seventy-five... like that would be okay with me if we would be on the highway yet were not. My teeth are chattering in my head. My kidneys ratted, and my little boobs gigging, a witch that is amazing. I have not been this bounced around since I was on my exquisite mare- Wonder. Anyways, I notice she is going faster than I think she should for this long, confined, and twisting driveway, that is not paved.

The trees look like haunted bare frameworks with demonic hands branches lathed with dripping Ice trying to rip throw the glass. You could hear their unnatural cries moaning in the wind, even though all the windows of the SUV were slug it conjectured its way through the gaps. I have my iPod in my lap

with one earbud in my ear, on the scuffle, a song was about only half through when I heard:

‘The road to hell is paved with good intentions, or so they say, and some believe. That is a no-good deed. Goes unpunished in the end or so it seems.’ That is too creepy! I was panicky, however hiding my worried feelings, as the song ended, and the battery just died unexpected.

#- Hashtag: (Ice cave pathway, spooky wind, and the road to hell?)

Chapter: 11

Burring, heated urges, with the chill of death

‘I partake in this philosophy of passing away,’ I am proverb as Jenny spins out on 79 and the tires screech spinning dramatically on the slick ghostly road. The green on the gray clock on the dashboard is shining: 6:16. ‘I have this theory that before you die you see your high points and you are low like a slideshow of both.

What do you all think? I got an- ‘Um- maybe?’ From Liv and Maddie, slightly taking part in my question, and a shoulder shrug from Jenny, she said- ‘When where we are dead, we are dead. I do not think you see anything or go anywhere other than in the ground or someone’s old vase on their mantle.

‘How do you know?’

Then Jenny said something smart. How would you? It is not like someone has come back to life to tell us. And if they do, can you believe it?

(Nevertheless, she was not around when I was ten almost died, getting bucked from my horse and hitting my head on a rock. Or when daddy was bathing me and my sis back in

the day and he was sidetracked, and I went under for too long. Or when I was put under to have my umbilical hernia repaired at five. I have this half Innie button, that I am unsure about. Either way, right now I have it covered up with my dangly butterfly ring. I saw something unexplainable at those times. Even so, I just let Jenny have the floor. Right or wrong Jenny always wins.)

~*~

Yet, the question was still there of what the highlights were- of your- life, or the lowlights. So, I asked- 'What's the top and the bottom things you've accomplished?' Jenny said- 'A lowlight was when I fell asleep laying out in the sun and got so red that I could even move, for like a week when I was fourteen.

Maddie and Liv's were the same. Saying- 'It was when we came out to our parents.' Jenny slams on the brakes, mouth hanging open saying- 'Whoa you're gay for each other?' I said- 'Thank you captain obvious!' Maddie said to Jenny- 'You're so slow you should be in the speed class!' Liv giggled, rubbing her hand softly on the inner part of Maddie's upper leg!

Jenny- 'Shut up b*tches!'

Maddie and Liv- 'No!' They say in unison, with the same vice pitch.

Jenny- 'Lezbos.'

Maddie- 'Jenna Talya!'

(Jenna is her birth-given name, yet we must call her Jenny for... well, you get it. Even Jenny is not perfect. Like where her parents stoned when they named her? That is going to be so-o embarrassing for her at graduation!)

Jenny- 'I told you never to call me that!'

Liv- 'Okay- Ice princess.'

Then Maddie said- 'No babe more like-
'Icer!'

'What's that mean?' Said Jenny. 'Look it up, Jenny... that is if you can read.' Said Liv.

Me- 'Stop it you all God, get back to my question!' Jenny looks at me like she could rip my tongue out, for speaking. All at the same time she is hugging the middle of the road while driving. And I want to yell about that too, but I do not.

'Richard, baby Rich,' Jenny says and takes one hand off the wheel and jerks her fist up and down in the air while doing some hip thrusts at the same time. (Jenny knows how to work those hips. I look out of the corner of my eye.) The First time I hooked up with him was in eighth grade, um- that boy gives me my first rolling eye into the back of my head orgasm, which made me shake all over, as I was holding tightly sinking my fingernails into his ripped senior body!' (Jenny starts doing the 3-fingered point shot on herself while drawing and talking about him. I try so hard not to look at her. Do not look... I think to myself, yet I do... I could not help myself.

(I am thinking God- I am likely to get 2 in mine, and that is pushing it. Then again, I am not a complete suite.) Liv said- 'Mine was with you, Maddie.'

Maddie- 'Same!' She said back straight away.' Yet in her vice, there was uncertainty, as Jenny was about to blow. (Yet she yells at us about the sets, yet for her it is okay.) Like really, I thought Liv would have said Dilco, or some random boy's name. Like how can a girl give you more than a boy, when a girl does

not have what another girl needs, to keep life, love going? I have tried it, yet I always come back to the boys.

It is because I want a family someday... and babies, and well a hard d*ick, lol. I do not know... I am a girl that wants what she wants when she wants it, and how she wants it to be. Yet that does not mean that I may not change what I want.

I will tie anything once, like death you can only do that one time though.

#- Hashtag: (A loaded gun, girls on the run, and sex talk is fun)

~*~

Before I and Jenny started hugging like I never thought about all this stuff. I was happy to go to the park, or ride a bike, or go swimming, or just be a kid- or teen girl.

However, Jenny made me hunger for what she had, back then by forcing it on me. After Jenny finishes, she lights up and puffs the smoke out onto the side of my face. (Awesome just wanted, my hair smells like an ashtray when I get home.) I groan and lean forward to plug my charger in where the lighter goes while reaching for my iPod. 'Need so relaxing music, please, before I murder myself.' Maddie and Liv have the same iPod going, sharing one earbud headphone site. It is not like we all could have one song playing. Yet we get sick of the crap Jenny has on. 'Can I get a cigarette?'

The wildlife crossing the road do not stand a chance. Liv asks, and Jenny pops it in between her lips and lights it up for her, really stretching her arm backward. Jenny shoves one in my mouth lighting the butt end she is holding, not looking to see what is right or wrong. Saying- 'Baby girl live a little, this might be your last cigarette.'

I thought why not turn it around, I already smell like smoke, and I have not had one in a long while. Jenny cracks the windows in the back only, and the cold comes in with a mist. Then Liv starts to complain about the cold again. Jenny said- ‘Well we have to get the smoke out.’ Maddie takes a hit off Liv’s cig, saying- ‘Cuddle up with me I’ll keep you warm.’ I knew that she had to be shivering- because I was.

Jenny rips my iPod out of my hands and plugs it into her tape deck converter. I was so embarrassed I was playing ‘I want to know what love is,’ by Foreigner. It is not so cool to like a mushy love song, yet I do. This kind of music pisses Jenny off, she says it is sexist, old, and boring. Yet to me at least it has a melody.

I do not know why Jenny did it... maybe because she was sick of hearing Liv whining, and I with my earbuds shocked my ears talking too loudly, and Maddie’s cell phone making that annoying clicking sound when she texts Liv who is sitting right next to her. Maddie calls Jenny an ass stopping in mid-text, and frees her seat belt, leaning forward trying to grab the iPod off Jenny’s lap to give it back to me. She thought it was an invasion of my privacy or so she stated. I never wear a seatbelt. I can stand them. I feel like I am being strangled.

‘They say to know a girls’ heart just listen to her playlist.’ That is true. Jenny’s nags that someone is breathing heavily down the back of her in the neck and that someone is Liv gaping mouth breathing as she is talking and snuffling, she must be coming down with a cold. Jenny said- ‘Cough it up it’s not yours!’ I reach into my handbag for a crumpled-up napkin and say- ‘Here now blow,’ I felt like her mother doing that you are holding my hand up to her nose and all. Yet that is what friends are for. The cigarette drops from her mouth and lands between her thighs when she sneezes bogies- snot on the back of Jenny’s head and Barbie doll bleach blond hair.

(Yummy!)

Jenny starts more operations than ever before, trying to brush the snot out of her long blond locks with her hands. Grossed out as she is doing it. The cigarette falls from her lips as her mouth drops open. This all happens at about the same time. Now the lovers in the back are fighting even more with Jenny, and squabbling with one another. Maddie said- 'If you need to sneeze you could have pointed it at me, for all I care.'

Liv- 'Sorry!' Yet Jenny thinks the sneeze was internal. And it may well have been.

And Maddie, being Maddie, starts pulling or removing the mess as she called it, from Jenny's hair. All the same Jenny's thigh is starting to get burnt. Maddie pulls so hard that she rips out one of Jenny's extensions.

Now Jenny has no hands on the wheel, as we wave in and out of the oncoming traffic lane, the music is blasting also, so us girls are yelling overtop. Instead of hitting the sound down, I turned it up in a panic. Amplifying AC/DC's 'Highway to hell.' (Ironic) And I am over here just trying to talk over them, jog their memory that we are all friends, and Jenny needs to focus on the road. 'Yet it was more like you will shut- the- freak-up!

So, she can get me home on time.' Not the best way to say it. Yet I do have a way with words, like when I am cheating death, or pissed, or hungry, or on my period, or a boy is being an ass to me, or my sis is getting on my nerves, or I am hating on my mom and dad for being dumb, you know times like that. The clock pulses onward: 6:32. The tires slip slightly on the wet road, and the car is occupied with all the cigarette smoke, little threads of it are rising underneath Jenny's kitty, like spirits still trying to get out of there.

Jenny slams on the brakes and stops dead on the highway. Maddie's face slams nose-first right in between Liv's, perky boob calving. Then the SUV rockets forward abruptly, and at that moment there is a flash of silver in front of the SUV.

(Now where are you up to the moment of the crash, where the angel of death was chasing me down.) Why did Jenny slam on the gas like that after she stopped freaking out, I will never know? She is not that psycho... is she? Was this the plan all along? Like she had to know that she was not going to make the sharp cover and that she was going to hit a tree, she had to. Did she snap, did she want us all to die? Or just me? Did you just feel that? As I said Jenny yells something wicked- some gibberish swear words, that I cannot even make out, and suddenly the car is thumping and bent in half around a tree on the highway, next to the lonely shadowy ice cover opening of the woodlands.

I was not sure what was going on to tell you the truth. I make out a horrifying, shrieking sound-steel on steel, and cracking splintering sounds of wood going through my body, mixed with glass shattering, cutting up the side of my face and shoulder, a car folding in two like a taco-and with the smell of depth and fire. And yes, just so you do not ask, I did infect pooped myself, yet we all do when we die, gross... but true.

Like- I said- 'Jenny always had a way of scaring the crap out of me.' At this time, I have nothing but my life fishing before, and what I saw was not what I saw when I was living it. It was more shocking to see my life form than proactive. I was in shock, blacking out, and the photo show was ending. The last birth I remember taking in was a whiff of Jenny's cigarette smoldering out and at that moment... There was nothing.

Nothing... nothing... nothing... It was complete-emptiness, sadness, with the feeling of being lost in-universe, vanished and frozen within time.

That is when it transpires. The instants of death- are full of flashing scooching warmth, with the sound of people crying out for help with no hope to be savvy, with the feeling of pain inside and out, that will last endlessly. The last scent I remember smelling was that of daring roses the boys sent us. When you go down, you are the funnel that keeps the death within you burning, like me, you never believe in the farming heat until it happens, your bag to the Gods for it not to be so, asking not to go down. Yet by that time, it is too late... you have swallowed up the hole and consumed, like a naked soul falling too- the devil's children, you are tariffed- all you can see are raging fire, nothing else. No one is going to save you- ever!

The smell of burning flesh is repulsive, and that is always. It is like being in one of my scary dreams, I know I am falling though there is not up or down, no walls, sides, or ceilings, just the sensation of falling to the pits below, with darkness everywhere until I get to the bottom.

You can cry all you want, but your tears just dry up, instantly in the heat. In this quote hell, you have branded nothing but a number and lift to never be seen again infinitely. You are in complete havoc, a scary nightmare that never- ever ends, just slowly harassed by these dark entries playing within your mind to the point of insanity.

They love to toy with you and make you feel helpless. You are all alone, yet never left alone, with nothing left to feel the regret, defeated down to nothing but wallowing in self-pity! In this place, you must be strong! You may move out and up if you see where you went wrong in your life. Only if you have the epiphany to get your seven stabs. Yes- I have found out that you

have seven times to get into paradise. Up till now, that is not as easy as it may sound.

You must earn it.

~*~

You have like do-overs, like being in a Déjà Vu dream, that alters the space-time continuum. Think of it this way- life is like nothing but a preset sci-fi video game conjured for one higher power enjoyment, we are the main characters in this game. The one behind the concealment (We call that person on earth God, and the programmers that make it happen behind their smaller screen we call them angels.)

Nothing in time happens, it is all just a challenge to see where going at the end when it comes. I have seen how this all works now that I am dead, how things are made and dragged and dropped onto the earth, and other plants that have a life.

Like a place called Vie, a planet not yet discovered by the living earthlings. They are so unlike us yet have the same things we do and more just in a unique way. I will try to describe it, yet you would not believe me.

Incredibly beautiful, especially at nightfall. Everything, that is living, has some sort of glowing feel.

The brightest coolers you have ever seen. Trees bigger than skyscrapers, Trans that float as the race by. All kinds of floating glass homes, connected by vines that glimmer with cascading waterfalls, incredible stone structures are arching all over that connect the one floating island to the next. Stars covered the skies with many big moons.

Vie has these humanoid people called La-Marie's, they look so much like us it is daunting. Their skin is so much more transparent than what we have, their body's completely hairless

(every earth girl's dream right.) Yet they have long hair on the head that lights up, in a wispy way, every pulse of their heartbeat there is a flash of light within their body, most of them have blue eyes that glow at night. Their vans light up at night, and bright indigo.

Oh, and they have seven fingers and toes with one hand or foot. Why I do not know. The USA space program will get to thereby solar spaceship and land on that planet in the year 2075.

Yet, I am not sure if that is a good thing. And I do not want to get too unbelievable, so I am going to stop there before I get into trouble.

Anyways with Earth and life itself, it is all programmed, like a scene out of The Hunger Games control room. It all can be changed, with a flick of a switch or a say, and you can look down into the world where we once lived and see it all play out, it is all arranged from conception to death. It is already mapped on this big screen. Everything we call era or lifetime, or ordinary life is just a hallucination.

That is why we sleep to be programmed for the next day, based on the choices we made the day before. Life is a gift that is a gift, do not piss it all away or you will be terminated. Just remember every birth is accounted for.

At this time Marcel had woken up slightly to see that I was gone.

Saying that he is so lovesick for me, to himself before going to the bathroom. I have been lovesick before. It is not fun; it pulls and triangles at your heart and junk until you cannot take it anymore. And you must be with them- one way or another. There is always a way if you see that you love them.

Jenny- Love without the glove is okay, I say to all my girls if you are a girl like me. Um- I have Mirena birth control, this me is better than any pills you can pop, you are not killing life, yours prevent before it happens... and that is smart. Mirena/ Skyla prevents pregnancy, in several ways: Thickening cervical mucus to prevent sperm from entering your uterus, inhibiting sperm from reaching or fertilizing your egg.

Thinning the lining of your uterus. While there is no single explanation for how Mirena works, the above actions work together to prevent pregnancy for up to 5 years. Mirena does not protect against HIV or STDs, dah- where you can choose to not have a baby for up to three years or have it removed at any time to have just that, yet a 14- 17 why do you want to think about babies all you want is to feel good down there with a boy, with no risks, so I can have as much sex as I want to when I want how I want and with as many boys as I want to, and they can cum inside and I don't have to hide the fact that I want them too.

And it is safe, and I only have a period 3 times a year, yet you feel the need to plug it up more... aw, the drawbacks of having, sex all the time... yet come one right.

You can have this done at sixteen without mom and daddy even knowing, so if you want to get popped at 16 you can, and there is not a thing they can say about it, I pissed my dad off, yet it is my life, and that is how I feel about my girls- do you- for you- freak the world that not getting it.

There are risks with this implanted in you- but it is not baby killing so for that I feel good about being me. It is as easy as sitting on a boy's lap at a Pittsburgh Steelers game and feeling good about it, I remember doing that at 12 for the first time... with a cute boy- love was starting with me, and these feelings I can help but have for boys.

#- Hashtag: (Hocking a loogie, you will only see me now in your dreams, blind hit, and whiskey throttle)

Chapter: 12

Gone at Seventeen

The ministry of depth has fallen to me like I have fallen to it, and it is so magical at the start, and then so frightening, it is bloodcurdling not knowing the end of the end. DEATH- I know some of you are thinking I deserved it. I get that I think I do too, even my sis said- I had it coming when she found out I was roadkill. I should not have sent that rose to Jull's, or I should not have dumped my drink on Justen at the party and fought with her over Ray, or I should have never shown my sis how to do that stuff.

I should not have copied off my classmates' quizzes. I should have let Ray have his way with me. I still have not fully fallen out of love with him, I know that I should. I should not have said those things to Ray. Should I have saved myself for marriage? I should have kissed more losers to make them feel good about themselves. I should have stayed a geek, and never become friends with my girlfriends. I should have said more to Marcel, that was not hurtful. Am I to blame for it all?

Besides, I know some of you would say I erred death for not seeing, that I have a boy that would be good to me, and would treat me right, that I passed on so many times. There are undoubtedly some of you who think I deserved all this, because I was going to let Ray go all the way with me even though he is mean and nasty to me. Yet for some reason, I just thought it was the way it should be. I was afraid to leave him. I knew if I did, he would get his revenge.

Plus, I know that some of you would say I received a humiliating death because I did not sleep with Marcel, still not

sure if he were good enough, and to be truthful you are right there, I should have seen this all long before I thought I was falling for him. I fall but not all the way... and it is killing me that I may never- ever fall to him as I should have.

To be truthful I should never sleep with anyone but Marcel. I know now that I was always in love with him, even when I was not with him. But before you begin pointing your fingers, let me ask you some questions: is what I did so bad?

So, bad I deserved to die? So, bad I deserved to die like this with no dignity at all? Is what I did so much worse than what anybody else does? Am I a ruthless mean girl?

I am a slut that had it coming?

I do not think so... do you? Like really is what I have done so much worse than what you have done in your everyday life? Think about it, and you will see I am not that bad.

Interval: 9

Dreaming of you Play with Me

I am so scared of all peoples- Marcel's name, but when I open my mouth, nothing comes out over the top of the others ear-piercing calls out, and I wonder if you fall forever and ever, and never touch down, I am still falling? I think I will fall forever into this ring of fire. I even call out for my sis, yet she will never hear me this far below her feet.

Of course- dreaming is happening inside your head, when, is not real, and why is it so when you are dead?

Do not pity the dead like me, it is not worth it. Pity the living, and all those who are alive without true love like I did. Pity the ones like me that did not see the true love right in front of her face. We are all human, aren't we? Every single human

life is worth the same and worth saving even mine... right- don't you think so?

#- Hashtag: (plummeting, mistakes and someone saves me)

Dreaming at night, you're not in sight, -feeling a fright, it could be so right, playing with you play with me in the night sun, it could be so much fun, like a loaded gun going off over and over until we would see the daylight sun, then we are on the run, staring down the barrel of the gun when we could be holding on feeling what was to come, breathing, and scrambling, shooting to the ceiling like the built of that gun, wouldn't that be so much fun, under the twilight sun?

Chapter: 13

Envisaging

A sound litters' within my silence, as the SUV crunches into the huge tree, a tiny nagging growing louder and louder until it is like a slice of metal slicing the air, slicing and sliding through me, it got all up in me, ripping me almost in half, right above my petite hips, I feel the warm blood bursting from in my heart and my insides falling out of the gashing wounds, it's like I looked down and could see my uterus, I touch it with my hand grabbing the one ovary that was rolling out of me. When the metal went up in me above my vagina or my lower waist, I could feel one... my fallopian tube just dinging down there. I was in shock, my eyes bugged out, pulling my hand up to my face seeing that its cover in my thick red blood and Karly guts dripping down my arm.

-Then I wake up. Was it all a dream?

-Or am I dreaming while dead waking up?

I feel like Liv's must of throughout the day, having her bastard child bled and dripped slowly out of her insides. How she slipped last night is beyond me like I would have nightmares of the fetus coming out of my pink thing and saying- 'Why did you not want me, mommy? Why would you kill me? Do you not love me? I loved you... it was love that made me. Or something really disturbing like that.' I was going to ask about getting rid of it at lunch Monday, how she was feeling. As you know to be a normal girl, and Jenny pushing Liv, she had sex without the glove with Dilco, and had an oopsie, for being empty-headed about bad boys.

(Hum- Why am I the girl that is dying, I did not kill my first kid like Liv just did. I have kissed a girl but never had a full-on girl on a girl as Maddie and Liv do. And I and Jenny are on two distinct levels, she is a bully, and I am not like her at all. If anything, I am a good girl in the group.)

~*~

I jolted out of my sleep or so I thought with tunneling sparking flashing light. For a second when I look around the room everything seems soft, unclear, and slightly distorted, I am in my bed naked like I am every day when I get up and hug my stuffed bunny for the last time, as I snap on the lamp on my nightstand. I must hide my bunny when the girls come over. Ray used to just throw him off the bed onto the floor.

That was not cool! I do not think Marcel would mind my cuddly stuffed bunny, with the cute floppy ears. My alarm has been blaring and Beep- Beeping for five minutes. It is from seven-o to six am. I smash and rub my face in my soft pillow for the last time. I look around the room and I am sweating. I wipe my forehead, saying wow, I have had a dream that I am falling- but never like this. 'Damn that was a crazy dream!' So- I start my morning retail- you know grabbing for what inside my

Pringles can buy my bed before all hell comes busting through my door.

I sit up in bed slightly and I turn on my laptop, might as well live record what going to do on cam, why not. So, push the quilt away, I look down at my unclothed body with my toy in hand, and I see my toes wiggling with nail polish, and my almost smooth legs and everything in-between.

Thinking I just shaved and looked at all this stubble, growing here already... don't you hate that, I sure do? It is like all you can see and feel. Now I am covered with sweat even though my room is frigid cold. My throat is dry, my heart is racing, and I am desperate for a drink, yet I am there, my sighing is getting loud, I can feel it building up, I can stop it feeling so good and the tips are just rolling in for the boys that tune into my show.

The camera is right there, whoosh- and I feel on top of the world. Yet after I hit a low with having to start my day, running away from me away from who I am, I have just been running a long way. My floral sheets are stocked with everything rushing out, and so is my keyboard, yet the boys love it and love me for it, so that is good enough for me. Yet after I do that, it is like I get an embarrassing feeling, I pull it out, then close the lid of my lap, to cover up fast. It is like I get a rush from it, and then the guilt comes after in my mind saying- 'That was the wrong missy, yet I cannot stop. Jenny and my girls give me that same rush, always doing something that feels so good yet maybe wrong.

~*~

I remember the time on the school bus before anyone could drive, Jenny bet me a dollar, to put my hand down her jeans to prove she wears thong undies. Saying that I am such a baby, for not knowing, that is how that all started, she felt like

she had to teach me everything. Anyways back then I was still where Mickey Mouse Briefs and did even think about what was underneath. She beat me to feel that she was not a virgin, that she was all open and smooth, unlike me at the time. I did not even shave my legs yet. So, I did, I went for it. The rush here was touching a girl inappropriately, with everyone looking, and hoping the driver did not see.

I will never forget Danny Hover looking over the site with Andrea Doeskin smelling, like little perv's, and Shy saying 'Oh my God'- snickering at the fact, from the set accordingly. Yes, it is that kind of rush I get, over and over being with them. Just like Jenny got Liv fixed up with Dilco, it is all about the rush in the end. Jenny can be a hell of a lot of fun, and it is that fun that keeps me coming back for more, the same way Liv and Maddie do, and other girls keep trying to be like us, it is all about the craziness. I do not know why but when I am with them- I want to be so naughty! I remember Marcel smacking my butt, just to be cute, every time he would see me in the hallways of a school. -Yeah, he is weird, but I could not stop thinking about him as I was- well... doing me. Yet Ray's photo was looking at me on my nightstand.

~*~

In my bed, I snap the bright light off when I hear my little sis coming down the hall, everyone goes back to being fuzzy, like I am not looking at my room but only at a blurry photo of my room that was taken with a shaky hand incorrectly and nothing match up with the real thing. My sis went into the bathroom next door to tinkle, so I snapped on my nightlight, and then that light modifies everything, so it looks ordinary again. If my sis sees my light on from the crack at the bottom of my door, she will come bursting in. I have learned to keep it as dark as I can when I hear her coming run down the hallway. I love her, yet I want my privacy.

All at once it comes back to me, like a hangover rush all my blood starts going back up into my head: the party, my sis getting laid, the argument with Ray, falling to Marcel, all the sex, all the drinking, and drugs, it is all thumping hard in my brain, like my covered button was a few moments ago, on cam. I am still lying here uncovered, with everything still out in the open.

'Kellie!' My door swings open, hammering the door handle against my wall, and sis comes bolting across my room, jumping in my bed, pacing over my textbook's notebooks, love notes, and pills of dirty tops and bottoms and discarded jeans, I panic thinking my Victoria's Secret Heritage Pink nighty way over there on the floor, where I thought it off and left it the night before. Yet it is not like my sis has not seen me naked before... but is wired when this happens.

Something is not right, something seems very wrong and oggie; something skirts the edges of my memory, but then it is gone as my head pounds and sis is bouncing on my bed on top of me, throwing her arms and legs around my nude torso.

Saying- 'So what are you going to show me today?' I am thinking to myself- girl you already got it down, doing what you are doing now, I do not need to teach you anything. Kellie- she is so hot... (Oh God not in that way, she is- my sis.) She is like a little furnace with her worth coming from her tiny body. It is not too long before her nighty rides up, and I can see it all in my face like she wants to be just like me, and then she starts asking her questions.

She curls tightly to me kissing me on the lips and cheeks, her body skin to skin to mine, she is kind of- like- a hyper puppy... you know- wet nose, big sad eyes, giving you lots of unwanted wet kisses, and cannot sit in one place for too long.

Now she is pulling on my necklace, the one I am always wearing has my dad's wedding ring hanging from it-a thin silver chain and the gold band hanging from it, a gift dad gives me- saying- 'He loves me more than mom, that I am the love of his life.' Yet sis tugs gently to get my full attention. I ask here- 'Why are you not wearing your undies?'

And she baby- talks without missing a beat- 'Because you don't at night so-o why should I's.' I knew not too long from now she would be running around the house stark-naked like always, saying it is because I sleep this way. I am sure mom will say I am a bad role model, but there are far worse things she has done, things that mom and dad never need to know about, things that I can even remember right now. If she wants to be in my bad nude, will- I guess that is okay...? She is just trying to be like me, and that is sweet. I have saved her but many times when she has done sad things. I have been like a mom to her, ever since she was born whether I wanted to be or not. And she has been there for me when I was a nobody. Yes, she is the best pain in the butt a girl can have.

'Mommy says you have to get up soon, her hand covering her eyes as she walks my room and sees both of us.' Her breath smells like toothpaste, as she kisses us good morning, and she stumbles over all the stuff lying on the floor and it is not until I push sis off me that I realize how badly I am shaking. Mom, she has one of those green face masks sped up, which is some scary-looking crap, pulls she has curlers in her hair. Yet that is not what has traumatized me. 'It's Friday,' I say confused. I thought we were going to the rusty anchor today? Mom said- 'I thought you didn't like doing that Karly that you're too grown up to be with your mommy, Daddy, and sissy... always- yes we are all going this upcoming weekend, glad to see you want to go.' I said- 'Oh- okay?' Mom- 'Karly are you feeling,

okay? Are you not your usual descent and moody self? Me- 'Yah I am a fine mom.'

I have no idea how I got home last night, or what I did or did not do. It is like it never happened, yet I think it did... didn't it? I drink too much?

Mom said- 'Um-hum- come on you two bare cuddle bugs it's getting late.'

Then- I remember getting in the car, with the girls and the fighting, it was all coming back to me, as I saw my sis run into her room, leaving her nighty behind on my bed.

I knew that something looked different about her when I looked over her, I am starting to remember what Ray did to her last night. Yet she is taking it so well- so strange. I have no idea what happened to Jenny, Maddie, or Liv, and just thinking about it makes me sick, pissed, and yet so worried. I put my feet on the ground, first on my fuzzy shaggy throw rug, and then I step forward feeling the hard wood under my feet.

The cold wood reminds me. When I was younger, I would lie on the floor all summer wishing I had some friends to spend my time with. Back then my only friend was my sis and my horse, I am curious to do the same thing now, and reflect a bit on what is going on- and on how things have changed, I know my sis will be another half hour getting ready. And with me, all I must do is jump in my outfit laying there on the floor. My skin feels so cold yet, yet on the inside, I feel scorching.

Like- photos on Instagram, all these snapshots start scrolling, row after row in my mind. Seeing bits and pieces of what went down last night. My I- phone starts vibrating on top of my bed until it falls off the edge hitting me square in the face making me jump two feet in the air. I reach for it and slide my finger over the cracked screen. There is a new text from Jenny.

Oh, good she must be okay then... or it is a text saying one of the girls is not okay; I was so scared to look, yet I had to.

#- Hashtag: (sleeping quarters, clothing hoarders, and sisters with disorders.)

Chapter: 14

OCD much?

I read it and it is looking oddly former, yet I am not one-hundred percent sure, I do receive and send out over six hundred texts a day, yet this almost seems like a copy of the same infect to one that I vaguely remember getting, what would be in my mind two days ago- 'Don't forget b*tches, it's love-o-grams day!' Too- strange... this should be Sunday... right? I wanted to text back and say- this already happened, yet before I got a new message started, another one from Jenny popped up on the screen waiting to be opened. I look at the date and it is the same too, I thought for sure my phone was broken, it has been dropped many times. Yet how could it be wrong? I must be mistaken. Was the whole thing a messed-up dream? I open it, and it is not the same, so I thought I am not crazy? It said- 'B- there in 5 min.' I knew it was written she was driving fast.

I unexpectedly feel like I am plummeting underwater unable to swim to save myself, I do not know what I did that was so wrong if I am repeating this all over. Did I do anything wrong? I look out the window and see Madilyn walking to school, and Jenny passing her up calling her a retard out her window, I get a new text with the same repeating date. It said- 'I am going to start a rumor that I saw

Julie- fingering Maggie's bushy hairy p*ssy today in the library during study hall.' This terrifyingly creepy I thought! I knew about this already, this is old news, which I assumed was true. Why is she telling me this? It is not like I can stop it from

happening. I wonder if I should forward this to Maggie. However, if Jenny finds out I am going to be screwed.

Also, If I am recreating this day like I think I might be doing, I should tell Liv not to abort her baby, yet is it my place too? Am I recreating that day? Is this happening to me? Why is it happening to me? Did I earn this? Was I given a new chance? It must be...! So, I do the unthinkable and I forward the message, will she get it? I wonder what I have just done was meant to be altered. I felt sick doing this, for fear of Jenny's revenge, yet something inside, a small voice was telling me to do it. I feel like I am weightless, spinning around lying naked on my floor. Have you ever felt like you were re-watching yourself from space-making choices, that is what I feel like- I am doing now? I know I must snap out of it and get dressed to impress at school, I know I sure can wear Marcel's T-shirt lying next to me on the floor, or I would be laughed out of the building. I stand up unsure if I am going to fall to my knees.

Now I am standing, yet I feel so woozy and woosy. My belly cramps in knots, worse than when I am on my period. I stumble to the bathroom bumping into everything down the hallway, the bathroom is by my mom and dad's bedroom, I am holding my mouth. My legs trembling over what I have done, certainly, I am going to throw up or shut myself, or both... I did not even think about closing the door when I got there or turn on the light... I vomited in the scarp can while side-saddling one leg on either of the toilets, as it runs coming out of me from both ends at the same time. I reached for the sink after I thought it was all over and brushed my teeth and then showered to wash off.

My shower is way too hot and there's thick steam everywhere, fogging up the mirror, drops are budding upon the tiles. I hear voices in the hallway, but the water rushing down on me, and it feels wonderful, it is falling so hard on my head

and body I cannot make them out, yet I am sure if the mother says nasty things to me, dad. I stopped the water flowing overhead. I hear dad looking in at me saying: 'Get out of the shower, and get going, your friend is out there waiting for you. I said- What? Oh my god, close the door dad, and do not look at me. Yet he did not remember to close the door all the way.

I step out of the shower stall dripping wet, I blot the remainder off with a towel, and there is no time for makeup or doing my hair.

Jenny, early I thought... it must be a miracle. There is like an electric current running through my body, coming deep inside me when I look up and see my little sis looking up at me, saying- 'Are you okay?' Her fingers brushed against my lower back skin, as I was staring at her without expression on my face. My eyes widened in the phenomenon, yet I hide no idea why it was in such utter shock to me. She is always sneaking up on me. Yet you would think I saw a ghost by the look within my unconscious eyes.

I look into my hand mirrors, pulling it off the countertop, and- I see that my irises are surrounded by a jade green- a glowing circle of light, let me know that I have made it... the powers at are letting me have my do-overs. My eyes were always green but never like this, they are so alluring now, like glowing the light of the other universe above, letting me know that I am echoing the final days of my life.

Me being me, even though I am sick, I have a theory of how this works: that each time I must do this over the light in my eyes gets weaker, and if I use this up, and- I do not make it right, I will surely fall into the pit below, never to be saved. Oh- so the dream of being in hell was not a dream at all, it was real! That means, I only have seven attempts, or so that is the philosophy. Do you think I will make it...?

I sure do not!

It is Jenny- my daddy let her in. I walk into my room undressed, holding my wet towel in my right hand. Jenny looked at me and said- 'I see we are going for the earthy look today; god you could have shaved a little.' Jenny is lying bullied down on my bed, looking through my phone, with her legs up in the air, letting one fall and bounce on the Serta occasionally. She looked up at me, she got that pissed-off look, eyebrows bent, I knew she saw I forwarded the message. I paid it off, acting like I was happy to see her, and in a way, I was, I would never want to see one of my girlfriends die- or be dead.

Oh, Jenny- She looks so typical, so acquainted with everyone, yet on the inside it is falling apart. Jenny is Bipolar and has Social Anxiety Disorder mixed with Bulimia, like every time she feels not wanted by a boy or feel overweight or something is not going her way, she has a tough time keeping her food down, she has even up cucked on me and the girls at lunch, not meaning too. I am far from being a psychologist, yet those are my diagnosis, yet everyone just ignores her faults. I know she saw the text because she ran down the hall to throw up, running my little butt over.

If she asks why- I will just say- 'Butt dialing!'

Jenny walks back into my room; she flops bully fist on the bed. I asked uneasily with curiosity- 'So what transpired last night?'

She hopes for a second. 'Yeah, sorry about that. I could not call back. I did not get off the home phone with Ken until like four am. And because my mom is a b*tch she took my cell away last night before staying out too late on a school night.'

'You did call me back; Jenny'- I knew it was happening for sure now? I rub my arm, I have goosebumps. 'No, I just told

you didn't- that I couldn't...' 'I-no- I meant- never mind.' 'You drink too much,' said Jenny. 'Ken, he was freaking out over the fact that some college boy named Josh asked me to go to a Taylor Swift concert in June, and I said yes. I told him it is not like we are going to do anything. Yet he does not believe me. I told him I would make it up to him. Ken is going to end it, I feel, he is sick of me.' I said- 'Oh you poor thing...' I knew what she had to do; all girls understand that. She said- 'I swear to you, Kar, guys are so needy. But if you follow these three things you cannot go wrong- Feed 'em, Blow Em, and Ride' em, and they are happy to keep you around, if not they will find some on that will do just that, like if you do not.'

I said- 'I'll remember that...' Then I added- 'Yeah and then where the sluts if we do, and a b*tch if we don't.' Jenny said- 'You got that right baby girl.' Jenny said, holding back for crying- 'I only wanted to be loved, that's why I do what I do for all these boys.' I thought to myself- I get yah. I nodded my head yes when she said that, but I did not comment, as I was slipping into my outfit at the foot of the bed.

She looks up at me with misty eyes. 'Talking of boys- are you eager about tonight?' 'About what?' I say acting like I do not know what is going to go down, or do not even know what she is talking about. I play dumb! Her words are all running past me, faster than how she drives, everything is distorted together. Jenny always talks like that when she gets upset. Her words go into overdrive. I am holding on to the bedpost, trying not to fall over, or on top of Jenny, I would love to sit down yet, Jenny is hogging up my single bed. She said- 'I think you should back up with Ray or do him already.' She threw a condom at me from her purse.

I said- 'Who do you think would be my type then?' 'You, Marcel, some worm Bud Lite, and his Star Wars sheets. OMG that would be perfect and she giggles. 'How romantic,' she

shouted. Though, I was thinking OMG Jenny you are always right. Like it would be so romantic, yet little did she know I felt that way, already... I never realized how much of a weirdo I am. I have fallen to a complete nerd, on the outside, I have completely changed, but on the inside, I am one too! We all try to be something we are not in high school, even Jenny has fooled everyone.

Nevertheless, the ones that seem the most put together are the ones that are falling apart the most. No one's life is as good as it seems, and it is even worse when you are like Jull's and Madilyn that have us throwing crap in their faces. I stand here feeling like such an ass hole, not even hearing what Jenny is rambling on about, because it is nonsense, compared to what I have done in my thoughts.

-White teeth teens are out-

#- Hashtag: (unperfect girls, the charmed life, we want real love)

I went pee one last time, and Jenny flows me in the bathroom and sits on the edge of the tube looking at me as I go. Then after I got up, she went, I was thinking like we did not need to do this together, yet how Jenny is we must do everything together. That is when my sis walks into my room and says- 'I have to Ba-bath Karly, would I get my stuff Re-ready and help me take a bath?' I try to close the door saying get mom to bath you, but she wedges her hand in at the last minute and pushes into the bathroom.

And Jenny said- 'It's okay we can bathe her.' I was thinking to myself that the girl is ten years old, and still needs someone to help her take a bath, wash her hair, and get her dressed. Yet mom and dad want to keep their baby girl. 'You haven't showered yet?'

She shakes her head. ‘Uha- ha.’ Jenny said- ‘Come on the hoop in here, as she pulls off her nighty. I just look at it like when you became so motherly. She said- ‘What! Like I always wanted to have a sister and do this.’ I said- Okay then, knock yourself out!’ Jenny- tee- he-e’s like it is the greatest thing in the world. I have done this so many times, that I just do not see the fun in it. I reach into the tub and turn off the water. I about that time is when sis surprised me by saying- ‘Jeez sis you look like sh-crap. Then I said- ‘Thanks a lot!’ She must have thought she hurt my feelings because she grabbed me by the hand and jumped up and wrapped her wet body around me in a hug; as Jenny grabbed the big fluffy towels to dry her off the rest of the way. ‘Aw- that’s so cute,’ Jenny said.

I was starting to feel okay, and much less sick. I said- ‘Here honey step into these undies and let us get these jeans and blouses on you. I sit here on the toilet and side on her socks, as her toes are wiggling. Jenny said- ‘Come on Kellie you need some makeup, just like your sis, she says. Jenny scans over our pale white faces saying, as I sit on the edge of my bed, I got it. ‘Your right Kellie your sis does look like crap today.’

‘I will do both of yin’s makeup now. We can make five minutes or so for this.’ ‘Okay- I am done girls- OMG! You two look like gorgeous twines.’ I was like um-hum. Thinking to myself, I got the same varied reaction last night. You know sometimes, Jenny can be so sweet, she is not always cold and heartless! Jenny pulls out my cell phone from the middle of my bag to text Maddie and Liv that we are going to be late for the first bell. She watches me for a second, packing Kellie’s book bag and then turning away like she has something to type that is not for our eyes to see, Jenny always deletes her history, which is something I should do.

Jenny- ‘Don’t take this wrong way baby girl, but you’re not smelling the best today, you smell like boy’s balls!’ I said-

'Really?' Stopping to think- 'Yeah you would know what that small like,' I said. Kellie is giggling and says baby talk stuttering like always. - 'Yeah, sh-she has Ba- BO every morning!' She was so stinking cute saying that, like that, I could not be mad at her. Kellie starts pulling on my clothes, my tank top, my skirt, as I look in the closet for my boots. Jenny runs back into my room, to find my Secret roll-on deodorant in my underwear drawer.

Surely throwing all of them on the floor to find it. She is back, I roll it on hastily. Jenny said- 'You would have shaved your pits to... God.' 'I hope the boys don't mind your lack of hygiene today.' Sis- 'let me have some of that...' so like everything, I let her share my used deodorant. It makes her feel like a big girl. But in my mind, I am like you are already a woman after last night. Uncanny is not it!

#- Hashtag: (My stench, need a pinch, things that make us flinch)

Chapter: 15

Before Yesterday?

I hear from the sofa- 'Wear a jacket, Karly!' My mom thinks even when I am dressed, I am still half-naked.

So, outside the door, I saw her get on the yellow bus. Waving at me like a moron out the window! And the cold feels like a b*tch slap to my face, yet it is an effective way to wake up. I got into the SUV that was wrecked the night before. Thinking that this thing is like a coffin to me, yet I could say anything, or Jenny would think I have completely lost my mind.

So, we go down all the same roads, not stopping at any of the red or yellow lights or signs. When Liv gets into the car she leans forward and grabs my hot- chocolate, and the smell of her perfume is strawberry, it is a body spray she has been

wearing devotedly ever senses she was twelve and her hips and boobs develop like the end of sixth grade, she buys like five bottles every time we go into Sally Beauty Supply.

I know that she has it on her, so I ask her for a squirt, even though I am sick of it after all these years, and even though I do not want to smell like her, I ask for it anyway, I do not want to smell like balls! Even though it stopped being cool in seventh grade, to where kiddy stuff like she still does- I must close my eyes, overwhelmed, and coffin as a puff of it surrounds me, or then what I asked for. Gross, I smell like a pre-teen after gym class now, just trying to cover it up.

Closing my eyes was a horrible idea. One- I get to feeling car sick. Two- I can see where Jenny is driving, and the way it feels- it must be off the road. Three- I start to daydream about Marcel, plus heartsick over Ray still, even though I was done after what he did to me, I can stop having feelings for him, he was the first that took me from behind. Oh no, he was not my first love god no, I did not know what love was until I saw it in Marcel's eyes, but was it real? That is what I am afraid of- trusting my heart to a boy again. I could see all the flashes of sincere light within Marcel's home, I could see him holding as no boy has ever done with me. I could almost feel the tingle of his kiss on my lips.

'Holy freaking crap balls,' said Jenny.

I snap my eyes open as Jenny swerves to avoid hitting a cuddly black cat, walking past. That is when I start to look out the window into the side mirror, and the glossy dark trees are flocking on either side of us like outlined ghosts in the navy-blue sky. I smell something hot. I said- 'Yeah that's just me.' I hear Jenny shrieking not too long after I feel relaxed, and yet once more, my stomach goes to the bottom of my feet and back up, as the SUV rolls to the one side, tires wailing- 'It was a family of

deer this time, trying not to get murdered. You should have seen their faces. It is like mine every time I ride in this SUV.' Once again, I feel like I have cheated depth, with Jenny at the wheel. The girls chortle as Jenny throws her coffee cup out the window, hitting the baby fawn, about the same time is when Jenny throws out her morning joint too, and the smell of pot smoke is bizarrely duple: I am not sure whether I am smelling it or recalling the night before.

I am just high on life, now.

Liv- 'Dear sweet baby Jesus I think you're without a drought the worst driver on the planet!' I said- 'You think?' Maddie sniggers. And Liv sprays some of my heat on the back of my headrest. Liv, she has become a real squirter she is always sparing one of us girls down, yet Maddie the most! I said- 'I don't want to die like this today!' 'Please- please be more alert, please,' I stammered, clutching the sides of my seat without meaning to. Jenny said- 'Kar, it is all good. Hey- It is not like I am going to crash; I have never even been in a car wreck yet.'

I said- 'That's amazing!'

I start to think as I close my eyes, trying so hard not to hold my breath. Like it is so weird how life works, isn't it? Like how I always wanted one thing, all my life, and I waited and waited for it, but it never came. And then it did happen last night, yet it was not what I hoped for at all, however, all you want to do is curl back up at that moment before things change. And see if he is the one for me or if I should fall back into the arm of Ray, I am his girl. One thing I have resisted from dying: Every person you have dependencies on, and every person you need to count on, will upset you. No matter how much they try not to, nothing in life is ever going to be perfect, so maybe you must forgive and forget, or trust and move on?

In my deepening delusional thoughts, I ask myself these questions.

'I just want to be normal, like everyone else that is popular.'

'Karly are you sure that being like everyone else is making you a happy girl?'

Maddie- 'Mailbox!' (Smack, thump, thump.)

Jenny- 'It's okay, it was falling over anyway!'

I said- 'Not really!'

'Don't worry.' Jenny leans over and rubs my inner thigh. Honestly, I was wondering what she was reaching for when she did that.

'I just want to be normal, like everyone else that is popular.'

'Karly are you sure that being like everyone else is making you a happy girl?'

'Mailbox!' (Smack, thump, thump.)

Jenny- 'It's okay, it was falling over anyway!'

I said- 'Not really!'

'Don't worry.' Jenny leans over and rubs my inner thigh. Honestly, I was wondering what she was reaching for when she did that, I thought her finger went up.

Jenny- 'I won't let my best friend die without knowing what it's like having a boy give her first orgasm.'

Then I added- 'All have it be just me and my lover, without everyone looking at us smacking hips.'

Jenny- 'Giggles saying good luck with that.'

Maddie- 'I get it your Cream shy!'

I said- 'I would like to have some privacy squeezing it out. And not having someone next to me, like liking my nose or something gross like that. Like the last time I was doing it, I had some boy playing with it while looking at us.'

Liv- 'You're so strange!'

Jenny- whoa, are you saying yet went all the way with Ray and did not tell us?

'Crap- I did it, I slipped up.'

I said- 'No- this was with some other joker, at a party months ago, you don't know him.'

Jenny said- 'really?'

'I like- know everybody.'

Maddie- 'Oh maybe it was with a girl?' Liv- 'Maybe it was with a boy and a girl?'

'So,' Jenny said.

So- I lied and said- 'Yes it was with Addison and Avery and a college boy named Connor.' I freaked, saying that- 'I was like, so love drunk and missed on roofies, that I took part in a three-girl one boy orgy at a party.'

Yes, I have kissed a girl and liked it. But I never did anything like this. (By far the worst lie I have ever made in my life. Yet I have been in some, not wanting to be, and it was only with one person. And no, I was not always with someone I loved either, it was just hook-up sex.)

Oh- and sad but true, but no boy has ever gotten me there and I have been with at least fifteen. The first time was the worst of them all as you know. But my first year I went through like five different boyfriends, I have boxes under my bed with memoirs from each, and after they got what they wanted they all dumped me, like a week later. The same thing happened in my sophomore year, I had two boyfriends that year and three random hookups, plus some experimenting with a girl. Junior more of the same, so much so that I stop thinking about it. I even let the gym teacher give it to me because I did not care anymore. So, the number may be higher than fifteen.

I only have an orgasm doing it myself. Never with another person, mostly have I thought it is because I am not relaxed to enjoy it. With these boys, it is always hurried up, so I can brag about doing you. Ray does not even last long enough to get me damp down there. However, I liked Ray for another reason. TMI- I know! I thought to myself: I never wanted this- I just wanted to fit in.

I wonder what it would be like with Marcel if I would let him inside me?

I do not know why I did not let him in last night, I have let every other boy in. It was just those internal voices of the girls saying he is too creepy and unpopular. Jenny only thought I should hook up with him for a joke because he is still a virgin. Yet on the inside, I do not find that funny, on the outside I must smile and giggle at it as they do.

I am desperate to spill my guts and tell her everything like I always do, to Jenny and the girls at that moment, to ask them what is happening to me- just to see if they would believe me. Yet some little voices inside me said shut up Karly or you will blow it. And really, I cannot articulate any way to say I have lived past death- it just would not make any sense. Yet I ignored

that voice and blurted it out anyway- I had to test the limits.
‘We all got into a car mishap after a party that had not occurred, and I was impaled when this SUV hit a tree, and I think I may have passed away yesterday. And like I saw hell, and then I got to live again when I woke up in my bed.’

Jenny said- ‘Yeah baby girl they call that dreaming, and you ‘all call me the dumb one.’

How can this day be happening all over again, and yet be so different from the first time around? It was puzzling my mind.

I thought that the girls were going to die giggling at me, saying something that they find so stupid.

‘I thought I died tonight,’ I said knowing how incredible it sounded.

Liv said- ‘It is a dream, Karly. You have dreams like this when you are under the gun, and what something like a boy or sex, it is just your nightmares playing tricks with you. You may just be stressed over falling in some of your classes at school.

I whispered under my berth- ‘Oh- don’t remind me!’

Maddie- ‘She’s just sexually frustrated that all.’

Jenny- ‘It could be what you’re eating too, that you’re dreaming this stuff.’

Maddie must think I am quiet because I am worried about Ray and me and that I have planned for the night. Like it at this point was no big secret that I was going to go all the way at some point, yet at this point in the day, they did not know that I was going to be at Marcel’s party.

Maddie wraps her arms around me from the back seat, and Liv holds my hand. Maddie is Saying- ‘Good sex is just like

learning to swim or holding your breath what you know how to control your body, you get good at it.'

Maddie, kisses French kisses me on the lips, and slides my undies off to the one side, and starts fingering me... (I did not want it, yet I was not going to stop it, it would be rude to ask her to stop.) At the same time, she was saying- 'You should become gay, it is easier that way to have them. Liv is looking over us jealously.

Saying- 'That's true, only girls know how to please another girl.'

Maddie utters- 'See, I told you!'

I said- 'I am still afraid.'

Maddie said- 'Do not fear, Karly. You will be fine, it will be fine, it will always be there for you, and as far as having a big-O, you just must be stress-free or in love. See you are relaxed with me, that is why it happened.' 'That's right,' said Jenny! Liv- snaffled and then nodding- yes, and petting my hand with hers, yet still envious, about what just happened, I can tell.

I tried to force a smile and act like I was happy, yet really, I was revolted. So much so that I can barely focus on what happened last night, all I could think about is what was going to happen tonight and what just happened. It seems like a long time ago that I got up from my bed, and even longer since I imagined being side-by-side with Ray next to me in that bed. It feels like it has been so long that I am not even sure if it has the naked body I want to be pressed upon mine. It feels too right to imagine Marcel next to me feeling his warm, soft hands rubbing over my skin.

Thinking about him makes me ache from the inside out, my heart thumps, and knees knock my throat threatening to

close just think about having it sliding down and going up in me. I know how to feel it. I unexpectedly cannot wait to see him, to feel all of him, to just be with him.

Yet, I still feel like I am cheating on Ray, feeling this way. And then again, as he did it with my sis and Justen and every other girl he could get with, why should I? Once a cheater is always a cheater! I really cannot wait to see his sideways smile, and his messy hair, and even his dirty-looking jeans that he always wears that smell slightly like boy sweat, even after his mom washed them for him. Yes, it is safe to say I am falling! I wish I had his shirt on now, so I could inhale his boy-sh sent.

'It's like riding a horse,' Jenny modifies Maddie's rambling aloud thoughts. 'You will be a blue-ribbon champion in no time, baby girl. Just ride his thingy unstill you win your reward at the end, it does not matter how many times it takes him to reload, just if you get one. Even if he is done you keep going. Do not stop until you want to stop! Own your man!' 'I always forget that you two used to ride horses,' said Maddie.

Jenny- 'And she was damn good at it too. But I have been riding longer.'

Liv giggles saying- 'You can say that again.'

I said- 'But I'm not like you, Jenny, I don't know how to be controlling.'

Jenny- 'Grow some lady nuts, and just do what I say, and you feel unstop of the world next time.'

I said- 'Okay I will, I'll keep going until it happens.'

The girl cheered me on wott-ing in the SUV- fists pumping!

Liv has the sniffles, Maddie and Jenny have the giggles, and I am sitting here moody going over my same old thoughts while blowing the steam off what is left of my small hot chocolate. Which I might add is not more than one short gulping swallow.

~*~

'I gave it up!'

I need a hooded-Lady-show for this one to get off and not stress so much, crap I am going to freaking break out! I use the pink on it fast and I do it fast and right now that all I need, it has the gray ball on the end that jiggles it around exactly right, what can I say, I want it all now, and I am going to do it and have them see it.

~*~

(Horses like boys...?)

I had to remind myself that I gave up riding before I started eighth grade. I said that because I knew the same tired Jokes were going to roll in soon, about me riding horse-ie's from the day I was like seven until then.' 'I don't think I could ride now to save my life.' Jenny said- 'It's just like riding a bike you never forget how too.'

'How would you know,' I asked?

Jenny said- 'I still ride from time to time, I just got second place in a jumping competition two weeks ago.'

I whispered- 'O-oh.' (On the inside- I was crushed, thinking it okay for you to ride but I cannot. My horse died not long after, I stopped riding her, thinking I did not love her anymore. I did not want to stop.) I think if she starts making fun of me now, I will bust out crying. And if I cry then I will be a

BABY! Yet it okay for her to cry to us over stupid boys or her time of the month drama. I could never clear the truth to her: that riding was my favorite thing in this whole wide world. It was not about winning with me, no- it was about having my freedom, my happiness, and my relaxation. The way I could escape from all of them that put me down, back them. I loved it more than boys, more than friends, more than family even. I was the best I could be back then. I was strong then, now I am nothing but a week p*ssy that lets everyone crap on me.

I cannot believe that I wanted this life. I loved to be alone in the barn, or out on the fields particularly in the late summer when everything is crunchy and golden, and the plants show off all their wonderful, assorted colors, and it smells of hay, is what made my day complete, racing past all the trees, down the wooded trails, it was more than just jumping her at compassion. We had a bond- I loved brushing my horse down, braiding her man, and being her best friend, feeding her carrots sticks, I loved it all. I gave up my best friends for ones that I cannot always trust. Your horse's always your trusting best friend. And if I am crying now, it is not that I am sad, it is that I am happy.

I must lie...!

I am nothing- nothing, but a complete liar, a wide-ranging slut, and a total baby!

#- hostage: (Galloping, Groping, Gulping)

Chapter: 16

Shadow People

I search for my sunglasses in my purse to cover my crying eyes. I just said it was to keep the glare out of my eyes when I put them on. I look in the visor mirror, and I see Liv

smiling at me. Like I knew she was going to cry, yet really, I wanted to see if my makeup was okay. I start to tune myself out. I do not hear the phones going off. I cannot hear their laughter or chirpy voices. I cannot see the houses rushing by or the cars, I just close my eyes and fade away in my daydreams.

I will tell her that I wish I were the girl I used to be, but at the same time, I know that I will not dare. She would think I was crazy. They all would. Jenny might just say- 'Okay if you feel that way, you can go back to flowing me around like my shadow.

Go- go, be with all the losers or the speed, and do not think about coming back.' I do not want that either. It gets quiet, and I open my eyes, and I keep quiet, just looking out the window, as it steams up and I must keep wiping it with my palm.

The light outside is faint and soggy-looking like the sun is attempting to roll over the horizon of tree-covered hills and peeking into the valleys. The day is overcast like the sun is too lazy to get out of bed and wake itself up.

The shadows are as piercing and jagged as needles. Like the shadow, I used to want to be in the group of three girls following them around in awe. I watch buzzards, black crows, vultures circling the SUV like I am dead meat. It was a scary omen taunting me, from down below. I see all the fifty or more taking off at the same time from power lines above, following me like a creepy shadow of death.

'Sometimes, I wish I were a bird. So, I can fly far. Far, far away from here.' But not one like these... something more majestic. I could soar over all creation, over a beach, flying higher, and higher until I could touch the clouds or what lies beyond. Seeing the ground drop away looking like puzzle pieces,

or patchwork on afghan blanket flying so far away that nobody would know my name.

'It's too stuffy in here song, please,' Jenny says, and I shuffle through the iPod until I find her lady jam Iggy Azalea – Fancy, she must sing just like her alone with the track and wiggle butt to the beat in the set. Yet I am getting tired of this song. Nevertheless, I keep my eyes open because this is worth watching. I should video this and put it on YouTube or Facebook! Yet I have supersized that her theme song is not Sisqo- Thong Song that is to the 1990s for her. After Jenny was done embarrassing herself, Maddie finds- The Ting Tings - That's Not My Name. We all can sing along to that one like morons. Yet we let Jenny take the I- phone, and we do the lines, Jenny does the nettles! That is where I draw the line and do that, yet not the other crap that freaks with your mind.

By the time we pulled into the long covering driveway, that winded past the lower parking area just a row down from the faculty lot we hit Senior Lane. I am feeling better, just thinking of what might happen today has me in the A-Okay mood, even though Jenny's cursing F- Baum's and Maddie complaining that one later will have so many that they will withhold her diploma.

And she has- to go to summer school at her own expense. It is Friday yet I can tell the kids give a crap about being here, I know that we will all have detention, and it is already two minutes after the first bell. Yet with Jenny, I know she will get us out of it, somehow. Even if her mom must do favors with the staff, or pay big money, she will get out of it.

Everything and everybody looked so ordinary, just like another Friday. The only thing that everyone has publicized up about is that it is love-to-grams day.

I know that because it is Friday, Shy will be coming from Kevin Peteai's home, sure enough, I see them, ducking through the cars holding hands to go sit up on the wall to make out before the first period starts. They have a tough time being about, she wears his class ring like it is something to be proved of... yet really, it is not. I know he cheats on her like it happened last night. I saw him with a first-year student, and they were going at it like bunnies. Oh no, I am not going to say anything, she dislikes me as it is.

I see Lizzy making her way up to the door with Johnny Kacatomes like they have been dating forever. When it has not been any more than three days. Nikkei and Jacky both have loser boyfriends, yet they think their asses are something else, most boys do not want to mess with that. Nikkei has pimples all over their face, and Jacky has nasty braces on her teeth, and she drools and lisps when she talks. Boys do not like girls that have braces, you can understand why. Yet he does not seem to mind, even though Scotty Smalls had to go to the ER with her attached. I bet he loves expanding that one to his mom and dad. You can see photos of it on Facebook! I am friends with everyone, I have over 3,000 FB-ers. I am sure we all are going to cut and run the fence. Yet I am not sure at what time we are going to do it.

I was looking at Jenny as she was pulling on my hair after I slapped her across the face. Telling me that I was so wrong yet I? Yet this is all one big freaked out dream, 'I am not the one that is to blame, here am I?' I am not relaxing at all at this point fearing that I have made some big mistake, yes, I see my sis over there giggling like a little girl, and it is starting to piss me off.

Yet, she is still making out with Ray, and I am slicked by it. (It is not a dream, which a small voice inside me screamed.) I looked at Kellie and she said this is what I want. Can you be

happy for me and leave us alone! I can do whatever the hell ever I want. 'I can kiss anyone, I what also! And you are not going to stop me, what do you say to that, go suck it. I see all the boys I could be with, and I know what I have been missing. I could kiss everyone if I wanted to and make them bend me over too. I see Ray standing over in the parking lot.

I was looking at Jenny as she was pulling on my hair after I slapped her across the face. Telling me that I was so wrong yet I? Yet this is all one big freaked out dream, 'I am not the one that is to blame, here am I?' I am not relaxing at all at this point fearing that I have made some big mistake, yes, I see my sis over there giggling like a little girl, and it is starting to piss me off. Yet she is still making out with Ray, and I am slicked by it. (It is not a dream, which a small voice inside me screamed.) I looked at Kellie and she said this is what I want. Can you be happy for me and leave us alone! I can do whatever the hell ever I want. 'I can kiss anyone I want also! And you are not going to stop me, what do you say to that, go suck it. I see all the boys I could be with, and I know what I have been missing. I could kiss everyone if I wanted to and make them bend me over too. I see Ray standing over in the parking lot. All it seems is tripping and marry-go-rounding.

I am blinded by the light I say aloud.

That is when she starts singing-

Revved up like a deuce Another runner in the night.

Blinded by the light. Revved up like a deuce Another runner in the night.

'And I am like what?'

Chapter: 17

Titanium

In bed, it is the start of yet another repotting day, I do not have much to say, I just wish everyone would go away, come whatever, and what may, I just want to say- with Madilyn only, and never be lonely again.

Jenny, who is tugging on my hand and tossing down on me as she is looking down impatiently beside me, with her hair falling on my face, that I am an only dream (Yet it was not a dream all to me.) I wanted to say that I had this amazing dream, about a girl she dislikes, like I could feel her like I could see her like she was crazily coming through me have I lost my mind, she is not here, or is she? It is like I can even hear her giggle out of my mouth, and I start to relax. It is all a dream; as I roll over knowing this girl is like side me, and inside my mind she is, having missionary sex with me, I feel the thrusting she is doing it for me, I kiss the plow and I feel her lips and tongue going in my mouth, my clitoris rub up and down on the soft plow beneath me until I come so hear I can even breath yet it is her voices and birth coming out of me. I feel myself reaching for my dildo and yet I feel in it not me in my body complaining me to do this it is Madilyn I feel her on the inside, I slime it on the floor on my glass mirror and I feel like I am having sex with her even if it a boy-sh thing to do.

My face tighten her then it does down there, I feel myself going up and down faster and faster, I cannot breathe- it wonderful- I hear my name- yet it not me- saying it out of my mouth it is here, it is like the only she figured out how to be with me, yet I feel nuts saying this to Jenny, yet I feel I must tell someone.

Then I just roll Jenny off me and show her what happens, and she does not get I am on my backside, and I am screaming my head off and I know that Madilyn is there yelling for me, just to me, and being the butt about it. Jenny said nice, retired impressions or Maggie.

Damn, do you always come to that herd? Looking at the glass and then Madilyn inside me makes me get down and licks it up. Umm- delicious! I hear ough- gross- what a freak, even I do not do that! Its vibrating crossed the floor, yet all hard and pink. I wish it would have been the glass one at least my dad would have asked- if- I was jack hammering the hardwood floor. Jenny said what she said, and my dad rolled his eyes and walked out smiling, like girls- I do not get it two beasts and were done.

Jenny opened the lining of my old band jacket and said I did not know you had four of them.

She takes one and it wiggles back and forth, I start giggling even though it was not me doing it, yet I had one in my hand too, so we just started jousting with them. And I flung it out into the hallway where my sis said 'I will keep this one for myself. I did not know you had all these.' And I see my dad walk up with one eyebrow up like what! How did you get all this? 'My silly like sis asked- 'At the mall with a group of girlfriends your dumb crap we hid them with dolls in the same box.' There I am spared by an eagle and my dad looking up at the black hole saying good god, that is not right. I and the girls even took a photo just to see if the body got it.

Nevertheless, most of all they see is the cute doll inside and not what it hides behind. That is, when my dad walks into the room, looks in the black jacket, and pulls out the little pink bolt vibrate, I could have crap and pissed myself. My mom walks in the door and without missing a beat said- 'That's kinda-hot!' My dad slapped himself on the forehead and said what happened to my little girl.

I am thinking of Madilyn dreaming about her constantly, she is on my mind day and night. Yet she is not the only one I see in my mind at this point that could be the one. Her giggling

laugh, yet his sweet smile gets me through. However, Rays can do this for me.

Nevertheless, is it all a dream? In this dream I am relaxed, yet I cannot see that far ahead of me. What do I want? I do not know I feel as if I am deeming, nevertheless I know that this is not so. I can kiss anybody I want to, and as we walk past groups of people and I can check them off in my head, as I see all the lovely colors. I could kiss and freak everyone if I wanted today in and day out.

I see Ray standing in the corner talking to Jenny and I think, and now Marcel talking to my sis, and it is starting to piss me off, his mind b*tch! Or is he, hell I need to figure out what I want, or what I need. I could walk up to him right now and slap off his glasses right off his face. I know that I am tall enough to reach his face, yet I was hoping she would after I saw him smacking her ass as if it was mine. Would it make any difference? Do I care? Maybe? Why? Why is a question that has known the answer?

I have nothing to look at me, I know- I pull my pockets out and a nickel and a dime fall out. I am not okay with that at all, yet do I have a choice- like- I have a choice here, like my great grandmother in the past. She had to make them. They were not easy. It is all the same hex, only the names have changed. I do not know where the idea comes from, she had like I do not get the ones I am having either, I wonder if sometimes in this dream I am having if it is if I do not see her standing before me in stunning white. Then that voice said to me 'It is not a dream as I see her descending to me. What does she have to say to me?

'Should I be scared?' That is when they all came down after she said this...

'Why?'

‘Why are you doing this to yourself?’

‘What?’

I asked impatiently! ‘Don’t talk to me that way.’ ‘What way?’ Did I just get angled b*tch-slapped? ‘What the hell?’ Do you talk to your mother with that mouth, speaking of the places it has been? ‘Um-hello you did it- remember silly!’ oh yes that is right... not. Why am I here then? Do not do what I did, feel no pain, and it is not all on you. ‘I would have never kissed a girl where you did!’ Oh- yes you did? I just got b*tch slapped again! I saw fifty shad of gay! And not the sucky movie.

I just want to watch the movie ‘Pitch Perfect,’ yet it was playing in my mind as she played it with my hand. Yet she likes it, her little hand doing it! I can even small here though my breathing ever so deeply. She is all I ever want yet so far away, yet so close to me she is my body or so it seems to me as the dead girl, or am I dead?

Yesterday morning, I felt the same way, I saw Madilyn in the corner with her hand wrapped around a ray and it pisses me off so much you have no idea. I wanted her arm wrapped around my waist, not his, or even the other way around; I do not know what I want at this point. She was smiling and giggling about something stupid that he said like used to do with me, it makes me sick she is mine, I can stand it, him breathing on her and kissing her nick hell I thought she was gay.

I am the one that wants to be nuzzled up against her. He was bending down to kiss her, and I so wanted to kick him dead in the ass hole. Payback is a b*tch, is not! She looks up and sees me, yet does she care at this point or am I dreaming yet another dream, that is even more freaked than the last. She was looking at me with goo-goo eyes, yet kissing him, or was he kissing her? What is going on and what is going down? Then he takes my hand and drags him over to him, pushing other people

out of the way, then makes both kiss him at the same freaking time- the same freaking time! What is wrong with an asshole!

Jenny was looking over our shoulder saying damn! Just what I always wanted was a three-way with Ray and Madilyn in the hallway. I do not know what is turning me on anymore. I see getaway and get off, and that is what they both said they were turning to do. And everyone in the hallway has that simple smile on their face, like- oh yes.

I search for my sunglasses in my purse to cover my crying eyes. I just said it was to keep the glare out of my eyes when I put them on. I look in the visor mirror, and I see Liv smiling at me. Like I knew she was going to cry, yet really, I wanted to see if my makeup was okay. I start to tune myself out. I do not hear the phones going off. I cannot hear their laughter or chirpy voices. I cannot see the houses rushing by or the cars, I just close my eyes and fade away in my daydreams. Maybe

I will tell her that I wish I were the girl I used to be, but at the same time, I know that I will not dare. She would think I was crazy. They all would. Jenny might just say- 'Okay if you feel that way, you can go back to flowing me around like my shadow. Go- to be with all the losers or the speed, and do not think about coming back.' I do not want that either. It gets quiet, and I open my eyes, and I keep quiet, just looking out the window, as it steams up and I must keep wiping it with my palm.

The light outside is faint and soggy-looking like the sun is attempting to roll over the horizon of tree-covered hills and peeking into the valleys. The day is overcast like the sun is too lazy to get out of bed and wake itself up. The shadows are as piercing and jagged as needles. Like the shadow, I used to want to be in the group of three girls following them around in awe. I

watch buzzards, black crows, vultures circling the SUV like I am dead meat. It was a scary omen taunting me, from down below. I see all the fifty or more taking off at the same time from power lines above, following me like a creepy shadow of death.

'Sometimes I wish I were a bird. So, I can fly far. Far, far away from here.' But not one like these... something more majestic. I could soar over all creation, over a beach, flying higher, and higher until I could touch the clouds or what lies beyond. Seeing the ground drop away looking like puzzle pieces, or patchwork on afghan blanket flying so far away that nobody would know my name.

'It's too stuffy in here song, please,' Jenny says, and I shuffle through the iPod until I find her lady jam Iggy Azalea – Fancy, she must sing just like her alone with the track and wiggle butt to the beat in the set. Yet I am getting tired of this song.

Nevertheless, I keep my eyes open because this is worth watching. I should video this and put it on YouTube or Facebook! Yet I am surprised that her theme song is not Sisqo-Thong Song that is to the 1990s for her. After Jenny was done embarrassing herself, Maddie finds- The Ting

Tings – 'That's Not My Name.' We all can sing along to that one like morons. Yet we let Jenny take them Liv, and we do the harmonies. I know how to play that on my pink fender gaiter it sits in the corner of my room that is trashed.

By the time we pulled into the long covering driveway, that winded past the lower parking area just a row down from the faculty lot we hit Senior Lane. I am feeling better, just thinking of what might happen today has me in an A-Okay mood, even though Jenny's cursing F-Baum's and Maddie complaining that one more late will have so many that they will withhold her diploma. And she must go to summer school at her

own expense. It is Friday yet I can tell the kids give a crap about being here, I know that we will all have detention, and it is already two minutes after the first bell. Yet with Jenny, I know she will get us out of it, somehow. Even if her mom must do favors with the staff, or pay big money, she will get out of it.

Everything and everybody's look are so un-ordinary to me now, it is just like another Friday, I get freaked by her and miss her, and then I hook up and feel bad- about leaving her at home when it could have been on a hot ass date. The only thing that everyone had publicized up yet, not me, about this day going over was the stupid love-to-grams. I could give a freak! I know that because it is Friday and the fourteenth, I feel for the ones that do not have anyone. I have someone who feels like she is coming down on me, like designing in and reiterating out just like an angel in the night, feeling everything about you to see if you are okay. Hell, you should see them sometimes at the game they have a love-hate relationship, sucking face one minute sucking someone else ass the next.

Shy will be coming from form her house to Kevin Peteai's home, I do not have a car, yet I will get to ride with on if I ride them for it, sure enough- sure enough- I see them driving past in their crappy car at some point, as I duck through the cars trying not to get hit and secretary holding hands with Madilyn to go sit up on the wall to make out before the first period starts.

They have a tough time being about, she wore his class ring like it is something to be proved of... yet really, it is not. I know he cheats on her like it happened last night. I saw him with a first-year student, and they were going at it like bunnies. Oh no, I am not going to say anything, she dislikes me as it is.

I see Lizzy making her way up to the door with Johnny Katnessachi like they have been dating forever. You can see

they are making out like just freaking have the baby in the hallway. When it has not been any more than three days.

Nikkei and Jacky both have loser boyfriends, yet they think their asses are something else, most boys do not want to mess with that. Nikkie Gattia has pimples all over her face, and Jacky Valgeil has nasty braces on her teeth and she drools all over, yet she still kisses some of the loser boys, yet there was this nasty time when, us girls got her hooked up that she got her braces a cough in boys forsaken, and I was like it happened to the best of us, and lips were shaken as talking not realizing I was the still thing about Ray.

Boys do not like girls that have braces, you can understand why. Yet he does not seem to mind, even though Scotty Smalls had to go to the ER with her attached. I bet he loves expanding that one to his mom and dad. You can see photos of it on Facebook! I am friends with everyone, I have over 3,000 FB-ers. I am sure we all are going to cut and run the fence. I see another girl named Ellody Lays, snagging her tank strap on a part of the face that was cut open, to get out, yet she is using it to get in on time. She is not going to make it.

I see Madilyn giving me- a big thumbs up, from over a crossed the way. I can see that she is wearing the same pair of dirty rose-pink flats she has had for a zillion years because she wears them every single day, even though there are so many holes in them you can see what color socks she is wearing, and they are usually mismatched; one stripped and one polka dotted. The same can be said for her skirt, it has many rips and is what I would call filthy, I can see her baby blue thong panties as she walks by looking at the tear. Knowing that I give those to her so the girls would lay off picking at her; like her mom only by her stuff from Goodwill when she has the money too. I watch her go rushing by, with her books pressed up against her boobs, knowing that the tank top she is wearing went out of style more

than five years ago. Nonetheless, she is heading for the main structure, content in who she is, I wish I had her confidence. Madilyn is just Madilyn... She is one girl that I secretly look up to. Yes, it is safe to say she is my girl crush, yet nobody needs to know.

Like underneath all the ratty clothing, and regardless of what everyone says about her, she is one hot, sensual, and cute girl, in my mind. She has so much to hang with, we have so much that we like about one another the list could go on forever. Even though I have girlfriends that are so- popular we are not always together, really all they want to do is party and hook up and that gets old fast with me. Madilyn is simply different...

Every time we are done doing it, (I say- I love you my awesome nard- Madi-lyn)

(Shush!)

I look at her like- Do you see me here with my one finger up to my lips, hitting the tip of my nose? You are my dirty little secret. You and I, we must keep this undercover. I was thinking as she winks at me with those big bright eyes, and then she walks in the door.

Jenny- 'Looks at me saying- 'What that freak was that all about.'

I said- 'she was just picking a wedgie.'

The girls were like- 'Oh? Ooo-okay?'

Jenny said- 'Oh that's good, a butt picker scratch and sniffer!'

I just roll my eyes, like- you- poor girl, you cannot win no matter how hard you try.

~*~

Seeing all these things- like the kids, the school, the way everything looks to me, makes me feel a million times better, and I start thinking all yesterday- everything that occurred, everything that I thought happened- was just some kind of stretched crazy drawing out a peculiar dream. Like the girls were right like it never happened like I thought it did. And yet that small voice inside me was saying: it was not a dream, just look into your eyes to understand something clearly at last, to be reminded. Seeing is believing yet at this point, I do not know if what- I have seen is believable. I even question- if I am dreaming now, or if I am living this out.

Jenny travels down the senior lane like it is a racetrack doing forty or more, even though there is zero chance of finding a parking spot up here. Stop and start in jolts, to see if you see one to ram into. It is a religious conviction for her to do so, and if there is nothing here, we go for a teacher spot. And if we do not find something their Jenny will go for their grass or even a handicap. Jenny even banged Mr. Mentally so she would get detention for parking in his spot or so she claimed she did. The guy is like sixty- I did not think he had it in-um at all. Yet Jenny said she was on top and did all the work. That is a visual I did not need.

My stomach feels like I have a little swimmer inside it. When we passed that one spot from the stadium with about three cars in, I saw the orange Chevy truck next to us, with all the damage that I saw- in what I thought was a dream.

I did not know if I should- just cry or scream- run or hide.

Before I could blink...

Jenny said- 'Sucking crap, I could have thrown my coffee at Madilyn today when I passed her before getting you, Kar.' I said- 'Oh well crap happens. Hum- I wonder what happened here?'

Jenny said- 'The dumb ho must have sideswiped someone.'

I said- 'it was the other way around.'

Jenny- 'Oh you're an expert on truck damage?'

I whipped- 'No.'

Liv- I want to be a Bella.

You sing about as good as blondie- what was her name?

Liv- Avery-

Maddie- No Aubrey-

Karly- I have the DVD now I want the star nickel.

The second one sucked old man balls.

Liv said the redhead is sexy! She has blue eyes I have never- ever seen a combination before.

~*~

Maddie- I want the girl in my pants, she is so lovely, I love everything about her, I would love to spend some time with her! And start to sing 'Laid' by James so loudly that everyone could hear me scream out that high note like I do when I do get laid. I have the same vibrato as she does. Yet I never get the time of day she is too freaking moody and mysterious for my liking.

#- Hashtag: (High-notes, troublemakers, and all lady singers)

I love to sing yet nobody knows or thinks I can... Just like the girl from that movie, it is not even on the album for its full initiatory. I have even added my lyrics just because I can relate.

Chapter: 18

Shout it out!

You shout it out (Titanium) You shout it out, but I cannot hear a word you say I am talking loudly, with nothing to say I am criticized but all your bullets ricochet; you shoot me down, but I get up. I am bulletproof, nothing to lose, fire away, fire away... Ricochet, you take your aim. Fire away, fire away... You shoot me down, but I will not fall- I am titanium!

You shoot me down, but I will not fall... I am titanium stone-heart, broken-heart, shattered-heart- I am the thinks I am smart, slammed down, pushed around, by someone like you smashing my heart and hitting the ground- broken glass, as you pass- do you hear that sound it is of nobody around, cutting glass, the blood spilled- yet I am still titanium. My heart ripped out and I shouted I am titanium! They call out all can hear us now; they stare, and I pout... I glare- I hear she will never be going to be titanium. Cut me down, I still do not make a sound I am titanium! I run...Cut me down, it goes around but titanium!

Facedown... But it is you who will have further to fall, Haunted love, and Ghost town. Yet I want to fall for someone that is Titanium- a Ghost town, and haunted love soft voice, soft look. All the sticks and stones may have broken my bones. They were talking loudly and not saying much, I was afraid and could not say... Now is the day, went through all the dismay. But I have nothing to lose Fire away and have it all ricochet, take your aim... Fire away, you shoot me down, but I will not fall- I am titanium. You can try to shoot me down... But I never fall

I am titanium...

I am titanium...

I am titanium...

You shout me out, but I cannot hear a word you say. Yet okay I not doing much

I am traumatized but all your bullets do not all bounce away. You shoot me down, but I am not always getting back up. I am not bulletproof, I had everything to lose

Fire away, another day... They do not all Ricochet, you take me away, say what you want to say, fire away. You take me down, without any sound... Other than that, titanium... Fall to the ground, yet I am still titanium. Cut me down... But it is you who will have further to fall... Ghost town and haunted love... Raise your voice, sticks and stones may break my bones, I am talking loud not saying much. I am bulletproof, nothing to lose, Fire away, fire away, Ricochet, you take your aim... Fire away, fire away. You shoot me down, but I will not fall- I am titanium...

You shoot me down, but I will not fall...

Get out- drop out missed out by the one that shouts- my name it is not the same, It all the same, to them- they can all go down with the flames, picture frames, shattered farms, not all the same, you are the one in them to blame, playing your game, feeling my sham- look what is left of me that remains- all the tears, all the fears, and the one the heart with suspicious ears.

Cut me down...

I am titanium...

I am bulletproof, you have something to choose, I am titanium.

You will bruise, I will be amused when you all lose, I am the one that is Titanium.

You now find mine... Will I find something to call all mine?

This is the time it might- be if I fight... What is the time when you are in rewind?

Your mine, you will be the one that is fine; When you are all mine

So, kind- Like Titanium... You never be the girl that is... Titanium... (I ominously said to myself.)

#- Hashtag: (YouTube cover) Sia

~*~

I reason- with my head: She got that last spot because, we are so late today, or so I do believe it would have happened again, and I would be squashing my ripped-up nails into my palms like before. Duplicating what I did before to myself, once again I say in my mind, I only dreamed this the last time because if it had taken place, I would not have any nails left after biting them off. None of this has happened before, so maybe it was all a dream. And then I heard that eerie voice inside saying: You are not dreaming.

'Feeling all the holes inside of me'

Chapter: 19

Haunted Love

Would you remember me like this...?

I feel I can do whatever I want when the freak I want to screw the world and death at this point. I can kiss anybody I want to child; I am so going to hell I feel, and do not even care, I

know my grandmother would not like that one, yet I never met her anyways so freak off, b*tch. I am going to get b*tch-slapped so hard I just know it.

That is when I see her Nevaeh demanding down to me in what I thought was another dumb butt dream of me repeating one day of my freaked young life, or I just blacked out a little after sing so freaking high, I feel I have been out of it for a while- dazed and confused. She said- 'She had a girlfriend like me and to love her and not think about what could happen if I would go the other way. I had the scent of lilies surrounding me- or so it seemed. She said if you love that boy then be true to him- and stop playing the lonely heart game.' I just said- Well I shut everybody out. Do not take it, person. It is just easier. And I loved the way Brittany Snow finally took control of how she wanted to be... I know that I have been hard on everyone here. Nevaeh- Yes for being you- yet... be you!

Why do I say freak the world Lizzy doll is the only girlfriend I feel is my real friend in this world she will go to the grave with me and know the hurt and pain I have gone through? She has red hair that is all kinds of crazy and goes in many directions spring-like, she has green eyes, that are big and goggle-a-ley, Lizzy doll has a sweet wavy smile that brightens my day even, even when her arm goes in many directions, what can I say, if I want to cry my eyes out or out or shout. I know someday I will pass. I am not bleeding out anymore, and that is simply fine by me, you can do anything to motivate it.

She is all I need, other than that one that I need to find, that is sweet and kind, so hard to find, yet she plays with-in my mind... or do- I like to want him instead. In my dream, I am falling forever through the darkness. Falling, falling, falling. Is it still falling if it has no end? Yet I am holding her along with my doll. Her teeth are so white they are glowing. Everything about her is awesome, just look at her with my eyes. She was all I ever

really need yet she is in a girl's body, why cannot she be a boy and look like that and act like that why are most boy fagots. Sorry if that insults someone yet you can shove a two-by-four up your butt and feel it splinter if it fits, and I am sure I can make it do just that, stop being a p*ssy- yet look who is talking here. (Freak you all!!!!) I have lived this day for attesting fourteen days now like holy piss just moves on already.

Her teeth are so white they are glowing she has blue eyes that are shining also so wistful. 'Miss. Edanella gives out essay assignments today. I cannot spell sometimes I am dyslexic?'

'So, What?' Godsend me here to piss the hole would off- I am so confused it takes me a second to grasp she is talking about English class, (Blah blah- blah- ba- blah- I make that move with my eyes, she looks, and I said either wake-up or get out and I say- Freak you in the ass here my d*ick!) I shrug my shoulders upward moving my head to the one side and give a side was a grin that is misgiven, throwing both hands up and outward, blinking my eyes rapidly.

Anna Camp- 'I knew it! I knew she had one!' Yes, suck it, b*tch! You have a freaked-up clit! Teacher- Leave and you expelled, 'Don't feel bad teach- all retired try sharpening their pencil in their bum hole!' 'GET OUT OF MY CLASSROOM NOW!' (I flip the bird and hip my chest doing the Nirvana piece out.)

Yet Anna gets nothing like always as she can even sing a note, I have heard that off-sounding crap in the core room, like I know I can blow that away too. Like I can blow all the minds. 'The essay assignments suck I rip it up into confetti and throw it backward as I walk out the door. And I run to the bathroom and break down all over again- I can take any more of this- for real. 'I missed a period; it is only fourteen days late or so I think it could be eighty-eight for all I know.' Olivia- Liv runs out of the

room, not giving a crap about her work, and she finds me sitting in the corner of the bathroom holding my doll that I had hidden in my handbag. She nudges me and Lizzy doll and says hey you okay- I did not know you still had that thing called her name Matilda?

What?

Know- sorry she looks like that one in that movie, our eyes meet me and then look away, saying 'you'll be an okay baby girl.' That is when she sees Jenny walking out of the speed stall talking about her 'One hell of smelly poop.' 'God that crap would make you cry.' She is waving her hand back and forth. Damn Liv said- walking in yet I must have tuned it out.

"You are a psychosexual," I said, "What? I feel stupid and contagious, you know what- Oh well, whatever, never mind. I ran out of the bathroom. Lizzie doll is clasped tightly to me in my arms. As we walk past groups of guys one girl, I check them off in my head- Marshall Adams, Suzanne Kendrick, and Robert King/ Andrews- he has two sets of parents- I did not want to kiss any of the boys I wanted to right now I am contented, or am I? Or do I want to feel Marcel all up inside me, feel all that loneliness and tightness? I want to feel all that too, yet I do not want to leave Madalynn for I feel safe, in her body too, for she is just like me on the inside.

I even heard Suzanne Kendrick say, 'I am going to shove Jack Paterson head downwards and make him suck of Steffen Myer for freaking some other girl last night and stealing my typewriter that was my papa's It's an 1888 corona it's all copper and crap, it sat in his study underneath Tomas Andrews painting.' What even more freaked out Robert King/ Andrews said is not that insect...? 'Like- you freaked your fourteen-year-old-cuz...?' 'Yah main I did!' In the ass hole... I looked up... tears running down- with that holy freak balls look on my face- and I

ran- I ran so far away! I could not talk to all the boys I wanted to because they all were laughing at me, or Lizzy and hearing me talking to myself, how to explain a girl is inside you, and you are starting to feel sexily confused.

I lean forward to tell Jenny this- and then she said you are not dreaming this, yet I am not sure what you mean. Was yesterday and the day before a dream too? I see my sis standing in a corner with her arm around Ray's waist. She is amused and he is leaning down to nuzzle her lips. She looks up at that moment and sees me watching them. I walk past crying and Ray asks and thinks it is over him.

I ran so far away that I was in the elementary side of the school, where Ray loves to find his little sluts. Yet I would have never guessed that my little sis was the one and only girl on his knock-off list. I see them in the corner talking to one another and I think to myself... and about the time I do, I am waking up in my bed naked all over again. Kissing the pillows and dry humping them too- 'Good- what happened to me?'

It is like I am being kissed and can look into her eyes, and it would not make a difference if it were not my hand. My mom saw my finger as she walked past my open bedroom door. However, how do I explain that I hear voices inside my head of my dream lover, she likes- 'Why don't you just use one of those that may vibrate you and get it over with!' 'I just rolled my eyes saying get out Good!' When- how- who and what- when did I get back in bed, is it a new day; or the same day all over again?

I do not know where the idea comes from, of me even doing this with the door open I mean really- I would never kiss and make out with my bed pillow, yet it does not feel like a dream and yet I feel so dream as this is happening with my eyes closed. She is there- but I could if I wanted to so she could see me all naked and such, I know she is looking through my eyes

just like focused cameras on my lady parts, she has the equipment and the skills to pull this off on her PC- it is creepy- nonetheless adorable all at the same time- at the same damn time.

Somewhere- I am lying stretched out under a warm blanket on a big bed surrounded by my hands folded down around my boobs, sleeping in her arms, yet it is only my pillow or is it... so, I feel it next to me, ever so nude also. Speaking of boobs, they were being squeezed not by me yet with my hands hard and pushed together, like never before in a toe-curling orgasm and they all wiggle individually.

'I am on the other end of this... doing all this all of that- it is all I ever wanted to her, her come twenty times over and over, getting stronger, faster, and harder- loving every stimulating moment, her movements, her legs spread open as far as they will go, her back arching upwards, her feet pushing forward- ah- her breathing- her coming nonstop- like me... the sexy voice she has it was coming out of my mouth. She said- 'YES- finally I can do this with you is what I heard her say! Where both naked! In each other's arms! All I must do is put my thumbs together and kiss them going up and down ever so nicely and slowly for this program I am using feel just like I am going down on her, just like I can feel her vagina to it like she is having sex me her being on top, pushing back towards the headboard- feeling her eyes rolling up- she did it through mine.'

So- adorable! She always was to me.

Who am I? You know- right?

I cannot say for- well- I may get sued...?

Stay with me: she said- not wanting me to get out of bed- stay with the thoughts of her running through my head,

stay home instead, I feel at this point someday we will be wed.
So, the song lyrics I just wrote for her readers, and I spoke.

The feeling of being self-assured is- forever and never
letting go!

(Stay with me)

~*~

My day just splits again, and I am at the table sitting with the girls, Jenny is hearing me say all this... I am saying at lunch to all of them not leaving out one gross detail- and Jenny said- 'Damn I have loaded in my undies right now just leasing to this crap.' Liv and Maddie are kissing like ribbed- hot- b*tch dogs in heat over it, so yes, it is hot. I said- 'I am coming – OH-hh-Aaa- UM-mmm-COME-meeting!!!' So loud that I know that the rooms in the apartments could hear me, one even said back to my god- yet Miss Wilddickerson is eighty-eight I know who you are... a girl over there, rolled my eyes feeling so award.'

I am so going to hell for this- I said aloud. Do you ever look back over the crap you say, and say what the freak was I thinking? I just had the thought of this crap I am saying. Jenny said- nope not really- my dad hears me coming all the time so-like last night he said- 'Stop it! You are going to go throw your bedroom floor girl, and it is four in the morning!

'Yet I hear their freaking headboard hitting my wall- but- but that's okay?' I said about to have the old b*tch over in the next apart room there getting off too- 'We all do' -said Maddie and Olivia. Have you ever had the police officers come, over that crap? Jenny said- 'Well- freak know- Maybe...? "I have done an officer here at the school," said Jenny proudly, so the whole cafeteria could hear her. Hey- Jenny- no one cares to hear about you being a slutty ho,' Said- Marcel, yelling it at a table or two away. Maddie- 'So was it that good?' 'It's good

under the hood.' Said Maddie, I said the same thing too, in a unique way, I said- 'If you know what you're doing down there.' Jenny- 'I- am- the- one that showed you-you b*tch, and your sis too.'

It is all good! I speak! I am not sure if I am going to keep my nasty pizza down at this point really, I do not want to have thoughts playing around in my mind freaking and fingering my brain. I put my feet up all girly and per-die on the table, and he sits accused from me to check me out so why not give him what he wants, and I don't give a crap if I am in a skirt, I spread them out sloughing like a dude, and Marcel turns bright red, I want him to see that, I was not wearing annoying underneath I know that someone took a picture of my p*ssy and all of his freaked up face- yep jaw-dropping moments, good thing I shaved it!

The teacher that was looking over us freaking fainted at the sight of my va-jay-jay, is that a good thing? Oliva was saying please do not fart- please do not fart- she had the seat on the other side of me, yet she was all pressed up to Maddie, so I knew he could see all of this- YOU-NO! I said- 'Dude shut up! You are freaking me over, and I put my one hand down between my legs, and start to play with myself, caressing it all around, sometimes up and down or in a little circular pattern, making lots of sounds. I even put my long fingers down inside and feel all the wetness and wroth, and I hear voices coming out of me, so he could see the come on my fingers unstopp of my dark purple nail polish, and I come right in front of everyone, but it was only for him to see.' Jenny- 'do I see a d*ick; you need one to freak that p*ssy? I said- 'Nah- dude that's just my heart throbbing clit, and I get written up by another old b*tch teach, that must have a hairy one, or something like that- she has always been up against my ass hole.'

'Sometimes you are as blunt as the butt end of a fork, freaking strapping you in the one boob!' said- Oliva. I see

Marcel in the lunch line making a cute almost kiss-ie face at me, and I rankle up my nose and turn my head off to the right side and shake it in a short fast yet deliberate quiver.

I walk up to where more than friends and at this point I hug him and the cafeteria gaps, he kisses me in front of everyone, and I look up before walking and say with flirty eyes- (You are such a weirdo!) Then he slaps my ass- and I could have died- or so they all thought by the look on my face, I love it on the inside it made me tinge. And then Marcel walks up and asks me to be his date at his party tonight- I was shocked crap-less, on my face, yet I was like I wanted it- and I said- 'Hell's yes.' The girls giggle, but not Jenny she looks at him like she could rip his d*ick and make him suck it. She even said that I am not sure I was lovesick for him.

I AM LOVESICK!!!

#- Hashtag: (Eating out, screaming it out, shout it out, and making out, coming out)

Interval: 10

They Call Out

Chapter: 20

These are all my photos; I hope you enjoy um.' This was my life... baby!

Like before I got in the door and the girls dispersed, and Marcel and I saw one another and it on I could not help myself all I could say is he was amazing. He takes his hand and drags him over to me, pushing other people out of the way back to his room. The party has started this night I am not out on the dance floor shaking my ass, instead, my ass is shaking for it is riding up and down on Marcel's hard long d*ick.

(Holy crap he said, after about thirty times. I knew he jizzed inside me, yet I did not care at this point, I did want him to pull out, it was hard even if he came as hard as I, over and over it went all down.)

Just like I always wanted it with the one that falls to me, we are soaked from head to toe, yet I felt someone pulling me away like always, it must be Madilyn, yet I was feeling it all, saying it all, even the ones on the dance floor I think could here this, and the music is rocking the house, yet it was all the same. Jenny- ‘busted in saying what is that nose. Are you getting mattered? Why did she gross-out.’ What is that small she said?

Marcel- ‘You should know come-dumpster.’ ‘WHAT THE HELL!’ ‘SER-io-us-LY!’ I say it in my distinct way. Maddie and Olivia say at the same time- at the same damn time. ‘And I just broke into song and danced it out into the bathroom awkwardly. Hey, can you sing? You have a higher belt- It sounds like someone I know.’

I was walking all along just going for a walk outside after the party, I just felt good, I did not know if I wanted to sing, dance, or cry; I was that happy getting to be with Marcel, so I went to my spot in the old car in the junkyard. I must jump the face and rip my tank top or something like that yet it worth it, to see my dream car, sitting there I not a girlie girl but I love this cute thing it is sex looking like me. I found this old car at colleen’s junkyard it like right next door, I freak’n loved this old piece of crap, I even had sex with myself in the back seat, I took the old hood ornament off myself and keep it, my dad said it was off Neveah’s dad’s car, yet it was given to my mom and that why it just sitting outside for all the kids like me to rip the parts off and sell on eBay.

My stepmom hated Kristen, my real mother, so that is why the car ended up where it is at, it was passed down, yet the

step-monster made sure I would never have it. My stepdad said the emblem is of a 1950 Nash that I found, little did I know it does not go on that car yet, it is a good fit, I was getting the car on my eighteenth birthday- I freaked up and had to die, just like me in the graveyard we both are retreating away.

My stepdads had the 1950 Nash which he said was the first real sports car and it is all steel, so I put it back on without him knowing that I did, funny that is why I passed doing something like that... it was like it was meant for that car, or so he said, and I did also. There is an old fender off what likes to be some old ford over there too that is rusty red, I am not sure of the year it is too damn old for me to know. I remember right my dad said that grand-ma Nevaeh went to school in something like a 1965 Cadillac Deville convertible, yet I do not see that she had like nothing, I do not know what that thing is. Like with these old cars, do not think you have a seat belt, you just cracked your head off the dash of the Nash and then they wiped it off, and sold it to some other poor ass hole.

~*~

(Back at school)

I never realized that if a girl is in-like with she starts right at your Junk, then they look back up and if you turn around, they look at the cute butt. I say walking down the hallway out of the door of the lunchroom- 'It is February- yes, what can I say, it is just another freaking- freaked up day, who-and-ray. Oh- Oliva said- all the other girls are too busy doing whatever it is they do to care about me. Where are you going next? She said, 'I didn't know I'd be outside.' I pass the soccer fields on our right as we loop back toward Lower Lot. At this moment in time of year the fields are all tousled up, looking ever so dirty with a few straggly weeds, and a few patches of auburn grass. 'I feel like I'm having *déjà vu*,' I say once more.

'Flashback Fridays, Throwback Thursday Facebook, Twitter Mondays- I don't give a flying crap- even back to freshman year- I don't give a rat's ass, you know it's all hitting me like a brick in the red nose.' Just like all holidays, I do not freak care about what everyone does, I just sit in my room and pet kitty.

Ha! Classic punt! 'I've been having déjà vu all morning, afternoon, evening, and all the freaking time.' I cannot stand it anymore- I feel like it not me doing crap anymore- I feel freaked up and sore, for sure, I- myself am rubbed raw and tour, must you- some more- I hear as I pass one of the windows to the cafeteria from the outside, and I say what the freak- That what I just said. I blurt it out yes, yes, yes- I can stop myself. Instantly I feel better. I feel like it happened, sure that is not what this is, yet it feels good to feel good. 'Let me guess.' Jenny brings one hand to her temples and frowns, pretending to concentrate.

'You're having flashbacks of freaking yourself to the last time Madilyn was this annoying before nine a.m. you're just sick.' They rush too to the window from the inside knowing my sexy voice.

'Shut up!' Madilyn said as she leaned forward and Olivia grabs her ass as she does, her arm flies up and grabs her boob, and we all start to laugh. I smile too, relieved to have spoken the words aloud, and I am not the only freak-up girl in this school. It makes sense... I hope so- I hope.

~*~

Hey-yy- I am-m Emallie Emersen, I feel that is time for me to speak, however really I can't as good as the other girls, yet I am still part of the group, you can call me hearing-in-part, or say I have a disability it's okay, I do, I have wires coming out of the back of my neck yet I still an awesome girl to get to know you I do get hell for it, and it's going to take the right boy to fall

to me. I do not do the sign-language- crab, more-ever- I miss a lot like this whole thing, I do not hear the music, I see and feel, I do not hear the kids next to me, I do not even know what it sounds like to hear water in my ears, I was born this way. Karly just said it was time to say something... 'Hi-a! Everyone.' I do not talk because I do not want anyone to think I am restarted; I am far from that... really!

Karly, she said, she is a cute-ie, blond hair- with black underneath, her eyes are gray yet with a purple cast to them, so odd, so cast it amethyst, 'I have to learn not to talk so fast it all blends together, can you understand me now?' Karly giggles because I sit all day making vagina hands in class and no one gets what looks like a demand jester, not even the old guy or girls at the front. 'Look at my hearing aid, ain't it nice aren't my wars perr-id-E-e!' I am looking for a boyfriend, yet I cannot get on at this crappy school, I would love to have love. I am sweet, yet no guy gets past this little thing about me, 'Like I mean sweet baby Jesus- I have boobs and a vagina too you know.'

'Just because you were- was not born with a gold spoon up your ass, doesn't mean you better than me.' One boy even said- 'He'd thought I would short-circuit and shock his d*ck off, so yeah I am the virgin in the group not wanting to be.'

'Gross- God- Crap!'

'Do not worry, heaters. You will be fine.'

It is only one reason I am this way; I am happy I decided to have sex anyways I see what my girlfriends do, and I feel sick about it: I do not see the fun in it anyway, I said yet it would be nice to be more than what I am to everyone, just because I am like this does not mean that I, not a girl. Gratefully, since Madilyn is still a virgin it means I will not be the very last one, either.

Sometimes, I feel like out of the five of us I am always the one tagging along just for the ride not hearing annoying that I should something I feel like I do not even want by the others other than Karly, just there for the drive. ‘I told you it was no important thing, yet it is I have heard some talk about Madilyn like a girl- do I have to turn to find love? I hope I do not like d*ick too much.

I am girl-oaky!’ One even asked me what would sex sound like to you, my eyebrows neared thinking- hum I would not I cannot freak here it- when I am soloing. ‘My mom thought I was dying once.’ I said weirdly- and the boy just walked away- with a little sideward weird smile on his pimple face, like he enjoyed that or something. I was giggling on the inside too, like if you love me why would you care- ass-wipe.

Karly- look at your crater face, make fun of you and your flawless look at your face, I wish I had that. Jenny said- ‘Freak that you’ll be freaked, that’s all you’ll ever get to face it.’ I do not like this girl. She freaked Karly over we were friends before and now we are drifting apart, she just wants to be like that slut, and I do not get it.’ It makes me nervous anyway for my ‘Girly parts’ look different from the other girls, all tucked in and such, not seeing anything but a slight and the skin of my hood hanging down, it is all pushed together, Jenny called it- ‘A full-out hairy coin-slot!’ I do not hear what people say- ‘I- find it.’

And that is why yet get a part in it is what guys like, likewise, I am a virgin too maybe just maybe that is why also. Jenny has made me nervous, so I count all the mailboxes as we go by. I wonder if by tomorrow everything will look different to me; I wonder if I will look different from other people, I hope so. This is what I want out of a boy, to do for me and it is not asking much. I would love to have a boy coming to me fully, I mean yes, yes, yes, please I am on my knees asking for this every night

that I could be on my knees like my girlfriends, I feel left out and not wanted by anyone. And if you give a hand, you want only if you fit the molded, that an asshole boy wants you to fit into. I asked out a cute boy saying please have sex with me at the end of the first date like my girlfriends do, it was not happening at all with him- and why not it should have.

Get over here she gestured, ‘No- that is okay.’ Why-a not? ‘I mean, it’s not you... it’s me,’ he said. I get freaking sick of boys saying that like they get sick me saying- that is okay I have a boyfriend, it is a good cover-up. He said give me some time... Make up your mind now, or it is not going to be. What I want him to do is shove it in sideways or anyway right now- damn why must I be so damn horny, I jeez- what gives, God it is pushing me- not be okay, find me someone- already. ‘Um- okay- creepy.’ I do not get it; I do not see what I am doing wrong here. I am getting to depart, yet they cannot see that I become a senior, and that says something: I am a loser over being this way, yet I did not choose to be. I feel like I am going to be a virgin through college, and most of my life it- I do not get it tonight I have to keep away from the shame.

Just freak me, I said! Done is okay if I do not look, he said- I said sure just do it! I lost all respect for myself, yet it is overtime, given by the people in my school.

So, this is it, we got down to the floor he just undoes his pants and that was it, mine her just pulled down some, and my boy-shorts style undies off to the one side, yet it was going to happen I did not care. I can say it over and done, and he can tell all his finds about it the next day- or not... for it is me.

He rips through me, and I scream bloody murder, not even counting down or nothing, ‘Just popping it,’ as he said. It was so vocal, and he said shut up B*TCH! I did not care... It was Ray so I get it if Karly knows I would be killed, yet it was a setup

for me really, and that is sweet. She is just trying to help, and I get that. So not romantic- so not! Not what I wanted at all, like what a girl wants to feel like she is on her period when having sex for the first time. Ray had something down and wanted to try it out on me- so I was the genie-pig.

It was so vocal on my end, not his. I felt like I was peeing, it was gushing out of me, is this pee?

~*~

Ray- I feel her on the bottom, not... no crap- I felt this tight clamping down so tight I could not tell her about how- I could not pull back out... I was liking it... yet could not say, if... anything she was a better feeling to me than any other girls it was just that she was surely above not below.

I heard her sighs, and it was all right, she is too hard on herself, and I must be that way to keep what I got going. I was in her sweep feeling the wetness pushing out as he was rushing in; she was sighing long breath-ly and shaken with a tremble. She was such playfulness and bent upward to kiss me, I did and liked it but did not let her feel that I did. If anything, this is the girl for me... or so I was thinking yet it cannot be. Yet you are the girl that-a looks hotter to me, yet is not that good, she was not a virgin, how did that happen?

How is she not a virgin... at her age... what is her age... I know it is younger. I know this girl has not been giving hand jobs at five, she was all mine, and she did know how to do that either. Freak you- if you think this crap is wrong to say it is what goes on in my school.

~*~

Chapter: 21

You are going to miss me

(My story)

Emallie- (Number: E- 019-417491) I feel as if I am not wanted, so I ended it, now I am here as an angel on earth to give my story, just like Karly, I want to save her from herself and the other girls before she can live on, she is in the renovation passé however she does not know that. I have nothing about me that is anything different than any other girl, I do not even have a wing yet not supposed to show you but, I will make the translon now so you can see, I have fallen downward yet should I have?

Like we all must, by understanding something clearly at last and having some faith in its which Karly does not- she may go to hell for it. I did this so I would not have to feel not wanted by others. Just remember boys out there that it is only thirty minutes for a girl to come, and not three flipp'n hours! Like come on boys are you that dumb, I would know I have been doing it all myself since I was ten. As of now she is going down and I never see her again, for you are all alone, like what I am doing now, can I be safe too... if I was not wrong in what I did, she is going to help me or so I feel.

Do not buy into it, not really. Hell- with that, there is no white-sh stuff- coming out when she said she done then she not done, if it is not running down then it is not done. And boys do not think you need to last that long the first time, I've seen that with Ray with my own eyes, and after the first take he was fifteen minutes longer, and we both hit the ending at them sometimes, so that has to be right, yet I was wishing that there was more I could feel that there was no need to be gone, I would have been okay with that, freak that crap- there is no need for a boy to feel that way, just so some asshole can make some fast money.

I would love him just the same and if any girl has an issue with cutting off your hood and seeing if you like having it rub your jeans, you are not going to feel anything when making love. Or so I think... the girl needs to see what it should be like... not think of it the way they think it should be, it has made to be thought of that way for that what was made to be right. Kiss and cuddle what happens to that too! I want it!!! I need it! I want to feel it!!! CRAP! This was all about Jenny saying- that he needs to have a change made, girl gets over it! It is a personal choice, not some girls to make, if you love them, you should not care. I lived in a messed-up town! Where I was normal and there freaked up! Can't you see it not me? I, not the one that was the one, it was all of them, man. One family, I got crap, my family restrained him in town.

'My mom bought me the abortion pill today to end it so that makes it okay.' I do not think so... that going to hell right there, I will see if I can get here to do what is right, yet what is right is what she has done... or is it? I asked her- 'What would you do- choose between what is it going to be.' I get sick of looking at freaked-up faces looking at me for a no-go reason.

'It is all- Bull crap!'

What kind of son of a b*tch are you! You are a condensing prick! You are nothing to me or anyone... out of this freaked up town within this city. 'Hey, you! Look at me mother freaker- ha-ha-hey- you over their mother freaker, in green- look at me- get the freak off my back! Get out of my life, and that goes for you all! Why not just pop another baby on the counter and have sex right after, you over there with the freaked-up face and ratty hair, clean it up some.'

Ask me to say that you freaked out and I will, you better run. Just like you in school seven to one, gain-banging someone like me, you need to run, you do not know what I must outdo

that number now. This is just me finally speaking my mind- it is time is it not any you going to lesson to like it or not, 'I have the floor.' I get sick of little girls whispering to other girls saying crap about me that I cannot hear.

So- you want to stare at me, okay- yet I am getting pissed. I am happy- always- I was and you do not want to see that. Yet the smell looks simply, or so they all say and who they are! I am not sad, I am not accounting weirdly, I- am just being me, so think what you want! I do not care... what you say, leave me alone. I want to have a good relationship with everyone. So why did everyone stop it? 'I don't care anymore.'

Hashtag- (Out of tune, out of touch, out of chastity)

~*~

Chapter: 22

When I am gone

Karly- I think back on it my great x4 Grandmother Hope went to school on black and wood 1919 Ford Model T Ford, I do not get that, there were not even windows in the piece of crap. And then I can get my car. My dad was telling me this unbelievable story. About this old car like a red 28 ford coupe or so he thought.

My dad was showing me the roof from it, somewhere down the line someone thought it was okay to cut up this cute little car just to be a d*ick about it, it must have been my great x4 granddad baby that someone was jealous of, saying he wanted to pass it down yet never to Neveah, so he junked it out for parts, and that explains why someone wanted the rooftop. Someone thought it was going to go to her and the sisters' family cut it up, really- I think that is how I got these parts.

Emallie- I feel that my little nine-year-old sisters are in her room as I am at school, however since that day she has never once stepped foot in my room. It is a bummer she more freaked up than me in some ways is it not? Like- since she never surprises me by fixing up my sheets anymore, she leaves all that should be folded laundry or a new sundress on my bed like she did when I was in middle school, yet all messy and crap, but at least I know she is not rooting through my drawers while I am at school, looking for my sex toys or thongs. 'If you want to come out here, why do you drag me?

'I will get the thermometer, and crap and say I am sick,' she says, she is- very- hyperactive and more! She needs to be on Methylphenidate or (Ritalin) as they call it. She does something that I do not like yet that what they say is needed. Her name is Judcél. Yet we just call her Judie, she hates just saying I am the boy she said, she not yet she might want to be on this crap. 'I don't think I have a temperature.' There is a yell kicking and screaming my mom hitting my mom in the face, pushed in the wall, and punched off is how I lost my hearing that to this little brat... I was fine until she was impetus out of my mother. She should have had a d*ick it would have been a lot easier, than putting up with this... and get this mom is single, and on her own now with her.

I think sex before marriage is not a sin. I think the big deal should be about SEX BEFORE LOVE. If you have been with somebody for a long time and you can easily see yourself growing old with them, getting married, having children, then sure, I think it would be fine to make love. Sex is a natural desire found in all animals. Why should we deny Mother Nature's ways? (Of course, I respect all religions and beliefs, and I mean no offense if you believe in abstinence until marriage.) Well... uh, for one thing, you can get diseases. And then if you are not married before having sex, what is keeping the guy from leaving

you? Nothing... He will use you then leave. It is dumb that you think it is no big deal...

~*~

#- Hashtag: (Rubbing too hard, and a hard way to die, and dying feels good)

Karly- I swear to God, I hear them kissing Ray and my sister or her. Not little bird pecks either. Open-mouthed, slurping, moaning, and groaning sucking some freaking- kissing. O-oh, crap'n-piss!!! I must bite my hand off to keep from screaming, or crying, or bursting out laughing, or getting sick or crap myself-or all the above. A girl in my class named Stephaney Lizarick died for having too much sex, she did like over two hundred times and could not help but coming over and over, and it killed her, what a way to go, I would have loved to die that way to yet not alone as she did. Death is fun, for those that want to die, dying is living when you want to live, and lie. Here's Jenny's big secret: she was the one that said she could do this. She did think there was a such-of-a thing and there is not.

Death on the bed, feeling it in my head, things that have been said, things that can be read, all those that have fled, turning it all to black and blue, and feeling the red, what was shed, what led me to feel this way, what would you say?

Life is not worth living, when crying over-dying, when flying over yourself to see what all was never there up in the air, is all far, to stare at the one that does not care. What should I give and what should I take, what should I forsake, to live a life that some will not take away from me, don't you see?

What will it be, just you and me... can it be? What does it need to be? What is free, what is right, if we spend the night, if it is not, you and me? I want to sit with you under the angel oak tree, on a branch looking down, we do not care if they all

frown, in this town, and they do not need to make a sound, there beneath us on the ground.

Kiss me now, why not just do this, at last, my life is going too fast, it is like gunfire going through my head, everyone wishes we were both dead. What more could be said, you get what I mean; about them, all being so mean.

Chapter: 23

You are going to miss me when- I am gone...

Karly- 'Do not be all nice to face- like on the inside... I will be saying suck on my lady d*ick!!!'

Ellody- Jenny is my little freaked up sister, yet I freaking love this crap, she going with me this weekend to go with us to this party, when I came back for a visit I go to IUP it is my first year, and she is partying her ass off, she is awful student yet awesome partyer, yet that all it is about when you go to college than what I have been saying all along. She wants to be like me so much and that cute yet be who you are not me. -snapping everybody in half for fun getting crap, that is what it is all about in college, getting in the ass or puss. Yeah, I am eighteen yet, so what could she do to freak a guy to my age. It is their freaking choice.

I made fun of Maddie and Liv for having weird food issues, yet my sister does more, it is what I do, I said it was okay, yet not too much. I love picking on these little girls, like- making fun of Olive for being such a lush and a pushover and Bi, they try to make fun of me... yet there are never going to be a good as I, for always being the last to do things first and longer, and that goes for FREAKing too. I the best b*tch! I got freaky when I was seven, I was in elementary school- still, so I have one of all of them, it may have been before... It was a long time ago and

many freakers before. Shut your freaking face if you think I say freak too much, this is me, ass hole.

Emallie- Maddie, Olivia and I knew something must have happened in New York, the time we went on a trip altogether, but Jenny would not tell us when we asked her, and we did not push it.

You do not push things with those two, I knew they both got it, and she was young. It freaked her out and made her hate herself, she was like freaking five, who does that to their sister and thinks it is funny?

Jenny was always after some boy to feel whole. It is so monotonous... what she does now, like she learned of her, then one night toward the end of the school year, she went all the way in front of us and everyone, and so did Karly, she made her- I bet you no... this.

All she does is just lay there and say just freak me, that how she feels, they all do, yet that what they were made to think was learned like: spelling, or reading or arithmetic, you do what you want, all the same, that is on your teacher too.

Now we were all at Olive Garden, this crappy pizza type of restaurant one town over where they do not have a card if you want something like water down strawberry foo-foo drink. Or having margaritas and waiting for our dinners to come. Jenny was not really eating, she was yacking it up in the bathroom, so why eat again?

She had not been eating since returning to her sister she cannot because that makes her nervous you know being around her, being something, she is not. She would not touch the permitted chips, saying she was not hungry, and instead, she kept dipping a finger into the salt and another dip, and saying that good enough. I just like one word can set a girl off

like PMS-ing- or in Jenny's case FOOD, or reading, and spelling! She knows nothing but making a guy come, and girls too, yet that is not talked about either. And those sweet girls two might just be Bi, and not messed up completely like she is, I think.... she is the one taking them all to hell. I would know, I am holding their seats, for them if you will.

Karly- I was rimming her margarita glass and eating and eating crystals with the other one that Jenny gives me. 'I think not!' Said- Olivia. 'P*ssy!' She spoke. I do not want to die yet, I am only sixteen, I have a lot to see and do, and you do not get that. I do not recollect what we were talking about, but suddenly Jenny blurted out, 'I had sex sixty times today, soloing and twenty times with different boys.' Just like that... was it true or was it the drug's talking... we do not know? Why is she doing this to herself? Olivia asked within, I was questioning her morals... We all stared at her in stillness, and she leaned forward and told us in a breathless moment, that she was only eighty-five pounds now... and shedding like a dog. Olivia thought to herself that it is not that unrealistic, I have soloed twenty times, in one sitting. 'Is that your two front teeth, she bit into a breadstick, I said then added in. 'Do you have baby teeth?' Jenny was freaking out. It was the two in the front both went at last you know the one that everyone could see, she looked like a messed-up farmer.

(Going back)

They had had sex on her sister's California king long bed with Jenny fading in and out, and the guy was so-o uncomfortable, to say the least, she not doing anything really at this point- I think she going to die, there nothing left of her, I said- way back when; like seven or so weeks ago.

(Present time)

'It was only, like, two minutes ago or so it felt I was saying just that,' she said at the end, and I knew then she was shaking it off, that she was walking death.

She is having her midlife creases at seventeen, I swear that what this is... She is not even shaving her underarms anymore, God what do the others look like. Things we will never talk about, yet this is getting scary to me, I am a friend.

(Seven weeks back)

I have lived this more than I want nor to need to, and this time It was in my hands... what will people think happened to me, that I went down with the bridge or was twisted around the tree, what do you see?

Karly- I am taking back in some ways, far off in the corner of her mind, everything is so blared yet so clear to me of what is going on, I feel like I can do anything like- jump off a bridge, and fly and feel my wings, which I never- ever have. Or will I...? Ha- I may have them I need to find out, I ran from inside there and found the yellow overpass, and fowled over everything and everyone, with gray wings, it was a night sky, all the light made me glow even more, to the dying world below.

I want to fly to him or her or someone that loves me to get that white one that I should have. I have seen it all now, or so I do; yet will I remember when I wake up in my bed undead, like all the days before. I killed myself- it is what they all see... I see the three rivers run through me now over my head, yet that is fine, I will- drowned- that is fine- to stop all this... I cannot take what I am doing or see any longer.

I kissed a girl, Jenny said, we all crap about ourselves. I want to go home and sleep this off, said Madalyn was also known as Maddie, wanted you to come home with me, Olivia was also known as Liv, but I- she would not let us or for we all

are running after crazy Karly that is all freaked up in the head these days. She is going to do it- she is going to do it this time.

Right before reality came, she flowed out the door crying. She was freaking out waving her hands like a girl on drugs! Jenny was hugely relieved after telling us- 'She is not going to go over, tee-he-ing- Saying 'Chick-en sh-it, freaking- do it.'

And that is when she did, toes hangover she put her left foot out and took the first step down to the water below.

No- the rest of us said to see her fall for what seems like a lifetime plunging to ice-cold death. There was a rescue, up till now she was dead when she smacked her head on the side of the bridge and freaked up her cute little nose, do not you see her laying out. No one came to this... said thing... that, I do not want to see yet that is life, you have too; it was just us two, we were- Maddie and Liv.

Her dad just gave up after the rack, saying 'my baby life is over.'

The little girl...?

The sister moved out with the boy toy, and the mother moved on with some other poor bestirred. The dad just walked out of all their lives and started over the best he could, yet he loves Karly. She was his baby girl- And Jenny even made fun of that too.

All though she swore to us there was never- ever a pain of death, to her, it was an absolute secret- it is the quiet ones you must look out for we would see her whole mood changed instantly like she was in a dream as she called it.

#- Hashtag: (Free falling out into nothing, open-air, legs, and arm looked in the lovers hold that lover with-in, saying no.)

Karly- this was not all in my mind!!!

The cards were not- laid out for me to see.

Chapter: 24

You and I

(Going back in time)

Marcel- I remember when Karly was a first-year student with heavy eyeliner, and moody-ness, yet fun, having big headphones around her neck all the time, black nail polish, or French nails like all the time. I remember before she did all the d*ick-licks in high school. She said she was not much of a singer, yet would you look at this- old video I have, she sings her music here that she worth all by herself, and made her on the album, Yet Jenny said it freaking sucked so she killed it and her voices my making her try and outdo her with the rasp, doing this is something she should not Jenny- 'Like- voice didn't sound-Aguilera at all.' Explain your poor- performance, you b*tch- I say. I know this girl is going to b*tch-slap me so hard you have no idea for this. I think this while walking past the football field seeing all the dumb ass hole though sit that cannot catch, it is like holding their balls...

FOOTBALL GUY's- Hey, resound vagina! They said to Karly- she is getting picked on for being with me. Their asses are- just sore for I am not freaking them... I would love to be with you.

Marcel- Little did she know she always was, on and off, when she could be. She had to do what she did for her friends, showing off to be cool, and I am okay with that, I got her in the end, yet they say how does it feel eating out my d*ick, and all our leftovers.

Though I have tried before to tell her, of the feelings I have for her in my heart.

Every time that I come near her, I just lose my nerve, as I have done from the start. Every little thing she does is magic. Everything she does just turns me on. Even though my life before was tragic, now I know my love for her goes on... Do I have to tell the story of a thousand rainy days since we first met? I resolve to call her up a thousand times a day and ask her if she will marry me in some old-fashioned way, but my silent fears have gripped me, long before I reach the phone, long before my tongue has tripped me... Must I always be alone?

(Remembrance- of who I was-)

I could have cried- I am not like that at all.

Karly- They suck baby d*ick do not lesson to it! I say- as we walked past holding eyes where we ever looked insufferable to our joy, they thought a football at my face, 'Oh my- nose! 'Throw the ball back now baby rapper!' I cannot she was all awarded with her left hand up to her mouth. I do not get you a slut if you do not give it all away, and a loser, snob, and wannabe if you do not! And they think you are either gay, or sucking girls assess, or do yourself and they rub your nose in that too.

Karly- I stopped wearing my glasses after that day, when Jess Smith walked up and ripped them off my face and broke them in half and poked me in the boob hard. I miss them, what is wrong with glasses, they make you look sophisticated. Why was I so quiet and laid back, and a pushover? Marcel- She runs like everything for the bathroom, like always- not making it extremely far.

She feels like some poor little girl, with a broken nose, and I remember when that happened. That is when I felt like

she was in love with me she took the balls to the face for me. 'I thought you liked balls in your face one boy said.' You tripped and fell to the ground, hard, and I picked you up and carried you to safety, and we fell in love, even more, kissing under the bleachers. 'You're a weirdo,' and the kiss was long and – fearing H-O-T! Like, kick your tongue out smoking hot!

It is still not as bad as the time my face was smashed to a brick wall, by some back boy- and I must have something done about it, like getting my nose redone, yet I blamed it on my dad.

Jenny- Sing the same girl-ie crap every year, you will blow chunks all over the place, which never happened, that is why she stopped singing way back when. You can see here doing it on YouTube! Like- It happened!

Jenny says every time someone brings it up.

Until some unicycles guy flies into the frame where nothing freaking speedo- showing his tor-pe-do with the American flag up his ass! I do not know if that is patriotic or what that is... I am not sure what to look at. What can you say other than- 'Ew-ah- gross...? Who does that...?'

Marcel- It kind of reunions the magic does it...? I spoke.

Karly- Yep!

I am glad I cannot see all that anyway!

I am sure yours is better anyway.

(She goes underneath his underwear down for it, getting a handful, and does what she feels is right in front of them all. It was more romantic than you would think pervs.) I did it for me and him, I did not give a crap; if they liked it or not... they can all look the other way. I have- a leaning popping

lag kisses, and he rubbed his nose on mine saying it- I LOVE YOU! You will be fine... I will make sure of that.

Karly- Back in time: We ran from the schoolyard to my house... stole my dad's Nash and got married. My stepmother cased us down, with a bible in her hand saying we were sinners.

Both- We are sinner okay then- we all are- yet love is love even if age is in the way.

Marcel- The very next day, it was all over. Say what you want to say... I know why- how- and who.

It is all good, I know she still loves me... deep down, even if it is hard to remember, and hard to forget, she knows overall.

Marcel- Like with Jenny- Her parents just never- ever took her out of the shrink wrap, she still has the condom on her head, and that explains the brain damage, and why she cannot sing a note.

(All at the same time)

Stacey- 'Gett'n- it...'

Becca- 'Yep.'

Stacey- 'Yep!'

Becca- 'Yep...'

Stacey- 'She has no- Undies...?'

Karly- 'Um- she said- when the pants came down.'

Stacey- 'Umm-hum- Marcel and Karly!'

Becca- 'They want some of that.'

Stacey- 'Yes they do!'

Becca- 'Um-hum...'

Stacey- 'You know it.'

Chloe- 'Who is easiest to sleep with? Ray or Marcel?'

Stacey- 'Marcel, her ass is his!'

Becca- 'How would you know?'

Amie- 'He's only been with her, Like- like- it's all over his face that she was it.'

Stacey- Nut-nah! It cannot be that he did it too, just look at that.

Chloe- 'Holy-Freak- like- crap- um-damn. This ginger needs a drink, God hoses them down... my blood God... Oh, my... Just roll in the grass, why do not you!'

'You want to make out?' Stacey said to Chloe, and then Becca said- I feel left out like always.

Chapter: 25

Schools

You can see the old school sitting next to our new school; the sign is not even there anymore, it is nameless. The one door off to the side is off the hinges, all old heavy wood.

There is a small amount of death, or crap coming from the inside, yet you can from far away, why tear it down, it is falling on its own or so they say why to spend money on it. Look at the old playground swings swaying as the wind knockbacks, the siding boards rusting and off to one side.

The teeter-totter some up some down some snapped in half, non-rideable the ground full of weeds and tall yellowing grass, in the air... I can hear the faint sounds of young girls

laugh, and whisper come inside and play. I know she is not that young, yet if she wants me to play I will, I do not see why not, I left my childish ways behind, so maybe I should.

This is the old Oak View school, or so they say- but it is where I see the face of a little girl, like looking back at me all ghostly and crap. They say her name is Lily Anderson, I heard the freaked-up story of the girl falling to her death and crap... we all have, my did pound it into my little head or he says, I will always be his baby, saying I act like one doing what these girls want me to do.

So-ooo one day at dusk, I had a flashlight that was on the blink, so freak- it was not working for crap, yet it was something, I was loaded in I swear I do not think my feet took me where I need to go, someone was doing the walking for me.

~*~

(Is the blame on me...? I have been here lots of times looking around.)

-Who gets the blame for this?

-It is all going back to the hex of the four sisters, -I feel- that got her- I could feel it too-

-It was not me, yet I was with her all the way-

-I saw it too-

-I do not get it either-

-How do I explain this one without being crazy-

-I cannot tell anyone; they would not believe it-

-It is unbelievable-

I, Karly, went into the abandoned building, to see if this was true.

Like I was walking up to this old, abandoned staircase, where every other step was missing holding my hand shaking on top of the one servicing rail, the top of the tree next to me. The old tree is what shut the school down, after a big rainstorm, and two girls' deaths. She was there out of nowhere, looking- seeing- feeling at me. She went through me, like a knife, yet it was- worm.

She is now holding my hands to her like she was my girlfriend. Saying you look just like her! Her voice was a whisper, but strong adequate in an eerie way, she leads me to the window that was never fixed gusting in chilly air, it was icy looking, and wispy, blowing back my hair, she said- yes- so like her... in every way, I love that! Creepy- I thought...? -Like- who is this girl she speaks of?

They got louder to me, and her voice softer, and more-lovely, I felt like I was falling for her, yet how...? You never changed, did you? What- I asked... she thought I was someone else at this point, time moved on. She was in a flashback I think... yet I do not get it for I have those too.

(Questions- for the radiant girl)

'Why did you do it yourself?'

'Why?'

'Why- would you let them do this?'

'Why are you doing it, and not facing you bullies, like I said you should or could even now.'

(It was passed on, yet did she know?)

If you bully would have for you.

(The school outside to in)

Look at this place, it is falling, now look around; Karly it is all still- the- same, isn't it? Sure- I say, thinking she might go away, no- she gets closer to me, hugs me, and kisses me long on the lips.

She said- I must be here all alone like always, where are you now?

'Home' I said- like what kind of question is that?

I am here because my soul is not at rest.

I said... 'Cool- what-ever- rock on which-a bad-self.'

The wood floor is- so splintery on my flip-flops like nails are sticking up, poking me and crap, the boards are all cracked, and you can see down one story, or more at times. Besides, some floorboards are missing altogether; I feel like I could go through the floor at any time.

(Room 202)

There is no light coming anywhere but her light she is giving off, looking over everything in its interiority, I see that there are boards over the old glass smashed glass window panes; not even the smallest glimmer or flicker of a star or moonlight at this point to guide me, nothing to show the way other than spun web cover over everything, even the hole that should not be cover seemed roached out, look at all the spiders crawling all down me, I do not go in there I was thinking. I went at night so no one would find me. Look even going down the hall the lockers start to bang themselves like humpers of the past. I could see kissing here doing that too. Like I could see it all in my mind too, like they all did when the kids slammed their looker in these unhallowed halls, look now there are papers everywhere, just left behind like love notes of the past, I want

to read yet it has nothing there to be said, I could get some of it, yet not all... I do not have anything wrong with me, I cannot see, should I take it with me?

I do-

(It was tucked in her underwire right strap, her outfit when cut off to be laid out for viewing.)

-It was Nevaeh and Chiaz's first love note.

(Now)

You can foresee what is going to happen... cannot you- I sure did not in the past nor do I know, yet I do at times. It is a new day, she sat back- crap let us do it a new way today- damn ('Like- I want to choke down my rabbit,') it works for me it is good to get that right, or so Jenny said. Yet I was feeling more than that below, and so was she, in my mouth. 'If you are going through hell keep on going don't slow down, if you are scared don't show it...!' My love was singing to be willing to do this, yet you cannot hear that and if you do, you will hear Maggie coming out.

(Back at the old school)

The hollowing sound of her voice in my face, its blows' a-crossed me and spooks me out, it is so haunted within these falling walls, yet sea is not scaring me at this point, I feel safe. As well as the wind howling as my thought makes, makes me think of who she thinks I am. I see the hand-covered handrails going up past the old Gym and girl's locker room, looking into the showers it is like- I could see bare-ass naked girls and the steam in the air. With the sounds of: 'O-op-e-s-y- don't drop the soap!' All along with the sounds of girls giggling, hell- I do not want to know what is going on. Water running, just guessing like them...

I had the bad thoughts and photos running in my little-wicked mind.

Like the sands of time... not fading all away or turning all too black and white. Up till now the water and sound or the girls are from the past, or so I think and have been long gone, for them to be real girls, it was abandoned for years, like what is this crab...?

Like the snapping of a towel, my head spun around, as the little girl pulled me to the next room by her resenting glow, In the locker part of the room- I see all the old desks linked together, she is sitting there proverb her story to me, her hair braids are freaking cute to me; like no girl does that anymore. Yet who are these girls, I think- I know, yet they do not, see me. They do not even think I see them all up in it. I heard these stories and believed it yet; I do not believe it seeing it now unfolding in front of me. There is some random b*tch putting the redhead face in the capper, with the sound of the flush! I am good, she said.

They all do not even believe in this dumb ghost story, or so the girl that feels to death, the kids say that I go with; her noting her but legion and myth. I think about all the haunted love in this ghostly building, hell yes, I do... that is what it is all about. I understand something clearly at last coming towards me, and then I start to come off my feet into it, weird- into the old library, there is no floor holding me. You can see the swimmers in the pool below, just like the auditorium is over there off to the one side.

The shaves are floating too, everything is, there are ghostly-like boards there translucent I am not standing at all my feet are hanging down, floating on nothingness, not even my toes are touching as I seem as if I am sixty feet in the air or

more, my arms crossed not wanting to look down, yet I have too.

(‘Angels Fall’ playing in the background)

I see it, I see, I see, the big window at the front seems to suck me into it, getting bigger and bigger. I float past all the books that have been forgotten, like the kids of the past must have done also.

Oh- so long ago... The dance-like to me in my eyesight and that would be all right if I were crapping myself by it, it is cool, yet creepy; they twinkle with wonder as if they want me to know something that lies inside. Like a scrapbook, with a photo of my fall and open or something, like that. And it did, yet it was not my life that I saw this time. It was everyone in my past that I never knew, mom, dad, and going back, it is a slideshow ruining in reverse.

That is when she opened her wings to me and said-
‘Don’t give up without a fight!’

All right- I said.

‘This is what you give up to them’ -She said, (As she is standing in front of me with a phenomenon!)

I got to the end and saw myself passing and did believe it.

‘So... go-o...’

‘Run!’

‘Or they will kill- YOU!’

‘Like they did me.’

(I did not believe it, ha- what was she- like just some dream to me, if you will. It was not something I believed in at all

like up or down, I want to say here in-between. I am too young to think about death. It is never-ever on my mind, only when some old man kicks it, yet who gives a crap, they have nothing to say anyway.

(Nevertheless, they do, open your mind to wonder and you will see it all. Muddy thinking leaves to muddy water when they piss on you for being a- well- d*ick.)

Yet I saw it all, it is my memory of the last days leading up to the end, and I feel too their scheme. She all wrote to me and saw through, she was glissading in her floating gaze, blue eyes peering into mine, she hands something to say, yet I walked away back away from the light that light my way, I tripped into the darkness in the creeped-out hallways.

Everything I touch- I drop, like my cell phone, I left behind: I have- well- Dropaseal! I walk now, as I descend back to my feet, I feel my body and the weight on my feet now.

I saw it all, it is my memory of the last days leading up to the end, and I feel their scheme. She was floating all in white in front of me, note haunting- but almost angelic, and see-through, she was glissading I was looking too hard in a gaze, her blue peering into mine, she hands something to say, yet I walked away, backing away from the light, all the way back even if it lights my way, I tripped into the darkness in the creeped-out hallways, falling to them all the next day. Into the darkness I shall creep, now on my feet, I feel as if I am slithering like a snake, looking for the pathway out of the underworld. The pool went from little kids having fun giggling and swimming to little kids burning naked in a lake of fire, black wing spread.

As they ran up and into my face and swirled around sucking life, or so it seemed, to me, as I was blacking out, by their pulling on my body and lips. I never believed in Devilish entities until then with that thing sucked my face off, with the

kiss of death to get it live to demonize onward. Loin-like up till now with horns that slowly started to feel like they were ripping through my soul if there is a such-of-a thing. With a long hollow, I feel myself feeling it, go in hard than it did the first time I got freak in the p*ssy. I was hugged in a well-founded way, and they were all welcoming home, staying it fun here- (Yet- is- it?) I felt her hand all over my goodies, seeing if I cut the teen group, or that what she fed me. I was getting bitten up by lies.

(I did get it- do you?) Then she held my face, like the boy I am in love with, and she dropped away fast, then everything was back as it was before, just some old school, I was walking through. She said- 'I love you-you can be mine, like my girlfriend down here.' I was looking at the tat- it was Bacca or (B- 1441- 669 5033) I feel the of thorns, I see the flames in the eyes it makes me feel warm inside, when I am cold all the time, I feel the rubbing on me and I do not mind it know she has a spell on me that is tempting and lustng, and oh so sexy. Why would I go looking for someone I know wants to slay me, I thought so I never- ever want to go back for that phone, I was being a wimp and was not planning to go back anyway.

#- Hashtag: (I want to read this, I need to see this, this is going by too fast, do not get it)

~*~

Anway's, like they put this crown-ie thing-ie, on me- and crap. It is in my head now on mine even if you can see it, I always feel the blood dripping down my pretty face, yet I feel okay with this, I am not sure if it was a girl the face was not there, and hitherto it was moving through mine in a howling scream when she did it. I mean look at me I have a rock-ish crush on me that my girl hates, yet I still find cute, I am not going to change everything, or did I? I have on blue and white sneakers, I have messy hair all the time: Jenny calls it sex hair,

like hers in nice all belched out with the black roots showing, and her eyebrows in plucked, like all that crap, needs to match too.

What is wrong with wearing a baggie boy type top and having a bra strap showing, so what, hell I just take the bra off and were a flannel red and blue boy style button-down with a few buttons at the top open just to give the guys some to look at other them my brown eyes, you- know. Jenny likes her easy accesses skirts and makes all feel we need to do the same, I don't- so much, not me, yet I feel it- it is not that hard to push them down some like you get that if you do not have anything on underneath it all the same- right? It is just as fast! I like I have a habit of touching my hair and looping it back behind my ear, quietly, I also talk with my hands and move from side to side or so they say like now I have a sken-ie black dress-or pants on, 'see... isn't they cute.' I have long fingers also, that Jenny said- 'I might stab my brain out when I- am-a picking a booger.'

Grooooossssseeeee!

This top is all checkered, I have a bandanna tied around my wrist, and a ring on a chain, that is his, I stole it. Yet he is okay with it or so- I think so... I twist my mouth outwards like I am going to kiss, think it is okay. This T- is pink- gray- and dark blue, it is just too-o CUTE! Do not tell me- I said that do feel that I can be shy at times...? I do... I always kind of was... I think about all the stupid crap I do and get red-faced, like what I did today, crazies, I no better, I want to shut them all up.

Like I have shown all that down there- OMG! I do not sleep with all those boys' you-NO, I just cuddle up. I say more than I do- all girls do.

~*~

(Flashback to her)

I saw it all, it is my memory, in the last days leading up to the end; and I feel too their scheme. She was floating all in white in front of me, note haunting- but almost angelic, and see-through, she was glissading I was looking too hard in a gaze, her blue eyes peering into mine, she hands something to say, yet I walked away, backing away from the light, all the way back even if it lights my way, I tripped into the darkness in the creeped-out hallways, falling to them all the next day.

Not all the windows are completely covered over some have the old, cracked glass hanging in there rattling and hollowing, like the scream of this girl as I was walking away, I ran, she was right there behind me, and then in front- so fast, I could not turn to run fast enough.

The doors of the rooms started to bang as they would open and close all by themselves, the light they come on and off in dissimilar places at various times, and started to flicker, the bullies were walking to me from the end of the hall they are coming after this girl I know as Lily, so they can rap, as she said in this long cold, twisted, painful long ass story of her day in the haunted halls.

So, she screamed in my ear for help. 'I will never be fast enough' she said, as she gripped me and took me to her hiding spot in the old and falling in the bathroom. A flicker of light over my head like a light glowing evil, I saw all the faces she did, way back when, looking at her with murder and sodomy in their minds, shining through their inflamed eyes, like squalling catcalling at her, there were going to tear her apart, and that what they did to her every time they could, in the past and every time they could get their hands on her. It was the four sisters- and they wanted someone to take it all down, or take me down, and they had their eyes on me, they- said- they would get me if I got away, I said that will be the day.

(They got me in the ass, and in the vagina, you can say they got all of me.) I ran like a whole within me with a fire hell pouring out from down below, as I fell to the lower overall riff stars, I knew I should not have walked up in here, I would have never run- into them... or so she said. I ran out the doors that just seemed to blow open in a whoosh, I looked back and saw her looking out the only window that was not covered up on the second floor. She said I will see you soon, Karly- I am there for you. I did get it... I crap myself! And peed too, I would not say that to the girl, but I did. I knew I had to go back and spend the night on Saturday with them to see what this was all about, and they did, the next day, and let them see the threaded story and that girl. (Funny she said she had my back.)

Someone from every year is drawn into it... This time it was me, it is something that pulls at you if you do not believe in it. Look at it, it is leaning, and bricks are falling out, yet I love it- I faking love this old piece of crap, I just never- felt I should go inside, for this reason. It was calling out to me for years! Like the girl's haunting voice. The school was here back when the town was nothing but a run-down ghostly town, now it is a big city, the old school is doffed next to Clit. All the old trees are stumps, and the routs show, like bitter withered arms pulling at your feet, and there is one that is dead, way overhead that has fallen to the grasses of the doorway.

Chapter: 26

Sliding down

We cut loose, and went to the old, abandoned track in the sky, it is not all there anymore, yet it is a cool spot up in the air where the wind blows, and you feel as if you are flying. I love having my hair whooshing backward, as I look over the edge. I want to hold his hand and look down, feeling the ninety-five

mile-per-hour wind rushing around me. I want it to be our first hook spot ever, and I was like nine ten he was like.

I keep this my dirty little secret for years, he was my true first, yet it was not the most romantic, yet it was something, now looking back now how is the loser, it did it long before, yet it was with him, so it was not cool, I never- ever said this to anyone, that he took me. Yet play around like that with a boy that was me, he wanted to know so I said OKAY. It was the first time seeing all that- you know, at least mine was real, and not like time two at a party.

This thing is so high- I get sick of feeling so short at like four-foot, on top that I can see the world by looking down, and they are looking up at me, my mom and grandmother were all the same size also, if not shorter, or so they say.

The car is old and dusty and looks like no one has been in it for years on the outside, it is just black and crusty, the only car other than the coal car behind the locomotive, and it too is rusted red-ish orange. They used to have tripped over this thing and parked it on the bridge, and you spent the night up in the stars, and so that is what we did on a big full moon night. In the big bed looking out the one side of all those old windows.

The car and train sit here for there was a fire or something on that line, and this becomes the new home of the serving remanences about half a mile in, the train was going over and was near the end on the one said when the wind took it all down, and all the cars but one fall all the many feet to the ground below, yet it never steamed over again. There sits the old Pullman car. It is red and black, with yellow writing on it, up till now I am not sure what it says. It was a custom car made just for spending the night on top of the linked- mountains. The train is all the same color for what I can make out, dating around the 1800s or so, that what my dad said anyway we and

he were up here, oh so long ago. We both walked up to her and me on the left, tacking him on the right hand-woven tight.

The grass tall the track worn, and feet sore, from the journey there. Over smaller yet high crossings that have known side rails. Inside you can see it is in touch, and all dark wood, I light one of the old lanterns, I thought down a towel, and we had juice pouches and P-P and J.

Romantic- No! It is all good, he tried. It was not about that anyway.

The bed is off to the back and looks like a five-star hotel room to us, there is a living room spot, where ass naked in the big old sofas... or next to it, we were playing house, and loving it. We were young but we feel- we were on the bed all night long. Looking out over... see the tree sway below. it was cold in the car, yet he keeps me warm, I was fogging up the windows, with my breath Moan it out in a sweet- yet sensual way, I was pressed upon it looking out as I was on top, he was looking up at me, yet I was looking out and at his eyes, at definite times.

I even kissed the glass to leave something behind, I wonder if it is still there, and my name is covered in the old wood, next to his.

It was like I could hear the bell of the past, from the engine in front. He hands his nose in girl-lie-ness, and he said it smelt sweet, along with the test. You must give it back. I thought I was a virgin at the time.

So, I took what he was going to give too, we are just playing, yet it must have been young love, that I feel too. I would say the inside of this car is all Earth tones, soft, the top of the roof all white, and crap.

Damn, there is even a crapper in here, and I used it. Just take a dump onto the tracks. Just take a whiff of that one... I am so-o romantic when I want to be. (Her lip went up, and off to the side.) I saw a shooting star and made the wish to never be lonely, that came true, I should have wished to be with him forever, instead- and never- ever let go. There was a plan that was lower than us up on this thing as we were rocking and a-rolling.

(Art deco style)

I know that Marcel wants to be all nice about it, us doing this more in his bed or wherever we can, yet we can for we have to take what we can get, like us- being together and all, you know all joined up, it just not happening the way it should. I want to make love more, and feel his love, all the love not just the sex, yet I want- want that also.

However, a girl wants these days is to be satisfied, and not so much hold off-sh, I want candy and flowers, sure but have sex me, Jez-us! So just do me- and he did last night, I know this time, I had to find out it is a girl thing you know- I think it was the only time too, oh not the only time, only with him. I was afraid that the car would start rucking too much that it would go off the beige and roll down the tracks, where it was ripped off so many years ago.

Get this the bridge was built for one US dollar in like three weeks in the year 1882. The meaning of this is ten cents a week. So they went on the stick and got less crap then that or so I have heard, that may be why it was weaker on that side too, it was done faster, 'Like this one gets me- why would you take out old rivets that are plated in, and put in bolts with thinner plates said my dad, when what was there was stronger they why it was for over a hundred three years.'

'It was- too kill-ill- it.' he said 'For it was too freaking high up in the middle. I would know I am an engineer, I said- 'leave it, just go with a lighter train as it would be fine even if it was rebuilt.

Freak- just re-rivet the thing not a nut and build! Threads give and break more, or work so they are not tight enough to hold strong and get more brittle than what was there. PA pisses me off for FREAKING with it!'

My dad never says the F-word in front of me, unless it is to my b*tch of a mother. This is how I knew about this place, and how he did, from the historical crap'n thing-ie. My dad worked on the yellow bridge that I went down on, as the Gateway Clipper Cruise would go under, I have been on that things like seven times, fun crap. I am sure my mom and dad were too; I was in it with Marcel too, yet we were going as friends, so they all thought. I could go to a Steelers game yet freak that too, sports do nothing for me, or my friends, yet Jenny finds a way to get in and be with someone. She was even in the glassed-out part with a man. Money talks for her- not me.

Back in the car, we had the time of our lives... and this is how it went.

Um- Just aw-ha- like- push me up agent you- um-hum.

Aw-wah- standing- sliding, thrusting- pushing- in-out and up and down.

Until the end I never feel as if it is going to come.

Not stopping until it goes off... NO!

YES!

-Breath- 'Ahaw'

He was sitting in a puddle of mine, which went across the room. Going off, at a point together, then started to slide down, with me sliding down the wall with his; penis in my vagina.

In the sitting position, all pushed and back out not too fast, not too slow, I could feel it in and go down on him, at this point, I am just SCREAM-ING his name!

YES!

Yet- I am a lady-

I do not give two crap who hears us now!

That was extraordinary!!! -I yelled! Yes, yes it was he said, out of breath

OH my God and I do not say that!

#- Hashtag: (Good ending, elated endings, and feelings strong)

Chapter: 27

Suck it

I want to freaking kill- a teacher at this point, or someone at my school, I feel like I never have a career. So this one of these days, I watched a porno at a high school while the teacher was looking and saying nothing anyways, the music was okay, (Bon-ka want to- bon ka) I had it blasting out for us all to hear, yet it was only supposed to me, as I have on my big ASS headphones, I did get why everyone was looking simple at me, until the teacher- was in my face look on the screen patting me on the head, like my dad. 'So, you're big into sax solo-ing I see.' Yes, do you want to see me do her on the desk, the same as what they made me look at in PE min-us the bushes? He jolted up his shoulders making a face as I got it- but then he said- 'Now

take your cutie down to the office.' Sure- it was shrugged only on the one side- you know... I was rubbing into it also; he saw that- it is one-one of those good ass days. I was hoping to get off and get out of that class like all of them, freak them all, I was doing an excellent job, or so they said. The teacher's name is Hood, like go and freak off and leave that hood to find it yourself. I do not need to show you. Yet that is okay, I was at home.

(Why don't I feel like I was in class doing that- hell if I know?)

I-yah did not go there, my gut was grumbling so inside, I went to the cafeteria did wash my hand either so yeah- yah-no, I just rubbed it in- anyways, and there were having pork-stuffed burritos with extra sour cream and guacamole, whatever the freak that is- it looks like one big ass turd - sandwich to me on the plat-

Um-mm- that is one big, tasty turd!!!

Freak! Ha- I love the word FREAK it can be used as a noun, verb, or adjective.

I am going to prove that- what the freak, this is freaking crap, and I am getting freaked.

Freak it all in the ass hole!

Chapter: 28

By my hair, and everywhere

Marcel- 'Oral sex is the new goodnight kiss, okay...? That is nice... as a guy that is sick! What if she finds me, and I must kiss those lips after she did that, it just like eating out his d*ick- that is sick! No matter how many times she brushes her teeth or floss, or baths I get what he gave her, and now want I

want her to have. I think about you on this one and it turns me so off, that why it never- ever would have worked.

And even if you are doing that and you are with a guy and say you did not you did, for all girls are like this today, just giving it away. Let us just say you do it with him and then you do that guy now you want to do it to me... One word for it is- gross when it should have been all mine from the start, and only! Girls if that is not run through your mind now it should be.' It was like last year when Karly when went with Ray to Prom, she was all into me then, and I cut in and got my dance, and then we ran off, to my car in the lot and made while you get it, and we did it there I had to think about that as we made out. It just got to the point, which I was like go, I will find someone else that will love only me. What if she believed in me... what if she did care, what if it was not a waste of time. What if she loved me more than any other, what if it would have just happened sooner, and then she felt she was safe for the words that ricochet.

I recall her saying- 'I am very happy with my boyfriend, and I see him in my future so I wish you could respect that.' 'Why should I respect that, when you do not get it and, and I do not have to, for that ring is not on your finger, that is why I do not have to. And now that is not very wrong it is very right if you would see that, and not be so dumb about it. My God you are not married to the guy. You need to stop listening to your friends so much... What are you so scared of? What...? Just FREAKING say it! WHAT! I know why, but just say- why from you! What is wrong with you being so cold, you are not like that.'

~*~

Karly- Sex is all I think about- and want yet can seem to have it in me and right or was it in the past and I fail to remember, here I am at the best dinner we had had in years, it

was years ago, I said- to myself, as I sit thinking back on that time up there in there and crap.

We are all stuffing our faces, even Madilyn, she is drinking margarita after margarita in different flavors- I feel sick just looking at this crap, lovesick in the flashback I was having, I am not sure- really. I need that back, that day, and those sweet thoughts. I want it all that has always been the issue with me, I must have it my way and that has always got me into something I did not want to be in. I see them all laughing so loudly, I do not give a freaking crap at this point.

At least one table asked to be moved to a different part of the restaurant, for Jenny was farting too much and loudly I might add, God- I am going to toss my cookies as she did. I do not remember what we were even talking about, but at one point Madilyn (Maddie) took a picture of Liv wearing flashing her crap and showing her see-food in her mouth... she was showing the chewed-up bits of crap.

She said- she was going to dump the entire thing of spicy sauce into Maddie's ass crack. In the corner of the people getting up and walking out, I do not give a crap. I want to do that also. I want my old life back I was thinking in another flashback of the past, 'He was romping in my mind, and oscillation in my blood.' At this point, I am on my cell just to hold it all down and gag it all back up, it is not mine- anyway.

I tap on Jenny's Facebook and see nipples in my face or whatever those things she has are... ones an innie... I think, looking at how freaked-up her face is on this... one... eyes... is-almost closed, shut. You can see a third of Jenny's profile and all sexy photos as she calls them, I do not have a name for this crap.

(She is doubling and did-a-king over them, cracking up, her face was a bright purple. One hand is clutching her stomach. I just want to get off!!!)

What nice table manners and etiquette, NO-?

Yes! I would say...

Liv- Freak- Me- Gross!

Maddie- Piss'n- Sh*t!

Me- As there all huddled around me looking at my phone it is the gayest group hug to be in, so many girls all up on your junk and crap. I was getting some and felt up to like a holy d*ick!

It is- Dope! (Rankled up your nose, and she rolled eyes.)

After dinner, Jenny threw down her mom's credit card to pay for the whole thing. She is only supposed to use it for tragedies, but she leaned forward over the table and made us all grab hands like we were praying. And she said- 'Lord! I want to be freaked SO-Ooooo hard to the night that you hear me say your name, oh- yeah- um- freak- LORED-E, he- he- he, I do not even think you are there, I think all of this is-a- crap is just freaking horse crap! Like- it is all crap, and s-sh-crap on the pages, (Sweetly- A-man.)' Jenny threw Liv's bible a-crossed the room hitting some old ninety-year-old lady in the face, who said to hush up, eat that crap she said.

You done said Liv- I do not think that was right, I not for it either yet just shut the freak up, you look dumb.

Jenny- 'Hell it is all just a fantasy story, of an old man with their d*ick out, sucking each other like all that is in the writing because read it.'

Maddie- 'Like- feel that way okay- we don't want to hear it... stop, look at these faces in here, where getting embraced.'

Me- I do not feel quite that way yet I get the fiction that she is saying. I do not know what to believe in if anything also, yet I try not to think about it, that what they want you to do, be brainwashed, and p*ssy whipped. (Jenny going to hell I know... NOW! Yet I thought that was funny at the time. She can read that is one thing.)

'She is my friend, yet I feel this has become a disaster,' She laughed because she was being melodramatic as usual, just injudicious. The plan was to go off to a party afterward, yet I feel I may get jail time for this crap this time: it has become a tradition to piss off old crap'n people at the start of the weekend we had the unabridged night ahead of us. Everyone was in a blameless mood. Jenny was being normal, and that if fun to us and piss the old ones off, that do not freaking get it.

She went to the bathroom after the woman got up and dumped the margaritas all over saying- 'Find realign.' I knew that she was going to go anyway to fix her makeup, and five seconds after she left the table, the police officers came and she was not the one that got the cuffs, it was us girls that went downtown. She- F-n booked, out the bathroom window.

Everyone is laughing at us as we get into the cars, I had to be warned white just my luck- right. Every one of those hit me all at once: old people know how to throw crap. 'Just hose the b*tch down one said. And she was older than my grandmother.'

I had never had to pee so badly in my life, either being soggy- and wet down there. Yet I am sure she did not even have to piss. I was sprinting for the bathroom when I was talked, still laughing for I had to, while Liv and Madilyn throw at me with a

half-eaten sandwich, and crumpled napkins and yelled, 'Jesus is going to get you, Jenny, for freaking him in the ass hole with your strap-on d*ick.' You should have seen the faces now! It was like Niagara Falls duping crap and piss all over me, ah more like their food and crap, but you got that right- dumb ass, ah I love yah, keep reading this crap... it is not like you have a life either.'

And 'If it's yellow, you get it!' so another table asked to be moved yet why would they want to say at this point a show and dinner I get it- I think.

The yellow- crap, well- I peed... okay, it happens to us girls.

The bathroom was single-person, I was thrown five feet into the door by the big d*ick of a police officer threw the door and a girl screamed as she was latterly crap-ing on the crapper as I flew inwards on her, just hump me I said, and get off. (Brakes threw the door, is what she did. It was hugging from one hang...) 'Funny- you like other girls, in your ass.'

Why yes- yes- I do officer. (She is on the floor looking up, just batting those eyes sweetly.) I said- offers d*ick-head; I can flash you to get out of this right?) He said- 'Don't think so sweetie!'

(So, she did...) 'FREAK!' the guys say. The one whiff-ie punched her husband in the face for looking, it was a good ass night. I was looking at the calling yet wondering where Jenny went too, I know where she went, it is a good hiding spot, yet it is my spot- ever-ever hers. You are crazy to be up there now. After my dad called, I went up there, thinking I was nuts for going on to this thing. I started rattling the handle at the same time, as I was calling out her freaking real name.

'Jenn-a Jenn-a Tal-ya!' You are a p*ssy! I walked in and she was dying! Her face blue, and her skin cold, her eyes wide open, saying help me, she was on the bed ass naked, saying he got me, with a knife in it. She was followed by someone for saying what she said or something that she did, it caught up with her, yet she will make it like she always does. Her note was left on the other window on the other side, saying, "I want it all to stop, I never wanted to do anything to anyone."

Along with these lyrics that she copied off her cell phone, which she looked up: 'But I am on the outside... I am looking in, I can see through you, see your true colors. Because inside you are ugly; you are ugly like me. I can see through you, see to the real you. 'And it's- you that I will never feel or have,' and that was all spelled wrong even though she copied it all.'

~*~

Whom does she want to have?

How or who... I asked- she said- 'Don't.'

Jenny- (I did it to myself for the attraction. I am freaked up- okay. That is why I dyed, they wanted me too.)

(Me- I think it was my sister that did it.) (Ray- it was not me, I got out after a year, I am sitting in this cell for a reason, she is not believing me, yet I blame Marcel as she did also.) I scream and run to the police officers, yet they did not believe me.

I guess she had been in a rush to get in there, for she had not locked the door correctly and it was left open, we- I walked through, I was leaning against it, as I flowed into the sight of her laying there. I tumbled into the bathroom, to find that she killed me and my sister's kitten, Cotton, she was still laughing when I walked in about killing something that I loved,

the girl has just gone nuts, expecting Jenny is standing in front of the I see her in the mirror with her lips beading holding the knife over me, saying it you or your sister take your pick, you both are freaking me over so one shill goes now.

I fought her off me and ran to the door. I felt like I was going to go over the edge. The handrail is long gone now. She had me by the neck, saying- 'I shall kill you for this...' What did I do? 'Just be so freaking perfect! I cannot stand it; I am not you!' She was talking all crazy and crap. I was over she was holding me by my feet and one of my feet gave way, and my shoe was it. I was going to go down with the bridge... I just feel it. and then just like that she goes all nice and crap and started freaking out that she needed to pull me back up, yet no way was going to happen, so I just a few, and I thought I was going to die that time too, yet somehow, I live and woke up in my be naked and happy- to go on, yet that was months ago, yet living the same date. It is like she keeps trying to get rid of me and she can and crap.

Shove down the toilet was the dissevered head of my little cat, I screamed my head off after the fact, my sis did not eat, sleep, for days all she did was the cry of our kitten, and the remains were laid to rest next to the old car over a-crossed the way. She flushed but not quickly enough, for all of it to go... I loved my cat. She knew all my difficulties in life. I saw two entire undigested tomato pieces swirl down the toilet bowl. All the laughter left me instantly, as I was going downward quickly. 'I feel safe doing this, yet I thought it was my time this time?' I asked, even though it was obvious.

~*~

Your bridges are burning down, they are all coming down, they are all coming around, gather in the ashes, scattered not to be found, as they blow around, they threw me away,

living on another day, not much to say, not much I can say, it is all going down there all around, do not make a sound, fallen to the ground.

~*~

It a new day and it starts with me and my sister all over again, freak just learns how to do this yourself, Jesus-H-Crist the girls freaking stupid' faces light up with recognition, as I say sure, and I walk out of the 'Bathroom, get ready for it.' Show me- Show me- what I need to do! God shoot me now, freak! Freak! Freak! Crap! Freak!

Buzz- buzz!

(Mind thoughts not my own)

I am going to hell for this. I just know it. I feel like I am being someone robot- that they program, I feel what they want me to feel with me inside, they can get into my body and act it out using my mind, it is like they have the technology up there to run me even if I do not want to run.

I must go through this to get it or so that say- and I still do not get it. Occupancy with reason with the extraordinary, while let us do the undoable, let us get ready to deal with the indescribable and, and see if we may not- freaking goes nuts after all. I may not have gone where I intended to go, but I think I have ended up where I needed to be, yet I do not get why- do you? I love the end even if they are not all happy.

I love the whizzing noises as I fly downward, for it, it is what makes me live, I love the death for the most alive you can be in life itself, it the height of going off that gets you not to feel so low. I want to be high all the time- to keep them off my mind, or even him whomever he may be. I know it must have been Ray... (Think again... a soft voice for with-in said.)

'She lay into the whole enchilada in life with a fusion of bizarre mastermind, and childlike ineptitude and it was often problematical to tell which was right from wrong.'

Time is an illusion... of seconding ticking away to death, everything its death, to have a life. 'Why eat if you're going to die.' Said Jenny, as she was sitting in her hospital bed, looking over her cell on Facebook making sure all her photos looked good and axing the one that did not show her good side. Before the end was nearing. She asked to see me yet, I was reluctant to go in... Yet I did agent my mom's wishes.

My dad said- 'Folks- who think they know it all is a big frustration to those of us who know they are crap.' I was standing by a little niche just before going into the kitchen when he said this at the hospital. 'Do not waste your time going after that crap! Do not be so naïve and simple-minded! She will eat the crap out of you and come back for more.' He was starting to sound like me on that one, so I think he had enough of Jenny. He said- 'I'm not going to cry over the girl!'

There is a line of people gathered in front of a closed door. I had to wait for three hours just to see this girl, my mom said I was insane! 'Does this girl have charry tasting nipples or p*ssy for these boys to be rushing in like this...?' My god dad- I said dropping my jaw- 'Crap her harry little mouse should be worn out by now.' It is not hairy- dad! He looked at me with confusion- and said- 'Umm- hum!' ('Sure, that is where her mind went, missing ALL the importance.')

So are in the waiting room, one girl has her legs crossed and hopping up and down, saying I must pee, yet I am not giving up my seat or spot. She was the most popular girl in the school where over a thousand people came to her laying out to see her in this like a see-through nightgown. Even in death she gets the last giggle and must show off her goodies. She made sure

everything looked preteen, down there and back up, her face airbrushed to perfection, it sickens- me for I know I would never get any of the crap, down, or even look that good even alive.

(Old hospital, called: Miners)

I dislike the elevators, the hum- and rattle and I get stuck it one-time, big drafty windows way at the end, you can hear: 'Paging Dr. What-the-freak!' and see bed flying down the halls, kids where have wheelchair races and whiling crap, and one nard was shoved into a body bag, and thrown to the shaft of the elevator, and left, he still might be there...? Kids these days... who do they think they are- me.

(Flashback to the hallway)

There is a line, rapping the six-floor to the six-sixth room, kids are ripping open the door, and Jenny getting off to some I swear to someone on that she is and that is the big man above while okay then, I see her kissing a boy and even down to the youngest girl... and that pissed me off so much, I walked away, saying I saw yet I never did, and that why I feel guilty about passing this up, it is not like I can go back and say goodbye! I kick myself, yet feel it was right yet wrong. Jenny thinks she is a sexy beast! Yet everyone gave her a big head.

Death is all I want to think about, like... at this point, one year ahead!

Leaving without her next to me, I want to die for her, so I can be with her.

Looking back which would have been, her now that she does not remember me, yet she does and does not want me any longer.

'Hey Karly, good to see you again!' (She looks at me the same with love, yet the feel is not being received all the way in.)

‘What the heck’s her problem?’ ‘She doesn’t want to remember who you are, bra.’ ‘Oh yes. I suck at life that is right!’

Karly- I hardly know you.

Olivia- ‘Actually sweetie, your kind were dating each other.’

(Karly looks at him)

‘Yeah. Sorry, I am not better looking.’

(Giving a wink)

#-Hashtag: (Girl from hell, hell riders, her coming from underneath)

Chapter: 29

It is Winking at Me!

Books about what is right and what is wrong in a teen’s life.

(Going back three weeks)

One of them points to her watch and says something I cannot hear, but she looks pissed. ‘She’s been in there for, like, twenty minutes,’ a sophomore says, she was eating with her parents- ‘like such a loser thing to do, like for real you do that, and you may as well so suck a d*ick in front of a Holy-Father, it is the same to us, or so, Liv said. What is she like five I said even my little pain in the butt sis get to go places, all by herself?’

‘Yeah, but is that a good thing, Liv asked, you know she is freaking boys- and not and not playing with her toys, your boy is her new toy, and I know she is using you power-toys also, always a baby you shall stay, unless you break away for her, that bring you down with her.’ My stomach drops to my feet feeling it all wants to come back- up. I almost got sick right near the

bathrooms; I was close by. I have pills for that and that also. I have razors too and, I feel, I could do that, also, and not give two- craps.

People lock themselves in bathrooms' glass when they want to I can do that too, of break it and cut myself as I want to all so I want to do sad things, like have sex or throw up, freak, and never stop, kill something or someone, have a threesome or something unforgivable or unbelievable to be remembered by- for there not kill themselves, to be like me. So far- I do it every day for them, to slice me up one side and down the other, they have end freaked through me, at least my girlfriend cannot do that as those boys do.

(Lunchroom)

'Liv...? Are you reading that same pace of crap again?'

'It sucks, not that heard it better than Twilight pace of horse crap, that I could write better in one day- yet come on, like read something else, I am just in love this man writhing I cannot help it, then read something else, by him, I never even thought of that really, in a dumb moment of Eureka! Have you read Twilight? Are you freaking five... that for babies! Said Ray, boy falls to freaked up face guy, and she has no freaking face, yet she looks freaking high all the time, oh may- and thing happens.'

You suck for saying this book sucks! Said liv is awesome! Where does the daemon come out of? Asked Maddie, Liv- 'My book says out of there girls' p*ssy's.' Maddie- 'Smartass that not what that meant at all- sick-o, as she leans over and reads into her open book down on her lap, I can look at the spot art at the banging's over the chapters, and get what they meant, and that not what I see, her laying on her bed feeling all that she lost. Some of these my mom said are graphic, I do not think so get with the time's mom and dad, like a holy freak! It is just a naked

girl like me, sitting in her room, on her octagon window bench, look down at herself showing it all, (like we girls do that you know- I know I do) with her hand about to touch it, (and more) showing her tight little line of girl-ie-ness, feeling said with a tear running down her cheek.' (Just- Get over it!)

~*~

-A week has passed-

My days there were not supposed to go this way, I read the first page. I am supposed to say to you. I elbow Liv saying okay can I have this when you are done with it, sure, you might just get something out of it you need. I get up for the food line and start shoving through the line of people crowded there, all the way to the front.

I will read more, yet I know it will take me more time than she took, she knows it off by heart. He taps me on the nose, and I softly with his one finger; like he does after he kisses me, and I am on top of him skin to skin find it so- cute- to me.

(Nevaeh lived a hundred years, yet never-ever met Karly she was in her little world, or so her mother said.)

'I feel she didn't know what to know about her, her mother that is.'

Interval: 11

A Void She Cannot Feel

Chapter: 30

Fresh start beholding-

-Breath through me, I feel double.

Nevaeh- Hey it good to talk to you again- I said, I would be back, yet I never thought I would meet my grandbabys up

here, and not down there with you all. She is a wild one, like I was at her age, if you flip some pages back, and read between the lines you will see me there.

Jaylynn- which possesses all of us, to take crap to give a crap or have crap, or just crap it out? I have inquiries- So, it is its natural surroundings that push us, it is like a house of horrors and its many faiths- that is sarcasm to my life. Freak nurture, freak the universe in the ass with a two by four. The people give nothing and trust like the AL-mighty is outdated yet that fine with me, ass holes. Yet I love you just so you know, I love everyone, ago crap- on. There are more depths made than saved, no lives in this city that have a clear understanding of what they are doing.

Yet you can see that crap, cannot you! My mom said, 'I have a potty mouth,' yet I do not see that. I am living in a persuaded rite, which keeps them in limbo, breaking my back and falling to my ass. I do not follow anything or anybody's crap- I do me because it has become a routine of what they think needs to be identified. So, I prefer to not follow anything, those asses are the ones that are lost on their path, not I, or that is the way I see it- do you- d*ick head. Look at how this crap took place they say that kids skip a generation- Karly is so like me, good for her, her mom is like my mom, a dumb ass, that I must love for she is my mother, yet I never really know her, that was my choice it was not hers.

(Dark wings and all you can see me now.)

My path when all downs also, the effortless way to hell, yet hell is where the fun is, until you get there, and must find a way to get it up- he-he- I said get it up. I am still a young girl can you see; I am fifteen jackoffs. I am not surrounded by people who are happy or do not need me. I am just a part of its unknown past. I have learned to follow my heart and go with

my gut feelings. Even if that is to cut it open and blood the feeling outs. I have confidence that I do not need to be a bible thumper to have true faith, I did not see the need to- really- at all, it is all a steamy pull of crap, like a 'Harry Potter' movie, just like Jesus he died at the end I could have told you that, crap. I have faith, is sex, drugs, and rap. WORD! 'All I need is to have a love for the man who breathed his last breath so that I could breathe freely.' 'God, I just need to get freaked, my grandmother's quote sucks Harry Potter butt!'

Karly- (Past weeks) - I must suck in the air on my own, I have the impressions that I have been cut away from the umbilical cord to the uterus of culture's association, like mother must have felt losing out on me, yet the same thing happened to her of so the freaked-up story goes that my dad has told to me, over the years every-night for as long as I can remember. I am in a sequence that I need to develop my own, and not have repeated, yet I am not in central of that either, I have no central in anything anymore or so it seems, I am spiraling- I am spiraling, falling- falling- crawling- and always- down on my knees, begging for more.

I want to see me have everything I want to see, I would like to read more pages, and see, some that I need to see I just want to remember me and find out about them, in addition to the one that I need to love, and I see that I had it and give it up. Yet I must pick the right one- I see, and that is so... me... I do not get what I need, or realized what I had, with them. I do not know if it is the childhood boy or the sweet girl that plays with me that I need the most. Love is a hex, of not knowing what to love more. Just like the public will come and go. Falling to someone shall stay.

Things will come and there may be modification not foreseen. Yet is the one a girl or a boy-? I just do not know! I am just BI- yet how do I get over that?

I must choose at some point, don't I? Look here- The pages will turn; the chapters will open and close, as I, myself own a book of life, ha- I think I read my own story without ever knowing, yet Liv did that why she read it in front of me to see if I would see the way, to my own life. Some of the text, which was written will fade away, and a broken heart will mend.

Up till now some of it will endure in my reminiscence unflinching and vibrant. (I may have passed on reading a bewitched story with I was never- ever meant to read about my family, and the hex of losing everything that I loved, I wonder if the girls set me up for this one?) I can hear whispers, whispers I can feel, whispers that used to give me a thrill, whispers from the ones that kill, whispers that give me a chill, I recall whispers while trying to find love, I hear them whispering, just like the girl in the story that I should have known, that I may need to find.

Even so, I must comprehend it is all that I want to think of, and not what they choose for me to arouse, I was forbidden to see her... nevertheless, I did, the day before my end. I hear a soft voice! After that moment with her- You know life is all optimal; one can either select to live comfortably or choose to live in fear, and that is what I did the fear of not fitting in and they kill me for it.

They are still killing me, every day not to find out what I love the most, and that is not my girlfriends, it comes down to two. I ask him to do more for me, is he? Or has he, or has she done it all for me, that is the question. I know that someday he will answer me, and if he does not, she will! I want her to; she is the one the most like me, and she needs me more. And I love that about her she needs me, and that is love.

Yet I feel like this- There is nothing to do in this here for me, or then her or should it be him? I know that my dad would disown me for dating a girl, so- I do not get what I should do. I

use things like with a boy anyway, so I should just go with the real thing inside me, I am not a lez-bo! But that girl could sway me- I do not know. There is just a glow in my mouth- like all the white teeth teens want me to be, it is all spitting out, yet I have swallowed it, yet they do not. Look at my eyes with bloodshot eyes, with tears running down her cheeks, and everything in-between feeling the same, you could even see all the welt markings of all their words, yet you cannot see them.

She did not even know her name... so she was named after his favorite flower, which he had everywhere in his home as I remember. There is nowhere to go, no one to see... and no one or two, which cares about me. How can I live a life of ecstasy? If infrequently one cannot have a choice, yet I want to pick this if I have anticipation, if I have the preference to.

Well, I must live with the consequences of an entity life with me next to me and even inside me and some, I call my friends. Everyone must bow down to them, I have been blown to yet not always the way you think I have, my live a life abortion, ripping out my heart blood dripping down my arm, and the demons I just hoping fly out of my piss so, I can strangle them with my come! Yeah, I am the only girl that will say that aloud! CRAP! Moreover, the way I am the one who loses out on a life of authorization to make a pronouncement and my selection, crap really- is it me that has this or not. They are the cord that is attached to me; nothing can correspond or takes place in humanity without my friend's approval. Yet, in my life it is like someone- they sieve, network, and monitor all my life's events. They are the ones that give the stipends in the formations in the society's loop.

Chapter: 31

Her real love going inside

Aylden- Moya- I am an a- freshman here at Bill Clinton high, I have some to say- I am in love with you Maggie, I see you every day, and all you must do is just be in front of me and it drives me nuts.

So, I did the unthinkable and asked her out, and like that she said yes, I was not sure she would and all herring, what I have heard about her, it was not long until I got her pants off, and I was in love with everything that I was looking at her so cute, and just a fourteen-year-old little girl, it refreshing to see she not slut-ing it out.

Girls where what they think boy's thing is sex, so they think they are having lots of sex, this girl she is not like so they just assume she is gay for not have sex with boys, where and when she can get it, I know that she has girls that play round yet what girl has not. I am okay with her past and doing that, if not what you all think it was, there was girly love there yet not a full-blown relationship. If there was, she never said, I just got that she never went that far with a boy, yet she knew what I was going to do. 'Ha that tickles- I have them off to the side. Frilly most girls in my school would call them baby-fi-ed. She is wearing training Briefs, with the scallop up and down banding at the top, their multicolored size six to seven, white background, white edging, and with tiny light blue, and pink hearts on them, and the little white bow in the front- too cute it is just adorable to see a girl do this, and not care what other girls say. I want to keep-um and never wash them to have the scent of her when she is not with me when she is away from me.

Maggie- you want to sniff my panties?

Me- possibly...? (Award saying) Which side the inside or the out?

Me- What do you think?

(She just gives a sweet small- and giggles, as I got it.)

Maggie- The inside right-?

Me- Um-hum!

Here you go you earn these by saying that like that!

Me- Thanks!!! (The first time - like it is a nice keepsake well to look back on every time you need to?)

Maggie- How do you know you are going to like doing this if you never sniffed them before?

Me- well-ah it is you is not...?

Okay, I see!

Maggie said to me that 'Shaving line down there, is not fair to us girls. Yet that is the only part of me that I do not shave, God- I have enough to do with my legs and under-arms.' Got-yah! 'I like these I have on their comfy I so glad you like them; I was worried that you would not like me for this...' I am okay with it because I love anything you do or have on, it does not matter to me, I said it is cute- go with it. Um- can I have them? Ah- you what these? I sure do, to keep.

Okay then... (Her eyes rolled like why? Her index finger-off to the side of her sweet lips, biting her nail, face down eyes looking up rolled to the side.)

Then she said- 'I am not using a razor down there, that I don't know where it been, God you don't know what you may pick up- like if you get cut or just irritate yourself, I did it once and swore never again, it was Karly saying try it, and where fabric sting up your butt, I think not when I can be comfortable and having it natural feel right to me, do you mind?' Not really! It is not what I am used to, but it is what you want so I love that

about you too. It is not about what they think about us and what we are okay with- and I do not mind.

Her underwire bottoms show to me that is most inane still, and shy, and I find that amusing, and wonderful. Not wearing what all the girls do shows me this is a girl that has something I want and that stands up for her right to do what she wants and believes in like her faith.

Stay with me- I love her blue eyes, the way she cries; she never lies to me, always hearing me, always near me, staying what I am. Stay with me, and make me happy; stay with me, and say you love me, stay with me, and someday marry me- won't you please...? Just stay with me.

I love you!

There was this one time, where a girl felt my girl up and pulled on her hair to see if it was there... and it was, and she was okay with feeling it, you may just want to do the same... as... I know.

She let her... that is what happened, so she would see what she wanted to do with her style down there.

Maggie- Two week's letter I have completely fallen in love! I changed schools, to be so the girls would not rip us apart, and say crap in the halls, yet when we get off the clock it is on. He is here to pick me up, and I go to his place, and we spend time together, and do the touching, feeling, kissing things, that I always water yet never had. I LOVE HIM! Yet how do I get rid of her, come over afterward, just to make sure I am okay, it like she has known idea I have a boyfriend now, she gets lost in me and my eyes, I see it he does the same, Karly want me, yet I just want to be friends at this point, yet I do not want to be mean she was always there for me, know what do I do to say back off. She said she feels me? Okay- if you say so- I felt her then not so

much now. I hope she is okay- she has been through more than I have.

Having it hairy would keep a boy away would not it, that is why she did it, so she would say it for the one that would not mind it, and for that show, he loves everything about her, regardless.

Aylden Moya- leave her alone you make her feel uncomfortable.

The sex in bed in the morning, and at night and when we feel is right, it is out of sight!

Karly- are you kidding me she was mine first- are you saying- that I made you feel like your skin was crawling? Uncomfortable this is what it means- scratchy, painful, tight, and sore, or rough, uncomfortable- bumpy, itchy, and lastly- prickly. Is that insulting or what?

Uncomfortable, like sticking your d*ick in the pencil sharpener, it just feels good, doesn't it?

Karly- It was said- Miss. Gibson when he first saw Maggie when she was five, he did not know how he felt. The feelings of being overjoyed led to the feelings of being horrified at what he was seeing, she had a smashed cut up wrist and boobs and nipples, and her hair all cut off, she was speechless for some years after, she was discovered, standing there in her underwire, you can see there are going up are butt cheeks. They look like she was picked up by them, by someone mean ripping hands. Miss. Gibson was not Maggie's actual mom; awe- she is a horrible mature creature. Just a nasty piece of crap.

The story energies that one day; he had on ring out and she came to the door to see a man holding her up by her underwear saying take her she is going to be euthanized. That is

what they do this day just look at the train rushing by, there is no love, just death. Just think in a few years' cars should be flying in the air, look at the buildings now, so modern and space-ie.

She was only ten years old at the time. Why did we all think she was slow, it was for she did not say much at all, back in middle school... she looked up at her and said- help me, and that is what she did. Ms. Gibson was nasty to everyone, but she is caring for her girl he named Maggie, so for that, it was too far, in that she would not let her go on her own and do the thing, and like any teen, she rebelled and lost her car over it, and she said OKAY smart ass, know you can walk to school, I said you could not drive. She bought the car herself and started going out to agent her mother's wishes.

Karly- She did not like me either, I do not think she liked anyone she was a man-hater also, that is why he left sixty years ago too. That is why she is so old-fashioned in her ways, just look at who raised her, she thinks I am a complete slut even if that is the way a girl is. Now and then, I realize what a friend she is to me, and more. Start with the stomach area.

Lick kiss and such- me going down on Maggie, I started by working my way down, working her inner thigh, as if she were wearing underwear and teasing outside the outlines... then as you see the labia work their way out into sight juddering on the clitoris. I start up toward it, like with the tip of your tongue, then she should be going; now work your tongue in between the labia inner and outer, not lick the inside her vagina yet... just the between lips area.

Finger with the index, then go back to the clitoris with my lips on her lips and give it a little more thoughtfulness, it is all about the art of the tease, and the wetness, and the coming. Now, droplets downwards and slide as much of your tongue

inside the vagina as possible, get it wet, with your spit and such, feel it all dripping, that is love there, and gross, yet you must love it, or wetter and relax her up, with her I know that works. She loves me doing this and now she is getting good at giving it back.

~*~

I walked into my sis's room... and saw nothing but her ass and spread open p*ssy she is on her knees, on her little bed, with bubbly little mermaid bedding, look at that her butt is shown pointing towards the door, got yah- I see lots of her... and so will my friends... if I send this to them. Payback sister- the wetness running out of her, let us put it that way. You know what that crap is. I must prove I am not a complete p*ssy, and will not put up with my little sister getting more than me, like taking my men.

Seeing this Maddie and Liv say- her but was like in our faces, I knew it would be set to more girls, yet I did not have the heart to. That was up to my friends to see if they were real friends. You can see and hear sighing in her Arial-themed room to every inward and outward stroke. I even see her rubbing it in rotating patterns, with her fingers also, into it. Uh-ah, uh-huh- Oh-Oo-a, ow- yes, she feels everything deep I will say that for her. Man, she can bend it in, she has known I have this all on my cell, and I am looking in at her, the door not closed. Look at her next to her stuffed dog, she is rubbing it also on her vagina Maddie said I can send this to her seven, and so did Olivia. If Jenny were here, what do you think she would have done with this video?

(Hall discussions at lockers number 94 and 96.) I would if she sent this to anyone else, if so, that is not nice. Locker 95 is now sitting as it was, but with like a drop-off of flowers and bars, and photos stuck on the door for her memory. Girls kissing

the door, and boys, it is nuts, you do not want to see what is inside there, it is freaky. Olivia- I wonder if we could get our lockers changed. It was nice then when we all wanted to be together, now not so much, this turns me so off. Did you see that Maggie is getting a life now that she is gone?

Olivia- Yes, yes, I did, I wonder if Jenny was the one doing that too.

Maddie- she liked her, so I say now.

Liv- may be...?

Maddie- Do you miss her?

Liv- Not always- yet she pops into my mind occasionally.

Karly about the video (not with the girls, alone.) I showed her one, and now she has it- good for her. I think she does it better than me, b*tch- is what the girls well think too I just know it, I love her, look you can see her face in the pillow, cute right, arched back, putting her two fingers in and out, and I forget how old she, yet see this crap, she looks like a professional, my girls will get it.

Miss. Jo-Anne Gibson- I did the best I could, but I often a spectacle, if my best were well enough, was sufficient, enough. I was too hard on her or not hard enough. She was ill-fated; it was I- mayhap? As you may have guessed- I do blame myself for her being the way she is now, but not then, and you cannot change something wild inside, just look at the gay girl she with all the time, posing her fresh young minded with sin!

~*~

Karly- Anettia- is a freaking b*tch that needs to be shot in the face at direct range, for what she did to this girl, I have seen it, lies in the book, and fake reports, no wonder she cannot

have a life, until now. Jenny was on that run and said- she was doing crap, she was not. Like, look at girls peeing on the crappers. How would you know if you were looking at her doing the same?

~*~

I remember that Maggie always did have a way of a little crap, and I conjecture she always will be for- I say. It would not have been for me to take in this little girl, she would have given up on life a long time ago, I say also. You can see that, she needs increased help in the home and out, I need to see if she need more than they are not giving, I have her going to places now and there was always a TSS teacher with her, previous years, they say, she does not need it to say she does. Now that girl is doing not things to her that I find so- uncouth.

(TSS) is a Teacher Support Specialists, a d*ick of a person, just to be there so you are not a danger to yourself or others. Look at her there just popping gum, sighing yet she cannot, do not blink do not even think. flapping their mouth saying nothing logically, here what she wants to hear, making you fear every little move you make; you cannot make a mistake or be a kid at this point under the light.

She is tapping her pencil, documenting it all for your life to go to hell. You- epic FAIL now! Like get real this girl would not hurt anyone, if anything she is getting hurt yet they all just look away, now it is my time to say, she is okay. Back- OFF!

Chapter: 32

Eat- Yō Sandwich

(Lunch)

It is a foot long;

Ha- better than six inches, said Maddie. Karly- Suck on your meatballs...

'You should know you've done both.' Some girls down the table- said.

Let us talk about books, said Olivia.

God just shot me in the head, so I can die, ha- hey see the sped?

Nice- books- Maddie- ha!

Karly- I think movies like Twilight freaking suck,
(Throwing both middle fingers in the air making a skilling face.)
The sporting actor made fame, what it is. Look at her and the look at that, what is- that, I love Anna Kendrick?

Teach walking by saying that a mother-week Barns.

Liv- I think she would have made a better Bella, than the girl with no personality, yet that is the book I read that thing and it was painful.

I guess that my assignment in life is over my Karly kiss my ass where it is brown and holy!

And that another one, sure it is... Suck my clit.

No!

Yes, you want to! (Sexy eyes)

That is, it- you are expelled-

Good now I can party and have some fun sleeping and not doing this crap, so you are going to punish me by not being here, freak yes!

The towing sickness of a teacher whose name is Mr. Abdèlaziz Okay smart-ie, in-school suspension, then right.

Karly- Freaking-, ho-bag, psycho, b*tch, p*ssy-tart- ass-wipe! Under her breath.

(She gets taken out by her hair, by the officer what is his name I might add.)

Like whom paints a room all black, and faces the desks at the wall, where you could only piss two times... no air to speak of and some fat ass smelling like crap farting up and down the five by thirdly long skinny room, next to you is what... I got six out of seven freaking hours, all week I might add.

~*~

(Flashback)

I love bands that are not cool so what do you do here?

Freak yes, at least I made it as one of our dumb ho's... in a short skirt that shows nothing under it, to think I made it, wow good to think... you think I am good enough to be the same look, and size or whatever, yet you cannot say the N-word or a knotty little swore ward... Yet- yet- teachers can call me every name you can think of... in the urban book of crap, like I cannot even wear a tank... without a bra in the halls, yet this girl can... do you see all the bouncing, and nipples pointing, at you, I sure do?

Yet, the face pant keeps me from looking down and up. Can I squeeze this one boob, I said as I walked past going to the office like I do every day, for no true reason, I not the bad girl here, is my line, they just roll their eyes, saying- something like- dumb crap?

Oh, to be oh so freaking cute as one of those, bubal head moraines. That thinks that has the world by the ass, just jumping to a not-so-sick beat. And I am not talking- about, all the movies either, they all are PMS-ing b*tches, sore if your

one, but dumb stop with the snoot-e-ness. I could look like one talk like one, yet I do not want to be one of those things these children call- tremendous. Oh yeah- so cute, and sexy, NOT! So hairy- and they say that about my arms.

(What- about them?)

I am sure to have you seen her junk? Goddam! Like they want to be an ass of a cheerleader, doing sexy things, hell I can do that in my bedroom naked for my boy. 'I will spell out your name for yah! Freak and that may be misspelled too!!!

'He- he.' (Cuts to the try-outs, you are up okay she said sweetly) hands up in the air thrust bunch with each, give me a T- give! Give me and me!! Give me a TTTT- mother freaking d*ick sucking, lip biting, come- glopping- eat out my p*ssy- y! Now give me a C, gimme a, L give me and I, then bend me over and freak me for the- crap- pissing- T.

(Blond haired girl named Holly, blinks a few times fast in a row, saying- I like her, the faces are priceless, she finishes with jazz hands, and fires fake guns with hands, then trips out the door, saying yes there is nothing wrong with me.) (So, they just said it all back to me, awesomeness!)

'Good evening, Clit-high! So, how is it hanging, well I can say, yet it is all good, so this is your afternoon amusements, Lex Mitchez got a- Goff, win, and so did Jackie-sue, and Amy Lue, yes (girl in calls screw you.) 1-0, 5-9, 5-10 is how high she is. What did that read? And eight, (what) do not forget the football games, and your ticks, there is a jack-off coming up, (a what, the teachers look up in the office) oh that said- said smack off, football, so bout that, oh my.

Um okay then moving on. Do not forget that you need to have your red ribbon on for a dug week, Ya- Ya-a! (Wahoo- drugs, and not doing them.) I get a thumbs up and an excellent

job, ass hole by the d*ick behind me. You could hear it over the intercom. Nice! Do not forget to dress up like some you like that day, and your others will stay home and feel left out.

(That is not what that said either. (I heard from Marcel- you are such a good speller; I loved it and was informed by the whole school. As he said do not die to get out of the parking lot and slow down and do not forget to pay for your spot money is overdue like just get it down here NOW, so I do not have to keep saying this crap. There is a bottle of something in the boy's room that needs to be thrown away, GOD-!!!

I do not want to ask, what is this? Do I have to read this...? Do we know it is there? (Nod for the p*ssty ass behind me again.) There are con-da-mine-on to sail her in the pyo... ogin-o... okay- OH-shank- rap-room. God, I can read this writing. Thank God it is over, it is not let me do this today. Movie! she said imposingly.) (Maddie someone Jizz-ed in a bottle? What is this?)

(Talking to the girls in the homeroom, interrupted by this...)

Now I do not remember- what I was saying, I asked, they looked at me like... whatever, they just want to go home, look- you know stoned, mixed with ass freaked and smashed freak'n drunk. I do not remember anything after that, oh yeah- um- that a pad should not show if you are wearing spank-ie- thing-ie-s. And she shows that, ha- Hana, and you do not get kicked out. All they do is dance around sacking their big bubble butts, saying nothing, and freaking every boy, I should be in the locker room. I do not need to hear you... I runoff... to get pampered up.

And we split, in the clit. (The classic line is away therewith, every girl.)

#-Hashtag: (I do not have anything to say, it is all up there.)

Just think I get the same ass hole, that was here for over fifteen years, I remember back when we had that kiss in-between the buses at the football game, we were both in the band at that time, now he goes it alone, or so they say. I would love to be on that bus now, yet they say that it is not the cool one to be in. She pressed him up on the run bus, Diesel Fuel, at night and playing in the background, it was perfect until the band directors said- 'Don't FREAK it up!'

I had a solo with Beth, at IUP, that went to a sixth grader, yes you heard me, what happened here with rolls... and crap. what, every other time. The drum starts up, and I was captain- nope that was taken away to, for he said I could not handle it, will hear me now mother-freakier freak you in the ass with a trombone. At least I do not freak my students! What a night, lots of kissing and touching, on the band bus, it is dark and the red in the back is all that we need to feel and see it all.

Easily uniforms I think so... and more, what happened on the band bus stays on the band bus... what do you think I go on the bus? The first time he ever puts his hands on me all up under my top. (I nailed it) Marcel, I was there, and I saw the stand ovation!

(One the field with the band of five hounded.)

Karly- it was awesome, having that part echo back at me.

Football game: band-

We combined the old school over there, with our years ago now were larger and crap, so our uniform had to change to red and blue, and that was a bloodbath, we still hate each

other. CHS over OVHS is not cool. They said- OVHS we are number one the best! I think not. When the other school was red, white, and blue and we were. Clit pride lasts forever! Let us Go Pennies! I am sure mine will never be the same now! This school will diddle with your brain, and make you go insane. At least I, not the p*ssy- saying this, I glad not to be a part of that over there, though! It is outdated... sad- but true- it needed to die, or did they kill it... themselves. All good things end; this is yours now.

Black and gold time 'Hey my little pennies, you're nothing but a bunch of pussies!' Hey, clit, here my d*ick, suck it, I heard on the field. By MCHS, 'Guy team No! A player of ours said as if they were bent for their ball! Morning Campania...

Okay... inhale here... this is long and hard. Ha- that is what she said. Morningside- Cam- with ia for Cambria parts of Pennsylvania, preia for Pittsburgh areas, mush them all together and you- while getting that steamy turd up there, all up in our asses, and crap.

Hear the band, it should be like someone like I took a dump in the sousaphone, I am sure fat Freddie, their worst player loves that one. Yes, suck that crap!) Make it rain! Crap, Fred!

Marcel- This drum keeps messing up here girl I will show you have it done and I am a trumpet player. It just that one left sticking that crap, and it may be the tuning of the snare too, yet I fix it you know- I said they sounded like crap, to your pain in the ass band doctor. (See me saying it!) He just said- you need to learn to respect young men, you must give it to get it from my asshole!

Head-to-head- 'Line up kid if you're so smart and belligerent!' He said- I said after- Yes you beat the crap out of

those drums, just break the head, it is fine, you suck! I went there! At practices, this happens the night before the game.

(Drum solo)

~*~

(It is half-time)

Crap- look at the people, so freak'n load. Awesome!

The Foo fighters show is the show is playing. Learn to fly, Hearon, Times like Theses, and The Pretender. I must do something here to show what I can do so I just hit the highest note, at the end of that show. I saw him going Hum, over there, like okay then do not stick to the sheet music, that you that they get paid for. We break it down yet crap.

The other band only played one sound and that was- 'Don't You Forget About Me,' and Eminem- 'Lose Yourself' (look at them hip-hop dancing on the field, (Garbage can drum solo) and Whitney Houston- 'I Will Always Love You,' and the get this one more: Fergie- 'London Bridge.'

We do need to do that, if I have written and the name makes it happen, I will garbage can drum solo, and I will not drop my sticks... did you see that 'You trumpet play remember that... said John.' Yes, maybe so but come on.

~*~

Dad- I thought it was time, Karly you see this it has been at my cost for years, I am giving you this uniform of your mother's, 'Do I want it? I spoke. Razing up my one eyebrow high, making a snarled face. Like this is not something I would want to keep in my room, I hate my mother for not being there for me and doing this crap. 'Their baby killers!'

I would not feel that way, yet I cannot help it. You must understand my feelings of loss. Yet to all the girls out there like me in her group or a group, she studs up for herself when no other girls did, she was something else, do not feel like this... it is not fair to her, she was doing what she had to do.

Yes, she gave you up but in her mind, that is what she thought was right, don't you see that she didn't have the choice, here it was kind of made for her, she passed on the field at the age of twenty-five saving one of her younger girls that lost her legs after being blasted off, she made back home yet your mom did not yet, here is her uniform, she went through hell to become what she was at so young of an age, look at this thing, she was fully departed, and a female I might add, not easy to do, yet she spoke her mind, to all the boys and got her way. Come here sit on this bed with me and I will tell this story here, it was not long after she was just private, which she went in front of the board asking for dress uniform changes. For the love of God- Just give the same uniform as the boys, yeah- I am a girl my holy hell, 'I think you're a scum-sucking freaking maggot, private, for saying this.'

We are not all the same here. Can you see this she said to the up squadron, these things have not changed since nineteen forty-two? 'What the freak is your point her little lady, the sex here is all the same.' I think not sir... ``We do not care what you think, your part of a thing that is bigger than you and your simple thought, of hormones, and nail polish. Do you want to be here?' Yes, I do sir, is that a question that needs to be questioned, I have done everything you said with you snickering in my face, about it.

Okay enough crap around her, about nothing... I love doing this, I just want to feel the same as one of the boys. 'So, what the hell, crap, and piss do we do about that to fit your freaking needs here.' Okay, you asked for it- permission to

speak my mind. 'You are like I do not kick the crap out of you for even being here, you have seen men die, in trading. I need to talk to another man here, and why are all you men... I have something to say- here me out. I get one little patch on my slave, and my caller here is flapping over all my metals, that I have and yet my racking is the same, and yours all went up, this is not far... 'I don't care if you're a girl here- this is what we do.'

We look ridiculous like the nineteen forties, flight attendants. 'Then you can walk out the door and hang your uniform up.' 'I don't see the need to do something you want me to do, when I am the same ranking as you, now.' Commandant-older man said OKAY what do you want here sweaty- I feel like you do, this is not right she is not wrong here, we see it now. This is what we all girls need that a tiny like I am, a hat that fits, and a jacket that is the same or even fitted to my covers, this skirt is sexist, and the pants too baggy, so what do you take the skirt, so you are not falling on your face. (She flaps it back and forth, showing the out-of-date look.)

Can you raise them more than slakes that is? No, for my cheat is there and the spenders are maxed out now, and I do not feel that I need to be rubbing this down here either, (point hand moving up and down near vagina.) I am sorry sir for this one grannie panties do not work for me! As you can see, they are not on me now.

(She holds them up, saying would you put them on?) 'Now- crap!' (Guy is that all just look at her like- are you for real.) 'Now we have to ask what down there?' Something nice that a girl of today would wear. She flips her hair back, taking off the hat that is covering her eyes, saying this: I want and need like us all her of the female type- that is short and girls, I want my hair down under my hat if you say yes! 'We have issues as of why you have to do that...' yes- I see- conversely this is my body, and I have the final say, I do not see doing this if just

being in a blue dress. I am swimming in this thing- you can see that- no? And where is my white belt that I should have under my boobs? 'Did she say boobs?' Yes, sir- Like- we have them!

He said- 'Sit!' make us look like boys, yet I am wearing a girl's uniform...? Okay keep it if this is what I get to do- and we all should have done here.

The list:

1. Coat: I want something that fits inwards with red piping on it somewhere more than what I have here and has a fitted clasp caller. Look at all my meats are a cover for I am small and these overlaps, my caller that is, sleeves are too long also. Just give me a black coat here with some buttons on it also, that has the same bagging, give me red cords too, that I should have at this point, at something for my shoulders to so I do not feel so small, that I do not look so small among all these towering men.

2. I do not want to have these men's look blouses either, what are we high school girls, needing to cover them up. So just give me a necktie too... and it is all good.

3. What: I want just a bucket hat in white and gold, if that works, with insignia on it, yet bigger, you can even see this! Think of a band hat- there adjustable with the stings.

4. Sleeve Cuffs, Black with white piping with two buttons- I would love to have this now for, it makes up for what we never had over the years, and it looks sharp.

5. Pants: White- Hey I wear the pleated skirt, if it white also ending above the knees, let us say I am on a date with my husband or something formal, where I need one, or if I am not in a lineup, where there is nothing but paints, with all the other men. I would like to have one just for wearing my uniform at

home. If it is where it should be up here, and it goes all the way up showing off the legs and side of her butt, do you like that boy you should that why I am in it. 'So, where do you want this thing at?' (Here, I need to march in this, and have my legs look nice, do you see this guy? Do not I look cuter now, I think I should be cute and all.) I want them to fit that all, not be all bagged out.

6. I- um- we want light make-up, I must look good, its up-to-the-minute days, standard shads, for our skin tone.

7. A white rifle would be nice.

8. Last name plate.

9. Bayonets I feel are dangerous, and do not need to be there!

10. And I was a drum major, I can outdo you all that is over me, I want a master sergeant spot now, please! Give someone like me a drum, and I will show you how it has been done!

(Prove it the next day! Lineup!)

Dad- 'Back in the 90's or so not that long ago- I thought twerking was for tightening lug nuts...? Twerking? Shaking your ass, here I will change your rubbers for you, do not crap yourself, now you young kids are humping in midair- I might add, and dumb faces and limp over backward gyrating to this crap. It is all hanging out...crap- everything flopping and dropping, up- low and whatnot, I do not get it!'

Mom- 'Word!'

Karly- I walk away busting a lady nut!

So, you feel that you need more now to make up for it.
Yes- I do! And what it is to keep it!

Yes, keep it forever so you can remember who she was, she gave up everything for this century, yet was what she did the right thing, I do not know, there was not enough do for her there is not even a flag on her gave now, and her husband is not laid to rest next to her yet, they never- ever got much time together for she felt she had to do what she needs to do, for the fear, of what was, and who she was. Give this a week and we will see what can be done for a solution to the situation we have here.

And she got it, and this is it, this one here she wore out on nice events or for home and such, and she wore the men's style when on the drill time. She was laid out in the outer one, yet she said that one also, 'you can't keep it... yet you can die in it.'

~*~

Dad- Brandon- We were the age of five at this time, I remember sitting on our branch over the house, looking at the trees and the golden fields, I remember the way she looked at me, oh so long ago, she was everything I ever wanted way back then: 'Just say a tiny bit longer for me!' 'Okay, I will for you!' Do you see her in that little sundress? He passed, not ever find someone like her to feel the place that he did, she did not spend any time with him for it was not what she could do, it was all work, and never being together, he was always lonely, or that what they said, it can make a man crack, he passed young of a broken heart. He was okay too, I think.

Chapter: 33

Love is what I had

(I was ten)

Holy, mother of god, we are in the shower together he bubbled up yet not covered up, and back down will it around until I would come, I got some just call me, he was just enjoying me being cute, he washed my hair and played with my body, like my boobs feeling the and rubbing, suck, and kissing them, flicking with his fingers and others, HOT steamy water pouring on our head, as we were hugging it out, and do it all. Rubbing my legs and crap- I say freak, yes, but I do not swear like that!

I fasten the garter around his hip's legs side to side around his hips, and as I am arching my back to slip the silk stocking off my toes, I unclasped my bar for him to see them fall, as we go to bed for the night, we were body unstoppably body, and we even had our toes laced, together on one foot, like our hands. I must bite my lip to stop my impatient moan from escaping, yet it all comes out of me. Scorching flush rivalries over my skin, my face hot and red that down there pink feeling has a handprint on my body.

My figure is shaking with shock at the news of us doing this tonight at this age. A baby they say I show them? No freaking way, no way should I be doing this, yet they will never ever no, NO WAY!!! Unserviceable my awareness is tiresome to grasp this staggering bit of data. Of why... Like a small child gets out and the woman is here to say, I am downhearted, helplessly trying to fit everything together in my mind, like I should sometime you have to say what and go with it and piss on them.

My inner goddess is quickly losing my virginity, the light in the room fading recklessly as I see it all there looking at it deeply, but I cannot settle on that now. I am not sure we are ready for all this just yet. Gritty again I feel as I work my way in, I scan the room for anything I might have elapsing to say when my eyes fall on my ribbons on the wall. I would say anything to make him think about not going in so fast, yet I want it all. The

blinking to every downward moment, seeing it all so fast, what to do, it was hard, not slow, and good, I do not remember it all.

The phone's screen draws my attention, I do not look, I do what I need to and that is lying there and taking all of it, yet that is the way I want it, announcing it. Quickly, I tip the contents onto the bed to paw finished the untidiness, for the things that I needed like my underwire, I all but gasp with the force of the solution, which hits me like a rock to the face, I may be in love, I have fallen to him.

He looks at and his reply, was all I need to hear that this was the love I need to have, or the sex at this point not sure, what to say, and again I hear the suggestion of his self-hate is everything when spooking at this point in my life. 'I am sorry for being me, 'I'm too unlovable.' He drops his eyes at me, what not to love, hiding the mayhem by the conclusion, not looking away at all with every weird, wacky, and odd, and the gross thing I would say is so nervous.

My heart liquefies instantly as the memory recalls to me in flashing of the day, away it goes- yet will it stay, out of my control, your selfishness, I want here nothing more, yet that what I think about him at this point to it all about getting it in me even on the band bus we try crap, that feels good. Jealousy is what to stop it, yet they went. It- he or the girls what to pick, you know what I did.

Every part of him has attracted me to him. I am horrified at that thing to look at it, 'Big enough' I said, looking at his legs so that I could crush this little girl. You had everything you needed but not this... I did think it was possible to be so right, and wrong all at the same time. I can see now how I acted without thinking about it but what I did before they got it in me. So-o selfish. So, I was young, it was better than cummie coming to an asshole that just wants to get off to me.

that what they want, I like it, yet I do not, I want to come for him only, yet I must pick one or the other and I picked the girls, not him- not him- do you see that.

'The consequences you face can change your life, for the right or wrong.' 'I was just demonstrating that I am the one who's no good for you.'

Chapter: 34

I dyed on the inside, or is that love?

(Now)

My hair flips over my shoulders, and boobs hiding them some of my shy blush faces I remember it all, now A compounding ache nails at my fragile body into my young heart, and more cries drop onto my shirt and through me. 'I'm still only yours.' I screamed in class as I ran out the door looking for him, yet here I am, at this point, I do not know. This is not my school, and those girls are not my girls. I may be dreaming this, yet I do not, I feel it all! Uniform though it is a low-slung, protected whisper, it sounds loud in my ears, I hear the call-out within me, and it was him, yet through me, I never stopped loving him and only him. I want him to know that leaving him left me as broken as he still seems to be, even if I feel as if I have died every day, we have been apart.

(Night in his room)

Discovering everything with my fingers. But he is not here I think yearningly. I run my hands over my boob, I do it all the same as always, pausing to feel the erect nipples under my timid, I softly circle my razed hands and then flat fingers over the hills that are the only mine, and touch the beautiful scratchiness within me like when he unzips me down there and blows on my belly and mon into it with every feeling. I pinch the

strain that I have down there asking if it is all good, 'I don't mind,' he said.' Like he was with my hair coming all around me and my body at that time it was down past my ass. Steadfastly, between my thumb and forefinger he plays with me and my hair and hands, the sweet biting and scratching as we do a thing in bed, a silent cry I might make for being happy, it makes me want more... and more what can I say I am a teen girl.

Courageous now I slip my right hand into my sleep shorts, where I instantly, join with his body for sex. I never thought about anything, not even a condom, he can pull out. With my eyes shut I evoke his touch, running through me like come out of me, and whipping it with my undies that he keeps, my finger plummeting on his chest, when we ride for it, them into him sucking off slick and wet desiring as he is having sex with me onto. With my hot breath, I can almost feel his teeth on my lady's lip, sucking my clit, my jaw, and his on my lid skin, the same with him. On the other hand, my left nipple and boob are working, massaging like his fingers down below, and squeezing them and there and shaking it some too, nerve-wracking my tender nipple, at this point from all the suckage.

It directs the rhythm right, to his, my body shudders and quivers to the orgasms, which spray and show up like cream, as it recalls the delicious sensations it is capable of. Vaguely I hear my moan as my finger gently circles my clitoris.

Ah! His mouth on me, hot and tingling my lips with his then his mouth flicking goes into my mouth and slid over mine right. The look in his eyes as he watched me returning the fever of all the responses, and I admitted defeat—smoothly.

My body taking over, my back arching a bow. Everything clenches, stiffening as my orgasm quakes through me. Gently the soft breeze carries me back to earth, yet I do not want it to.

I want to come if I can at this point. Whoa, incredible, sexy-sixty-three seconds- going non-stop!

He sucks in a hard breath down on me, eyes painted and jaw clenching tightly around it, the muscles in me moving with his sucking that would not take away, they are running off, yet he keeps going...

'I am not going to stop if she wants more. The taste is everything I wanted too, it is all her like her skin, it is sweet and cute!' I arched up to see this all going down, my eyes finding every look on his face, that I love, to see, and a new upsurge of anxiety flushes through me, I want more but must go at some point it ends, with us both breathless for really holding breath, how will we ever get past this, at school we- I see him and tell his guy finds.'

(He never did, is that a good thing?)

Chapter: 35

The feeling of it deep

Remind me why I walked away from that?! Oh, yes, my damned uncertainty! I grimace at myself, and they feel okay with a nod. What am I going to say to him today? What do I want? The complex is as he stares at me, brow knitted in a tight view. He held up four fingers for me to see where it was going to go.

'How can you still only be mine?'

My self-esteem undoes at the understanding that it is where I want to be. As tight as I could I gripped back, keen to take the soothing balm his proposals for my ravaged soul and his? Nothing can hold back the break of awesome feelings. Submerged like water running down on me with a feeling, I

weep- my broken heart out against his firm familiar chest, yes, I cried the first time all girls do! A strangled moan escapes him.

'Oh, Karly!' He closes his eyes, creasing them up as he struggles with some internal mêlée. When they open, I see a flicker of resolution before his strong arms wrap around me with such a hold down on me... like a drowning me in, so I do not go under. He crushes me against his length, his agitated heat almost scorching hot in his body heat.

Chapter: 36

Eyes on this young gorgeous thing

(Back)

The first year November 11/11/2012

Hot date with Marcel after school- 'You have Disney, Pepsi, and a blackie.' 'Your horny and depart, it works! Now sit, do not, and eat something, GOD!'

In front of the bathroom mirror, I stand stark naked, I stand thinking about what I did with him. I hate to do this to myself, but it is time to be honest about everything that I do. I love them more. I am half keen, half afraid to see what Marcel sees when he looks at me. It has been a long while since I have had a hard look at myself- why would I? Thankfully, my body survived pregnancy well if that happens after tonight, yet I wonder why I do not remember all this, my t*ts are still nice and full yet I am young even now so what the freak am I talking about if anything, a little crazy here and crap. Surely that cannot be a sad thing, I have lost some of it I think over the years, why can I recall it all, why must I go in and out.

(My Free Chat Show)

And panties see-through in light blue, black T-shirt, white and black thigh high socks. The top is off and now you can see my blue bra; I take down all the five-hour energy that I need to do this all night. And gag on it to move them this long thing, do you like it when I do that? Not really do it to me, not that. I will talk about anything on here if you chat I will too, even balls! My life, and how I have a lack of one. Hand on my cheeks, or crossed, saying whatever comes to my mind, there is no filter, I blast it all out, boys like that. Lick your knees, do you like that crap? Maybe...?

Weird!

Doesn't that go under sick fetish?

It is, not ages anything- NOT- even butt-chugging- 'whatever that is! I said.' This one is for your asshole boyfriend. (Ray- die mother-freaker die!) I just want to play with it.

ME- How are you? And what are you doing with your life? (I wonder if they have one, to spend so much time on here, get a real girl if you can.) Get my vid- cream-sick-al. Does Xbox have a vagina...? What...? I may even pick my nose for you; I have seen me do it. super gluing my vagina is the worst, how would you suck a girl that had that, try pulling it out, have that nightmare at night- F-ers. Come into my house and Jiz-zz all over me and squirt it... one take is all I get to get it right, yet it is so wrong. I tilt my head to the side and continue my stock with my dumb yet cute crap.

My belly is as flush as it used to be, but not moderately as tense, yet I have the line that runs down into my vagina. I like being a copycat, I must take you through this... I do not want to know what you did in a dark early, what dirty man's cock did you put in your mouth for five dollars that worth fifty, Ou-w-a, honesty in here- b*tch, it is a five-dollar footlong.

Ass in the camera and shake it out, I see it on YouTube why not- on me... like- in my chat room, its PG I am sure, oh my Jesus, it is getting dirty in here. It is not fan fiction that real-life crap- mother-f-er. I do not have to be part of the cool kids' club, are you: taking in the butt- what? Feisty!!! Band- K_cee. O-h I done crap, here, I need a new PC. Having anal sex-n,' strangers can complicate things, would not recommend it. I am here for advice, not masturbating, I want to talk about life, I got you on my mind, so let us take the bar off. Are you feeling hurt? We got some crap going on. On my sheet I feel all blue you cannot see me, rolling around.

THANK YOU! Boob's hugging lying on my bed on my tummy showing the nipples downward fingers on my lips. It is your first time here... let see what you never expect, it is a hump-day what do you expect... we all horny on Wednesday, I say your p*ssy- Hey 'Me- ways: have a chat with me, all you must do is p-lick me, and you be in. You guys are such weird o's, showing what I see on my screen. I see- kitties! Go it so hot in here, I must turn down the heat, BRB!

(Be right back)

I am not faking myself- by my videos, are you a mind-reader? He just did what I wanted him to do, 357, good tip! No vid- for you- just ass-F-ed by Brad, do you know something about me, I had to be the yellow ranger, and I want to be black. SpongeBob is my hero! This is my life! I question a lot of the choices I have, as natural as letting someone Ass-F-me in the early. I have lots of stuffed animals. I regret nothing. I have plenty of being a young woman... doing stuff like a girl? Playing with the elastic of my undies at the top, letting it snap running the rim with my fingers. One finger rubbing my lower lip, I like it too. It feels good to me. Squeezing my boob as I do, feels good, like you do, love'n me as you do. Hell-all-light-blue is my hair on Minnie-cam.

(Gust 69360 shows that anyone can get in here.)

Laying on my bed, hair flipped back, I will give you the chance, sucking my fingers, holding my one finger to my lips as I do with him, and him only. Here this! I am a movie in ways you do not get, I could cry at this. Pinching my nipples feels so good. Thank you- YOU-AH! I love you- I love you! May sound like something else to you!

(He will get it; he is a smart guy.) I DON'T CARE- song... I am about to blow your mind.

She's My Cherry Pie- song playing in the background. Us- 'Yah, you know it!' Maggie and Ray, and I said, and even her sister said damn! Tips make me wet. Lady OJ- is money! Taking the word Christ out of Christmas is wrong, we must barn them to the ground your coffee guys that suck, stop playing so much jazz I do not find it cool. If your agent realigns, you need to be burnt down, the cups are just red now- fun! Do not say what I should have for faith, you may get conflicting answers. Queen- 'Bohemian Rhapsody' I am singing for him. I know he is a rocker, like me at heart. Do like my butt in this, sliding them down I rub from behind. I must hit the goal!

But in air panties off!

A band for no reason, I was so sad. I was in my friends' cam and doing crap and they kicked me out. It is not like I have a camp for all that long, I am learning.

Do not Go-go! So many song requests, my God. Here we go- rock me... singing. Grinding it out playing with my hair, dibble handing rubbing my lady-ness. I do not give my height- 5-3', 5-4', 5-10'. BRB!

Some things I want to say- I just want to use your love tonight. It is all showing now, to you see my pinkness, I love

being naked like this for you all. Hood-rubbing, talking about holidays. Laying down on my stuff-ie bear and showing my side shot. Hair down there being rubbed; God the dog feels good. The Clit-er-stach... Nice, my girl's hair. Do you want me to shave it all off and regrow it?

Showing more for tips, p*ssy shot! I want my bush to go back to full size, do not just creep on me, and tips. (What do you do if you do not want to go to school, I do this.) I had every color you can think of, even a rainbow! The not gray hell with gray and it is fifty shades. (I do more than that and I am twelve years old and looking back on it.) I touched the butt! END!

~*~

'What happened to my room?' His look is relieved but still surprised as his large eyes look trustingly into mine. I slide into his bed and pull him into the loop of my arms, 'We moved last night after you went to sleep, friend. Don't you heat it when things fall into a hole, and you must dig it out myself and I did that one?

Mud-ie!

I want to chat with my boy, so I am ignoring you guys.

My... the iPhone is a piece of poop!

Talk to Howie the Owlie... BRB!

'Smile and I thought you might like this room better.' I am smiling into his hair as he bands an arm around my neck. 'I have any animals to sleep with.' He breaks my heart, yet I embrace the bear as excitement lights my innocent face, so I feel right about doing the next part.

The show- It looked like the owl eyes where my hotter, see my butt, see me up close to like should have done for you, it

is all pink and crap! Owl-humping is on! He is in neck lock now, what I said, moving to the bathroom, I have my mic and PC next to me. Taking a shower, I do everything you want, it is cold to hot, it is a piece of a crap heater in this apartment. The showerhead is too tall for me, any day now shower, I can ever reach it, the knob. The wide eye face and stare that only I would get. Light going off cool, right? Do- dis- crap!

Should I get a vibrator?

Texting him and her and them. Showing my pinkness once again. Cold as a freak! The water hit me so hard. I do not want to break my phone, do not drop it- oopsie's. But the shaking is going down. Thank you! Body wash sparing, and that smile only she can make, rub it in all over, in the font and the back, God it feels good, squeezes the luffa, and rubs on it. I start fingering, I am all wet now for you! Up closer than ever before, I get lots of tips, thank you, hair flipping out and dancing under the water, hair goes black now. You can see my wavy wet, shampoo and more, going down my young body. Rubbing my whole body up and down on you. See the water as it runs off me, hair dripping down my back, nice, right? Chest gabbing and back ass and vagina shot I am showing at this point, it is all for you squeezing my cheeks, to the hot right! Bonging them up and down, now you get it. Do you want to see me shave- 'Sure...?' I spoke.

Him- Blue is nice, dance for me! I love you so much! Love that but a part back shot! I say what I need there, God I am a pervert.

There that smile again, one finger is rubbing now, I have my clit working it around can you see this. Soupy butt and p*ssy fingering in the, from the back, one is in and out now, do you see this so close it feels like you are in here. I do not care if I am just on cam soloing, at least I am not banging some random

man, on the first date forgive me for the sin of being a start teen girl here. And doing me!

~*~

I get two girls to have sex and grinding their things-is together, there face to face and see it all go on, two boys one must behind, so is it wrong for me to say... boy- on the boy- should- you should not- do that- for you can see your partner, at all regardless of what you do.

'We got tonight, who needs tomorrow, why don't you stay- stay with me.'

~*~

(Future days)

Maggie- Yes, you can have heroes in the form of worshiping a boy. I do not recommend that you do. Love the crap out of them I do. Yet I did her also but come on growing up and do something with your life now. Why would you not want to if they are not going to help you when you need them?

Boys are crap; one is he is, my crap! Always do this... do not fault courage for acumen; be wise in your choices, you may fall to some you never thought you would. It will help you make the right choice. Remember it is better to be sometimes a runaway than not having what you need and that is love and understanding. Make the right choice at the right time, which will please the heavenly hero.

Your boy will continuously help if he can! Remember that... Your opponents can help you over time, so always be on the lookout for your hero, if you are a damsel in distress like me, find a girl, and find Mr. Right when he comes along and sweeps you off your feet. I would have to say what is neat about falling for someone. You do not need to have everything to be

one with one just have love and trust, it is a must you see that... I know you do, you just need to be a loyal friend and lover, with eyes that see the truth behind all the lies, yet that should not happen either, ears that listen for what is straightforwardness, and an expression that will speak up for you, and make you both happy. You know I think all of us have a hero inside when you feel this; I just need to let it speak out and stand up for it, to do this.

For instance, for me, I want him to show him I was a brave, sweet, and loving side like he always thought, undeniably to someone like me... is a damsel in distress! I get that, I had to be in my old life... if you want to put it that way, what girl does not want that... even if they have this now? That to me is the true definition of a hero and she was one for me at that time, and I am grateful for her being part of me inside and out, like another person that is helping someone who is awkwardly in need of reassurance from another person. She is a hero! No doubt to me, it is someone in my view that can ever part, she sticks up for me like no one else has, and does not let someone else's views influence what they need.

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Chapter: 37

Squeal it out

Karly- I want to squeal, yet no one is going to hear it. I inquire- am I becoming locked up in chains? Help! I fear the vehicles that follow behind me at night. To this actual day, I still fear not having her at night, though I do love you not in the ways you would think, while completely open to the world I see nothing, that I should and face nothing but the past, and losing out. Of course, I know you know that about me already. I fear that the world is becoming like a humanoid, with no front-runner in which to follow as she was. Most of all I fear loneliness, and not see any one of them here with me now!

So much fear that the terror seems as if it will never stop, in this blameless life like mine; plus, I will be saved, by him or her someday- I hope. Maybe- is all that I have. I terror that nobody will ever see my resourcefulness or predict me for the good in which I do for others. I sense like I am the only one left in this world is me as I fall off it and fall to them. All the

loveliness of life has been crestfallen, and it is all an illumination around me is darkness.

'Affirmative- I terror being in the outside realm of things.' Just as it said- I would be after seeing the forbidden. Magical- Cards of wisdom and blue crystals in my hand, I look for something to show the way to the land of no pain. 'I look to the skies to save me, looking for the sign of life, to make my way back home, I better learn to fly- fly! See the stars, as they go around my head? I am going to: burn out bright!

I think that if I could be left alone, with the one that I want... I could have a life- you know what I am sure of it. I fear that the towering entity will never collapse, and the demons will keep playing in my head. I fear that I will never have the social ability to be part of the nobility of compatibility.

I fear what society has done to me. I fear that I have no trust in anyone or anything. I fear that my life has no meaning. I fear that I will never get out of this hell. I just want to start my life, and get a degree in music someday from IUP, if I can make it through all of this. I do not think that is too much to ask for, is it?

I am 100 pounds, tiny; surely there is someone that would find me attractive? I wonder if I can find someone who can think for themselves. I want someone who will love me, for who I am- and not what they want me to be. Most importantly, I need someone that will not use me. Is that too much to ask for?

Fear! Anxiety is something that I have inside, it is the source of the things which lead to distress. Not finding someone that loves me, for who I am, is one of my fears.

I fear not always having a family by my side. I have tears about the overwhelming struggle to rebuild my reputation,

which has been destroyed. I ask this question, if I were to die tomorrow would anybody come to my wake, to see me lying there?

I fear the fact that I am going to be alone forever. Another being, that everyone that has meaning in my life is fading away from me it seems.

Chapter: 38

Emotions Dreams

I feel like my skin is crawling with viruses when it is on my figure. It is mid-November, and I am standing in the rain, as I run out the door it is, so cold, so lonely, and so freaking loveless! As I found my way back to him, I left behind oh so long ago. Up till now this has not been habitual for me, I am always naked around my house, yet this is not a home at all, I do not know what you call this place, it is like a school, however not so. I have my reason you will see, not to say too much, I have someone looking down at me with the eyes and the face and crap. The rain is falling on me, eyes and ears, and children all like knives inside me, never since the moment I got off the damn bus so it could just run my ass over and get it over with. The rain is matting my long brown hair on me as it lies down my rump, just like a movie just like the books. Just like me living it, like her.

Some of this shower is cascading off my little face, and it slowly collects on my breasts, where it beads up and separates into two different watercourses down to my belly button. I estimate it, as it goes all the way down the front of me. Yet I am okay with it... at last, I am free. To a fact! I still feel so shut in by all of them. Ten or twenty-five or three minutes have passed, I am still in a similar varied advertisement. 'Girly portion.' Almost like a waterfall gushing in-between my legs. It trickles down to me to where it turns and goes in my butt

cheeks, falling too and thrashing my mud exposed toes. After standing so long, holding me upright, weekly my legs so not right give out. Just letting water follow me down.

I am soaked! Soft thump, eventually the pounding gets rain resilient. Making me fall to the ground with where I will remain until I feel that I can get up and over what has happened to me. I can feel the wetness as it lingers in my hair for a while, so unforgivably waterlogged my body even more. That is if I can... like if I can accept it all. It is all because of them! Counting my sanctification, I feel dissatisfied in a way when I do feel it releasing offends my hair. Like it is wiping away everything that happened to me today, away from the day of the past. I feel the dropping rain weeping for me, like hell's tears of pain and flame it runs out of me as I yell out for his safety in a call of his name.

Currently, it follows the center point on my back. Then down in-between my petite butt cheeks. It streams off my butt to the ground near the heels of my feet. The wetness is still running down the small of my back thirty minutes must have passed. However, it is like it is all pounding down on me at once. I look up to the sky, lying on my backside. It hits me! Even with all this rain.

I feel that my vagina will surely never feel the same, or like it is clean again. The pain hits me! I start rolling around, like a pig in mud. I have the sensation like I have been ripped in two parts, by all the ones that never cared and not seeing it till now, yet it too late does he even know my name now, is it all lost and forgotten about, it has been so long now.

Where have I been? I can feel as if that part of me is washed clean from the day that I had to go through. On no account can it be yes, no, maybe! The rainwater can only wash away somewhat of what they have done to me. What he did to me and her- and her and him too all of them all- crappers!

Never all of it... never- EVER- NEVER EVER! EVER NEVER! They have sucked! AND FREAK AND now that can suck this... I do not care, kill me! You are doing it anyway; I have read the story just do it! I cannot wash away all my fears that I have. Like being tugged on the hood they suck you off and you must put up with it. Pending with the thought of biting it off me completely. That is why I am bleeding out cutting and crap! See this, it is for you! All you- I carved the hacker for you! On my lower hip bone. I scrubbed and touched myself in all the places. AND FEEL THE GOOD OF IT.

I ripped my black hole wide open, and they saw me do it, let sit for him all - all. Fingernails and slashing teeth, see me know him- he sees me, it all for you. Not having you did this to me, same with her, same with losing everything I have ever loved and my dad too. I cannot run away, I do not want to stay, I do not want to act gay, or live another day, what more do I have to say.

I need to get away! Come whatever may... I must get away from them. They always find me! Always. Pledging with Supernatural saying this has halted. Thus far it goes on every school day on repeat to me only I see the thing that I do not want to yet that I do not see. It is right there she talks to me. They do not get that- it is not crazy I see them; I am one. They beat me up for gratification.

My nipples are raw like me and my skin! I have nowhere to run or to hide! I cannot stop them from pointing out, assault, and sucking on me! Sometimes it is like I blackout and see it all pass me. I just need to be okay! It is like these hallucinations of what my life's existence about comes and goes away from me. I know how a candle feels, careworn not to be blustered out by the rushing air, which is stale. It smells like death in this small room, alone. Nothing but my thoughts to keep me.

'There it is!' I say as I rip it out. The paper is jagged and wet, but I have a farewell note in my hand. I made it earlier in school at lunch when I was sitting alone, on this crumpled-up notebook paper. The black ink is running like a watercolor all over my shaky childlike penmanship handwriting. All have on it all the words that need to be said, about my existence in life! They are all there, spelled incorrectly, but there regardless.

I feel like I am existing, not living! It is as if I have all these flashbacks, to the point it haunts me. Even at the strangest times, my mind drifts off. Correspondingly I said- It is all because of them! The air that is around me now is making my slit labia skin hurt with burn and sting.

I have every right to be troubled!

Do you even freak care? Do you? Yes, no, maybe... what do you think? Look at me and close your eyes tightly. Now can you see me? I was never like some of you: popular and loved. Or you are like me, which fits in with everything that category is not. Do you see my teardrops splashing out of my blue eyes? Do you see my brown hair that covers them and hides my true sentiments in class? Do you feel what I feel right now? Everything in my life is trickling down my body, and away from me in every way imaginable. As a result, the only thing I can do is get up and raise my hands to the heavens. While shouting the question- 'Why did you let this happen to me?'

Can you feel my hurt inside? Nope did think so, no one can feel it unless they live it! Have you ever had to feel just like I do? Can you see my makeup mixing with my teardrops, as it all falls to the ground like my emotions, passions, and caring? If not, you are just as heartless as them!

I hear that small voice in my head again, it is a small whisper saying: 'End it! End it!' I have nothing but my split thoughts rushing in my head.

Like a screaming bolt of lightning cracking in the sky above me. GOD- and loving-crap! I give or take! Should I just end it all? I have every day now and they would let me go. But there is not one person around here for me, and he is not always here for me. A long time ago, he said no, now look at me so old- gray and not caring at all, I wonder if he is coming to see me, know the past at an old age, crap I remember now, I am ninety-nine and see him all the time, like a rhyme out of time, I am young and so his he, yet those days never made me happy, or did he? Not one which is going to miss me at all. The blinds cover the spacy world that I do not recall, it was not real to me. they say it is 2114 is not real to me, I want the past, not the future, yet they have me here in this whiteness that is all the same and cold looking, icy and with some blackness, depressing as me... it will be and stay every day until they say I can die.

Would anyone care? I came to that gloomy deduction would anyone think of me? Hell- with them all! I should end it all right now! I crawl over on my hands and knees, grabbing my minor skirt, pulling the belt out of the guards. I think about me grabbing my uniform, tugging, and unsnapping off myself, and-understand something clearly at last go out, like days before. The same awful garb they slap on me, I do not want to have on me, oh, and how I would do it. So tasty so gory, hag forms the bunk bed, stung by my head, that may work, nope they kill me. KILL ME! KILL ME!

PLEASE JUST KILL ME, so I can live with him up there.

Snapping my neck. I see it over there; the end is nearing. I almost see him there, seeing me welcoming him home. Calling outreach, feeling slipping off... I do it to see him, all the way, not just the dream of him. To do what must be done! Holding the bedsheets in my small hands. I stop and look at my fingernails, which are painted purple with pink straps. (Eye twitching) I say, will make the black leather belt into a

noose, looping, twisting, and coiling it through the shiny silver buckle to make snugger around my neck.

Sure, I am thinking about the sheet, and it but, that pain is nothing like what they put me through. At least with this, it is over and done fast. But I also think about that last fall, that I would take. I have the sheet around my neck attached to the bed frame. All I must do is swing and jump off, and it would pull me back through the air.

YES!

Do not you do this, it is all for me! Like them, you did this to me too! I blame you two, I see you looking into me.

Oh yes! Ha ha...!

So, all this time, I have had to think about why I passed away as I did. And it was to save my sis, from ending her young life, I had to see what her life was more parishes than my own. To stop her from having sex with Ray and blowing her brains out on Sunday the next day. To tell her not to have sex with any boy until she feels she found the one and only. To save me- I had to save her from being like me and help others like Madilyn that needed me alone to be there as a friend. So now I will be looking over Kellie and all of you from the sky above. And be the big sis that I should have always been. I am happy to say I have made it, with no regrets. The rest you will have to discover for yourself when you breathe your last breath.

How are you going to be remembered? What do you value in your life and others? That is worth thinking about... and final note: before you fall, know where you have been, and where you are going! Always fall to yourself first and the one you fall to first, and fall to the ones that absolutely love you, and then fall to them if you Madilyn needs to, or you cannot leave your life or days without them. It is up to you whom you

fall to, just remember that. All along it was Marcel... I felt...it, I felt... all of it! All of that, all of him all up inside me, and it was his... now our baby, that was left behind inside me, yet I am still not sure how I got pregnant. When did it happen, or did it happen? Was it through me? Through him- yet inside me? It was all Marcel in everyone that I did fall for anyway. If I did love him and fall for someone else or made love to someone else it was Madilyn only to him, I saw and felt within me.

PS.- I loved you alone Marcel!

#-Hashtag: (fallen to you!)

Chapter: 39

Final says

Kellie- My sis did not get all she wanted- I know this to be true I loved Ray more and for that, she is not here anymore, for I must confess, I have had sex with him, or any time and I was only seven years old at the time. Look at me know I am fourteen years old, and I still remember it all.

I had it after I was gone and it was like she was haunting me, the whole time I was the little girl- known as sis- I was me acting as Karly acted, I am a lot like her even now I live with Ray I mom and dad both sucks, and she is the one that was not right, we are so very much in love. She was pulling us away or so I thought. I do not get it? I am younger than what my friends think of fortune, that does not stop me from loving him, I always will even if he does not love me back- I have fallen to my first.

Falling to you!

~*~

(In a whispered voice)

Karly- I love Marcel! All along it was you I loved, Marcel was just playing so I Madilyn using her body so I would feel- will okay about doing things with him that I would never do with him in person, he always loved me, more yet I did not let myself fall too him until it was too late.

Say hello to Nevaeh Anna Barns, she is seven weeks old and doing simply fine, she is a brown-haired blue-eyed baby girl, full of life. She was born before the end of Karly's life, in 2016, yet she does not remember any of that for she had a memory issue, it was all because of her car accident, she got sick of not seeing the world as she knew it, and she even forgot about the one she feels too. It was all grieving over Jenny, and her friends like her, and her garden angel as she called her- Emallie.

Maddie still goes to see her every day at the cemetery and talks to the gay stone next to all the others, and she cries her eyes out only for her, saying she was in love, yet she will never love again...

I will be seeing you! Wherever you may be...

Where did she go...?

I do not know...

Was it like heaven or hell?

I- undoubtedly do not know... what do you think?

I-Left a flower behind a lily.

I am- 'Going in and out!'

With- Hallucinations....

'I Can't Help Falling in Love with You!'

Maddie and Olivia, this is how it went for us:

(Cut)

Natalynn Barns, my mother is Killie, you do not know me yet, but you will. The year is 2117, the car that is flying on the roadways looking like modern 36 ford coupes and sedans of the way gone past most if not all tan and thunder gray, and train that rush by, people die and no one cries, it all just a part of this cold world like the electronic music that has no rhythm just beeps and bops. Robots walking freely take over your thoughts. Saying everything for you, taking money from you and you do not have a say, is the height of power and you are eating the crap off the floor, do I need to say more for you to get it?

It would be my peace, peace at last! Sure, I do not want to hang myself, but at the same time, I do. The voice in my head is saying too and getting more vibrant.

Do I have a choice at this point? Oh Yes, I do not! I am going to dangle! Yes, dangle off one of these old angel oak tree branches, tonight. This ancient tree is next to the rundown house! The home of loneliness, and it feels as empty inside as I do right now. Why do I want to do this? Fine: I will tell you why mainly so that everyone from my school of hell can see me up here in the tree naked.

~*~

(Start of the re-ending around 2020)

Olivia- For all the people who have had septic I with amour in the past, you know who you are. This is for you to understand you are not alone and I did all I could to not be a part of all this. For the girls who will contaminate me in the future- I cannot wait yet I have to say it was not all my wishes to have it be this way.

To see who you will be, and who I was, and what I have become now. And in both cases: Thank you, not for what you girls put me through. Her life sucked, why should mine? Up till then and before till the after, that is what she wanted to be done she? The most hazardous viruses are those that make us believe we are well. I saw her slipping away every day in the halls and did nothing about it, yet was it I that had to? Did I have to fall to that level to be something I was not to her, and even her too?

It has been many years since those old days looking back on it, nevertheless, she haunts me still, like my girlfriend of the past. Chair and the association identified love as a disease, and fifty-three since the scientists perfected a cure if you want to call it that. Everyone else in my family has had the formula already.

You know I had a younger sister, Christie, who has been disease-free for ten years now. Not long after Jenny's end of her life. She has been safe from love for so long, not as I was, she wants the old school ways, not what I did, Maddie always says,' she cannot even remember what all took place, we were high and crazy, it was part of the times then. I was not a babysitter, for that girl I did not do anything wrong. I am scheduled to have a hearing on all the minute details, and it is breaking us apart like glass smashing, and cracking into shards.

I have seen countless unsecured dragged to their procedures, so racked and ravaged by the love that they would rather tear their eyes out or try to impale themselves on the barbed-wire fences outside of the laboratories than be without it. Numerous years ago, on the day of her procedure, one girl managed to slip from her restraints and find her way to the laboratory roof. Pending the procedure has been achieved, until it has been made safe for the under eighteen, we will never be

protected. It still moves around us with invisible, sweeping tentacles, choking us... 'taking it all down as she used to say.'

Many people are afraid of the procedure. I am looking at how it all rolled out some people even resist. But I am not afraid if she would just stand by my side like she used to. I cannot wait. I would have it tomorrow if I could, but you- I cannot, I must at least see what it is I need to have done here, sometimes a little older, sometimes a little crazier, sometimes wild. Ha! They drive you nuts about all the girls that I got the blame for dyeing. I must look backing and say, I have sex with a girl only, and look I do not have a family to turn to, now. Earlier the scientists will cure you, I said as she was dying for something, I cannot recall the name of, otherwise, the procedure will not have it, I would rather not live if I can do what I want with you.

People end up with brain damage, fractional paralysis, blindness, or worse. I get that I said to her, yet you still have me, yet in her mind, she gave up on life, after all the drama. I do not like to think that I am still got it all, yet I do not. Walking around with the disease running through my blood. I do not have much time really either to do the crap I did with anybody. You have tolls of your action I am facing now.

Sometimes- I swear I can feel it writhing in my veins like spoiled, sour milk in and coming out of me. I run all the time... I feel like fun all the time too. It reminds me of being young offspring pitching fits. Jenny was known for that, not Karly, yet she was sometimes a pain in the butt. It repeats me in confrontation, of diseased girls uninteresting their nails on the pavement, tearing out their hair, their mouths. It makes me feel dirty.

Know what I did to myself and others. I must live on like this... they do not. They are gone now. I left it in the past, yet the past has not left me.

And of course, it reminds me of my mother, she messed up also in her life, and I hear it playing in my mind of her voice, as hearing the harsh word of- shame on you. The rooms spring, like she in my mind. The world has nothing to offer me, no single shred of interest. I am a teen girl trapped in a circle, watching a passing parade, a blur of noise and motion that eventually turns to a single point on the horizon, a gutter full of trampled and muddy cups, and the sense of wasting an evening.

I am holding hands with someone you would not get a boy not a girl, but whenever I turn to look at him his face blurs, like a camera losing focus, and I cannot make out any features. But his hands are cool and dry, and my heart is beating steadily in my chest and my dream, I know it will always beat out that same rhythm, not skip or jump or swirl or go faster, just womp, womp, womp, until I am dead. Harmless, and free from pain. Things were not always as good as they are now. In school, we learned that in the old days, the dark days, people did not realize how deadly a disease love was. Dripping spit.

That they would get you on there on the side and then do zero but fail, and fail, and fail again. Individuals should come with warnings, like cigarette packs:

involvement would kill you over time.' 'It was one-sided that people could pretend to be one thing when they were else. Dripping girl jizz after the procedure I will be cheerful and safe forever, yes right kiss it, that is what everybody says, um-hum, that people say, commodes hanging from the walls in my room, the scientists, and my sister. I will have the procedure and then I will be paired with a boy the surveyors choose for me. In a few years, we will get married, or so I thought to Dilico. Recently I

have started having dreams about my never happening wedding. In them, I am standing under a tree canopy with flowers in my hair, in something that you would not understand, and that is a white dress, I am a girly- girl; however, I do want that crap also, just for my past I do not need to pay for it all.

For a long time, they even viewed it as a good thing, something to be celebrated and pursued. Of course, that is one of the reasons it is so dangerous: It affects your mind so that you cannot think clearly or make rational decisions about your well-being. He loves me yet does he, I can have sex with him know I have a nasty STD. (That is symptom number twelve, listed in the I- myself section of the twelfth edition of The Safety, Health, and Happiness Handbook, or The Book- Sh thingy-ie, as they call it.) Instead of people back then named other diseases-stress, heart disease, anxiety, depression, hypertension, insomnia, bipolar disorder-never realizing that these were, in fact, only symptoms that in the mainstream of cases could be traced back to the effects of this crap, of course, we are not yet free from the hallucinations in the United States. I was told to go and live on a tiny Island by one nurse I had.

Maddie- She dropped quickly, without screaming. For days afterward, they broadcast the image of the dead girl's face on television to remind us of the dangers of deliria. Her eyes were open, and her neck was twisted at an unnatural angle, but from the way her cheek was resting on the pavement, you might otherwise think she had lain down to take a nap. Surprisingly, there was extraordinarily little blood-just a small dark trickle at the corners of her mouth.

I have moments of phenomenon whether the procedure will hurt. I want to get it over with. It is hard to be patient. It is hard not to be afraid while I am still uncured, though so far, the deliria have not touched me yet. Still, I have

apprehension. They say that in the old days, love drove people to psychosis. That is bad enough. The deadliest of all deadly things: It kills you both when you have it and when you do not.

The book of crap also tells stories of those who died because of love lost or never found, which is what terrifies me the most. I wonder when and who will be next, I remember how I loved that thing now when I look at it. She watches me in silence. When I am finished, she holds the orange, now unpeeled, in both hands, as though it is a glass ball, and she is worried about breaking it. I nudged her. 'Go ahead. Eat now.' She just stares at it, and I sigh and begin separating the sections for her, one bygone.

Like- like- most if not all the girls that passed before me. It only takes one like Ray to do us all in, and get this, free love is not all ways free. Yet I am the one that gets it, not her, and she okay what, like why me... I was just being a cool girl. I should have been thinking more as Karly did, and her sister, they had ways of not having all that going up in. better than birth control, it stopped it. 'There is no fix for stupid she said.' Nevertheless-love is love- I yelled back pissed.

I am nervous, of course.

Ninety-five days, and then I will be safe.

Chapter: 40

In and out

It is seven o'clock, as of this moment. We must be constantly on guard against the Disease; the health of our nation, our people, our families, and our minds depends on constant vigilance. 'Basic Health Measures,' The Safety, Health, and the smell of oranges has always reminded me of funerals. On the morning of my evaluation, it is the smell that wakes me

up. I look at the clock on the light is ashen, the sunlight just fading away slowly dying, breath in my lounges the chemicals, I am waking up to ash and dust, I wipe my brow and I sweat my rust, I am breathing in the chemicals; remembering the hot, scratchy dress I was forced to wear when my mother died; to keep from remembering the murmur of voices, a large, rough hand passing me orange after orange to suck on, so I would stay quiet.

I am breaking in, shaping up, and then checking out on the prison bus, this is it, the apocalypse. I am waking up, I feel it in my bones, enough to make my system blow. Welcome to the new age, to the new age, already dressed, watching me. She has a whole orange in one hand. She is trying to gnaw on it, like an apple, with her little-kid white teeth.

My stomach twists and I must close my eyes again to keep from, At the funeral, I ate five oranges, section by section, and when I was left with only a pile of openings heaped on my lap, I instigated to suck on those, the light sweet yet bitter taste of the pith aiding to keep the tears away, never- ever doing so. I open my eyes and lean forward; the orange cupped in her outstretched palm. I used to joke about that song about the world. Look at it now. They own our butts.

Bedside table, I do not see the flowers of the past, that I cared so about, dumb, I push off my covers and stand up. Peeing myself, for not having central to it any longer, my gastrointestinal is clenching and untightening like a fist. ‘And you’re not supposed to eat the peel, you know.’ She continues blinking up at me with her big gray eyes, not saying anything. I sigh and sit down next to her. ‘Here,’ I say, and show her how to peel the orange using her nail, unwinding bright caroty curls and dropping them in her lap, the whole time trying to hold my breath against the smell.

She does not respond to the girl in the story. As I do, I whisper, as gently as possible, 'You know, the others would be nicer to you if you would speak once in a while.' Not that I expect her to hear her say a word in the whole seven years, and four months not a single did I relate, thinking there is something wrong with her brain or worse mine... is there something wrong with me?

I stood up and went toward the window, moving away from her and with big eyes, I said to the caretaker, staring eyes, and thin, quick fingers. I feel sorry for her as I look over and see the miss that she has become. Karly, you are there in white.

Saying everything is going to be all right. So far, the doctors have not found it. 'She's as dumb as a tower of strength crumbling to nothing for there was nothing that she could say.' Just the other day, watching a bright-colored block turn over and over in her hands, as though it was beautiful and miraculous, as though she expected it to turn suddenly into something else.

One Direction - Story of My Life, days go by, like stories written on the walls, I do not feel the same about you, and it was on her stone. Holding on too tight.

Something good can come your way, just stay with me... and you will see the way, okay? Colors of no change caged up... light is not showing the way, and I will be gone, holding on too tightly, nothing there to hold on to. Frozen in time, I give her hope, the story of my life.

Time seemed like an excellent choice. But two was the number of children the evaluators decided on for she said to me you will if you do not give up. Something good can come your way, just stay with me... and you will see the way, okay? 'Now is dead,' she looks at me- not making sense to me. She always said she never wanted children in the first place. That is one of the

downsides of the procedure; in the absence of her, some people find parenting distasteful. Her family had earned high stabilization marks in the twelve-monthly review.

Her husband, a writer, was well respected. Thankfully, cases of full-blown detachment-where a mother or father are unable to bond normally, dutifully, and responsibly with his or her children, and winds up drowning them, sitting on their windpipes, or beating them to death when they cry-are few. This is going to be the best day of my life; it is looking up now. They lived in an enormous house on Twilight Street.

Ho hey- children, had to move. I had been living a lonely life, I do not know where I belong, I will bleed, you belong within my sweetheart. I do not think you are right for him; I stand looking down, next to me, and I am blond with you. People whispered and pointed at them everywhere they went. I would not remember that, of course; I would be surprised if she had any memories of her parents at all. Her husband was extinct before my trial could begin.

I smoke two joints in time of peace, and two in time of war, I smoke two joints before I smoke two joints, and then I smoke two more. Challenging work is good and challenging work is fine, but first take care of the head, a meal from scratch, and taught piano, sounds around when you smoke two joints. I smoke two Joints, I smoke two joints in the morning, I smoke two joints at night, I smoke two joints in the afternoon; it makes me feel all right. I have spare time to keep us busy when I smoke two joints. But, of course, when Kellie's husband was so-called to be a well-wisher, everything changed.

The trials are mostly for show. Sympathizers are always executed. If not, they are locked away in the sepulchers to serve three life sentences, end-to-end. that, of passage. Thinks that is the reason her heart gave out only a few months after her

husband's withdrawal when she was indicted in his place. I suck in deeply, inhaling the clean smell of seaweed and damp wood, listening to the distant cries of the seagulls as they circle endlessly, somewhere beyond the low, gray, sloping buildings, over the bay.

It is a ghost of you, hang around. Hey, do not give me a lesson to reward, I say, the truth is happiness. The screams were all the same. It is undoubtedly a good thing he did.

Outside, a car engine guns to life. The sound startles me, and I jump. 'Nervous about your evaluation?' A day after she got served the papers, she was walking down the street, and bam! Heart attack.

My heart is fragile, things around me are all the same. That is why you must be so vigilant, it will be hot today, I can tell, it is already hot in the chamber, and when I crack the window to sweep out the smell of orange which is death, the air outside feels as thick and heavy as an idiom.

'Do not worry. You will be fine. We can review your answers along the way.' I turned around, to look at the lock was gone, standing in the doorway, her hands gathered. 'Not at all,' I say, though this is an untruth. We are young so I set the world on fire, tonight we are you, I think back, bright then the sun, we shined, carry me home. She smiles, just barely, a brief, flitting thing. Take your shower and then I will help you with your hair.

Of course, I will have to get used to it. During the exam, there will be four evaluators staring at me for close to two hours. The hypothetical assessors will examine my strengths and weaknesses, and then assign me to a school and a major.

I am sure I did well enough to get assigned to a university. I have always been a decent student. 'Satisfactory.' My friends endure staring at me, from within, yours truly

squirm here, digging my nails into the windowsill behind me. I have always hated being looked at. I will be wearing a flimsy malleable gown, semi-translucent, like the kind you get in hospitals so that they can see my body.

'A seven or an eight, I would say,' my friends within me say, puckering her lips. It is a decent score, and I would be happy with it. 'Though you won't get more than a seven if you don't get cleaned up.'

(Back to our halls)

Like a dumb ass I went to college, (assuming I pass all my boards. Senior year is over, and the calculation is the final test I will take. For the past four months, I have had all my various board exams-math, science, oral magic, and written proficiency, sociology and psychology, and photography (a specialty elective)-and I must be getting my scores one-time in the next few weeks ago it was not long ago or so it seems to me. Solitary of them will become my husband after I graduate, girls who do not pass get paired and married right out of high school.) The evaluators will do their best to match me with people who received a similar score in the evaluations. As much as possible they try to avoid any huge disparities in intelligence, temperament, social background, and age. Of development you do hear occasional horror stories: cases, where a poor seventeen-year-old girl is given to a wealthy old man, is the delirium dream, which is dumb, dumb, dumb.

The stairs let out their awful moaning, Jenny, appears before me. She is nine and tall for her age, but very thin: all angles and elbows, her chest caving in like a warped sheet pan. It is terrible to say, but I do not like her very much. She has the same pinched look as her mother did. The assessment is the last step, so I can get paired, paid, and laid, in the coming months,

the evaluators will send me a list of four or five approved matches.

She joins me- in the doorway and stares at me, as I lay there feeling naked, I am only five-two and Jenny is, amazingly, just a few creeps shorter than I am now.

It is silly to feel self-conscious in front of my aunt and cousins, but a burning, crawling itch begins to work its way up my arms. I have been working hard, losing sleep, counting the stars, I know they are all worried about my performance at the evaluation. I must get paired with someone good. Old I am not the old young, and I am not the bold, Jenny, and are years away and killed me but that was my life. From their procedures. If I marry well, in a few years it will mean extra money for the family. It might also make the whispers go away, singsong snatches that four years after the scandal still seem to follow us wherever we go, like the sound of rustling leaves carried on...

It was only in my dreams that I heard the word shouted, screamed. I take a deep breath, then duck down to pull the plastic bin from under my bed so that my friends will not see I am shaking. ‘I may be getting married today?’

Jenny... I said over and over, it was today. The wind: Follower, Adherent, and the Champion. It is only slightly better than the other expression that followed me for eons after her death, a serpent hiss and it kisses, undulating, leaving its trail of poison: Suicide. A sideways word, a word that individuals whisper, mutter, and cough: a word that must be squeezed out behind cupped palms or murmured behind closed doors.

Honestly, I have never even talked to a boy for longer than five minutes, Wal-Mart, and is always picking his nose and wiping his nose on the underside of the sweet potato. All and sundry espouse as soon as they are finished with their tutoring. It is the way things are. The mark of a Vigorous society.’ And if I

do not pass my boards-please God, please God, let me pass them- I will have my wedding as soon as I am cured, in less than three months. Her voice has always reminded me of birds flying droning flatly in the heat.

'Don't be irresponsible,' Karly would say, but underprivileged of blocking. 'Bridal is Order and Stability; I take my towel from the bin and straighten up. That name- espouse-makes my mouth go dry. You know she cannot say 'I do' until she is healed.' But the thought of it still makes my heart flutter frantically, like an insect behind glass. I have never touched a boy, of course, physical contact between uncured of the opposite sex is forbidden.

Which means I will have my nuptial night. My mother, sister, and I had lived closer to the border, and I was amazed and terrified by all the winding, pitch-black highways, which smelled like garbage and dying flash. I always wished for my aunt to hold my hand, but she never did, and I had balled my hand and so fists and followed the spellbinding upmarket of her corduroy pants, dreading the moment that IUP would rise over the crest of the final mountain. The dark stone building is lined with fissures and cracks like the weather-beaten face of one of the industrial fishers who work along the docks.

My friend sighs and checks her. The smell of strawberries is still strong, and my stomach does another swoop. I watch. Entomb my face in my towel and inhale, willing myself not to be sick. From downstairs there is the clatter of dishes. 'We have to leave in less than an hour,' she says. 'You'd healthier get moving.'

Chapter: 41

Out and in

A peer of the realm, help us root our feet to the earth, and our eyes to the road and always remember the fallen angels, who, attempting to soar, were seared instead by the sun and, wings melting, came crashing back to the sea. Lord, help root my eyes to the earth and stay my eyes on the road, so I may never stumble.

Psalm 24, I read it all again, they say not to, yet I do.

(From ‘Prayer and Lesson’)

I have been terrified of the streets, then, and reluctant to leave my friends, it is amazing how things change.

Maggie- Side walking me down to the workrooms, which, like all the management offices, are lumped unruffled along the quaysides: a string of bright, white buildings, glistening like teeth over the slurping mouth of the ocean. When I was little and had just moved in with her, she used to walk me to school every day.

‘Parents teach you a lot of things, but the most important thing they teach you is this: how people will freak you up in the future. The salt blowing off the sea makes the air feel textured and heavy. I can smell the deep-sea, though it is concealed from view by the meandering undulations of the streets, and it diminishes me. ‘Evoke,’ she is saying for now I know them so well I could, follow their dips and curves with my eyes closed, and today I want nothing more than to be alone.

Over and over like times before- ‘They want to know about your personality, yes, but the more generalized your answers the better chance you have of being considered for a variety of positions.’ My friends have always talked about matrimonial with boys only, I did not get them, yet I do now, words straight out of the notebook words like responsibility,

blame, and determination. If they are any good, they teach you to get used to it.'

Olivia- 'Modification to it,' I say. I do not like makeup; I have never been interested in clothes or lip gloss. A bus container- passed you and me and her. Everyone knows I am having my appraisal today. Only four are offered throughout the year, and slots are strong-minded well in money upfront. The makeup insisted I wear makes my skin feel coated and slick. In the bathroom mirror at home, I thought I looked angelic, especially with my hair all pinned with metal constable pins and clips: a fish with a bunch of metal knobs sticking in my head. My best friend, Shy-, thinks I am crazy, but of course, she would. 'Humorous, isn't it, how swiftly the future becomes the past.'

Like using a fire snake on the rails, I must expand my mind. But that is the beauty of life: time is yours to keep and to change. Just a few proceedings can be satisfactory to carve a new road, a new track. Just a few minutes, and the void is kept at bay. You will live forever with that new road inside of you, stretching away to a place suggested, barely, on the horizon. Everything is in between. I have eyes that are not green or brown, but a middle finger. I am not thin, but I am not fat either.

Shy- She is stunning- even when she just twists her blond hair into a messy knot on the top of her head, she looks as though she has just had it styled. I am not ugly, but I am not pretty, either. 'If they ask you, God forbid, about your friends, reminisce to say that you didn't know them well, yet that is okay or so they say.' For the shortest time, shorter than the shortest second's breath, you get to stand up to infinity. But eventually, and always, infinity wins.'

The only thing you could say about me is this: I am short. 'Um huh.' I am only half listening. It is hot, too hot for

her, and sweat is picking up already on my minor back and in my armpits, even though I slathered on and upon roll-on this morning on top of her.

White and black are all the same- not shut up! Get some color right, ‘Blue,’ I parrot back at her. ‘Blue is my favorite color. Or pink, purple.’ Black is too melancholic; red will set them on edge; pink is too babyish; orange is freakish, and I think you must suck on that only and the things you like to do in your permitted time? Ruined by the disease. That is what everyone wanted, in the end: to be part of something bigger, and not minor. I got it big...

~*~

‘Karly? Are you even eavesdropping on me?’ Maddie puts a hand on my arm and gyrations at me in her course. I mildly slip away from her soft-handed touching and brush off her fingertips. There is already a double line forming: on one side, the girls, and fifty feet away, a second entrance, the boys all looking at us like crap. ‘We’ve gone over this already.’ ‘This is important, Karly, Jenny, Maddie. The most important day of your whole life.’ I sigh, and think, into the future of me, the gates of that bar and my bar, the government labs swing open slowly with an involuntary drone. I squint against the sun, trying to locate people I know, but the ocean has dazzled me, and my vision is clouded by floating black spots. I take a deep breath and present into the story we have prepared a billion times.

‘I like to work on the school paper. I am interested in photography because I like the way it captures and jellies a single moment. I relish hanging out with my friends and attending concerts at Oaks Park. I like to run and was a co-captain of the track team for four years. I hold the school record for two of them, I often babysit the younger members of my

family, and I like children.' 'You're making a face, it's everything.'

Jenny- 'I love children,' I repeat, plastering a smile on my face. The truth is, I do not like very many children except for Kellie. They are so uncomfortable and loud all the time, and they are always grasping things and dribbling and wetting themselves and getting wet. But I know I will have to have children of my own someday, freaking- crap yes, I do. I finish, 'My favorite subjects are math, and I count all the boys in the room, to see if I can get some. And history,' and nods, satisfied, thinking about all that I had. 'Olivia!' I turn around. Karly is just climbing out of Jenny's parents' car, her blond hair flying, the door hitting another car in the lot. In tendrils and breakers around her face, her semi-sheer tunic slithering off one sunburned shoulder.

Some last-class people keep cars mounted in front of their apartments like statues, frosty and unused, the tires unblemished and not used much yet. All the girls rowed at the gym, and now down in the same line-up to enter the labs have twisted to watch her. Hana has that kind of power over folks. Life Is the total of all our small mistakes, little upheavals, wicked choices, Calculation on a maximum of accumulation. They pile up like cow crap all in a pile and it builds up until the cost of keeping up appearances is too high, and the weight is just too much. Then: collapse like the bridge so long ago. 'Jenny! Jenny Wait!' I got your number- he- he, classic pun... Maddie lingers, hauling ass down the street, waving at me, like a loser! Uncontrollably, behind her, and the car begins a slow upheaval: back down the hill, back in the narrow drive until it is facing the opposite direction, flying into trees and crap.

Let us just say- She lost her parents' car is as sleek and dark as a panther. The few times we have driven around in it composed I have felt like a monarch. Hardly anyone has an SUV,

to any further extent, and even fewer have cars that drive. Emollient is austere rationed and extremely expensive. People, Caroline thought, were like dynasties. They could open their doors. You could walk through their rooms, and touch the bits and pieces hidden in their corners. But something- the assembly, the wiring, the invisible mechanism that kept the whole thing standing- lingered indistinguishably, recommended only by the fact of its obtainability at everything.

'Mom made me bring it. She said, P-o-ed I should read it while I am waiting for my evaluation. She said it will give the right impression.' Maddie sticks her finger down her throat and mimes gagging. That same sound she made last night Jenny yelled out! She is catching up to us, Madalyn says breathlessly, a magazine pops out next to her favorite books, of her half-open bag, and she patronizes to retrieve it. It is one of the government newspapers, Home, and Family, and in answer makes a face, to my outstretched eyebrows, she confused, yet that is just her.

Olivia- 'Maddie,' whispers fiercely.

~*~

Her voice is back to normal. 'Do not worry. They are not eavesdropping on us.' The nervousness in her voice makes my heart skip. She hardly ever loses her temper, even for a minuscule. She whips her head in both directions, as though expecting to find regulators or evaluators lurking in the bright morning street. Maddie turns her back to me, and mouths to me, yet. Then she grins, in front of us, the double line of children is increasing extensive, extending into the thoroughfare, even as the glass- adjoined doors of the laboratories swish open and several nurses appear, carrying clipboards, and begin to use people into the waiting rooms. I rest one hand on my elbow lightly, quick as a bird. 'You'd

healthier get online,' she says. I commend some of her quietness's to polish off on me.

Chapter: 42

Phantasm

Maddie- 'And Olivia?'

'Yeah?'

Maddie- 'Good luck with that.' 'Thanks.' I wish Liv would say something else-something like I am sure you will do great or try not to worry- but she just stands there, blinking, her face composed and incomprehensible as always. 'Do not worry,' I said to her and her mother, and she winks at me. This is how we grow: not up, but out, like trees--puffiness to embrace all these stories, the possibilities, and fabrications, and bribes and habits, Maddie said- I do not feel very well. The labs look far away, so white, I can hardly stand to look at them. The roadway is icy cold in front of us. The world's most important day of your life keeps repeating in my head. The sun feels like giant limelight.

'I will make sure she does not screw up too badly. Promise.' All my nervousness dissipates. Liv is so tranquil about the entire thing, so offhand and normal. Maddie and I go down to the labs together. She is almost five-one. When I walk next to her, I must skip every other step half to keep up with her, and she wants to say she is taller- NOT!

I would be a complete wreck otherwise. I wind up feeling like a nod jogging up and down in the water. Today I do not mind, though. I am glad she is with me. 'God,' she says, as we get closer to the lines. Amazing, isn't it? Those hearts that once beat coordinated could be so perfectly and forever separated. That is the entire process of life, I think a long, slow process of separation. It can be preserved only by the

reabsorption into everything, into the sole heartbeat of time, like a rhyme.

'Your aunt takes this whole thing pretty seriously, huh?' 'Fine, it is thoughtful.' We join the back of the line. I for one see a few folks I distinguish, some girls I know imprecisely, from school; some guys I have seen playing soccer, some left behind like the Sped-ers, never- ever the Preps, one of the girls of the schools is such that. This girl looks at me in the way, I see me staring.

She raises her eyebrows and I drop my eyes quickly, my face going hot all at once and an anxious itch working in my abdomen. You will be paired in less than three months, I tell myself, but the words do not mean anything and seem preposterous, like one of the Mad- Libs games we played as kids that always resulted in ludicrous statements, I want a banana for sped-der, do think you will be able to suck on that?

Give me a wet shoe for your blistering cupcake. 'Of course, I am acquainted with... believe me, I have delivered, look at the pages turn, and twist, your thoughts, Shy- pushes her sunglasses up onto her temple and bats her eyelashes at me, making her voice super sugary...

She drops her sunglasses back down on her nose and makes a face. 'You don't have faith in it?' I lower my voice to a whisper.

'Assessment day is the exciting rite of the passageway that connects you for a future of happiness, solidity, and business.' Shy- has been strange recently. She was always different from other people- more tactful, more self-governing, and more unafraid. It is one of the reasons I first wanted to be her friend.

~*~

(Disclaimer of thoughts)

The second year, SATURDAY, JUNE 18th Maggie!
SATURDAY, JUNE 22nd.

Marcel!

Maggie!!

Maggie!!! SUNDAY, JUNE 24th Marcel! TUESDAY, JUNE
29th Maggie! FRIDAY, JULY 19th.

Marcel!

Maggie!! SATURDAY, JULY 20th.

All of them inside me.

MONDAY, JULY 14th.

I want to go back and feel over.

Marcel!

Maggie!!!

Jenny and friends FRIDAY, JULY 15th.

Maggie!

Marcel!

SATURDAY, JULY 17th.

Maggie... then him...

MONDAY, JULY 21st.

Marcel, yes, please! WEDNESDAY, or Friday the 13th
Maggie! Under me. Sexy WEDNESDAY, JULY 20th Maggie,
Maggie, and Maggie!

WEDNESDAY, JULY 27th.

Marcel, I am in his back seat.

FRIDAY, JULY 29th.

Marcel! I see it all in my face.

Maggie, yet I see this butt too he-he!

SATURDAY, JULY 30th Maggie!

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 4th.

Marcel! Getting it!

Maggie! Had it!

Marcel! Feeling now all in.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 5th.

Maggie, on her period, so it is all boy, things today.

SUNDAY, AUGUST 7th.

Maggie, get off already.

SUNDAY, AUGUST 14th.

Marcel, Maggie, Ray

MONDAY, AUGUST 15th.

Maggie is on my mind more than Jenny-

TUESDAY, AUGUST 16th.

Maggie, not a school, so it is all him.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 17th.

Marcel, he got it going on.

MONDAY, AUGUST 22nd.

Maggie is farting too much, and I must sleep.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 25th.

Marcel, Maggie, Marcel, Maggie...

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 8th.

Maggie is feeling fat, like me...

(The jump-off)

SATURDAY, Maggie the- WATER WAS so-o
EMOTIONLESS and cold it, TOOK MAGGIE'S BREATH away as she
fought past the kids thronging the pavement and standing in
the shallows, waving towels, and not yet dressed she run for my
mom's car, and said she will change in here. Reassuring and
calling up to the remaining steeplechasers. She took a deep
breath and went under on to whatever she was holding in, the
sound of voices, of shouting... she was saying it increasingly, and
laughter was directly subdued.

There is just something about her, and yet him. I did not mean for it to happen. Only one voice stayed with her. Those eyes; the long lashes, the lashes under his eyebrow so right so nice, and the lips that are so wet and kissable. Something about her. I suppose, in some sense, wills are like maps: they are the imprint we authorization, the places our cares have been entrenched; the work we have done; the money we have burrowed away; the furrows and the paths that lead back to spaces we have gone, and marked, and loved. Which predestined, nothing about you, anymore, looked back into my thoughts. She had been planning to tell him she loved him tonight. The cold was deafening, a vivacious rush through her body. Her denim shorts felt as though they had been prejudiced with nuggets.

(Gym Class girls swimming)

That is what freight was all about: no fear.

Karly- Like this, I cannot swim

As luck would have it, an inordinate length of time of braving the arroyo and racing the quarry with him had made Maggie so strong a swimmer. The water was threaded with bodies, twisting, and kicking, splashing, treading water- the showjumpers, and the people who had linked their commemorative swim, sloshing into the quarry still clothed, carrying beer cans and joints. She could hear a distant rhythm, faint drumming, and she let it move her through the water without thought, without fear.

Maggie- She broke the surface for air and saw that she had already crossed the short stretch of water and reached the opposite shore: an ugly pile of malformed stalwarts, slick with black and khaki moss, piled together like stacked blocks, pitted with fissures and crevices, they shouldered up toward the sky, ballooning out over the water.

Thirty-one people had already hopped over all of them Maggie's, had no friends and former classmates. Only a small knot of girls continued at the highest of the ridge-the jagged, rocky lip inside the pool, which has rock faces, jutting forty feet into the air on the polar side of the quarry, like a massive tooth biting its way out of the pulverized. It was too dark to see them.

(Lager fire)

The penlights and the bonfire only illumined the beach on a school night trip out of town and a few feet of the pitch-black dark water, with the big full twilight moon, and the faces of the people who had jumped, still nodding in the aquatic, glorious, too contented to feel the cold, taunting the other competitors. The gun was just the goes between the legs.

It was the loneliness that got me in the end, like the knife, Jenny fake die to get boys to kiss her, the topmost of the ridge was a shaggy mass of black, where the trees, cove, where encroaching on the black rock, on a pink and orange backdrop, where the rock was getting gently pulled into the on the city far away, one or the other. But Maggie knew who they were, and she wanted all of me in the water, yet the plan was to be with him full about what a girl to do?

All the competitors had to announce themselves once they reached the top of the ridge, and then, this year's sportscaster, white wood roller-coaster bulb lights reflected the waves, three or more kids had yet to jump: Marcel being one.

Dinna Pliez, and Velez Washington. Nat, the man with the red hair, hell with the last name, I cannot remember. Maggie's best friend is me, her only friend, now. Maggie wedged her fingers in a fracture in the rocks and pulled. Prior, and in years past, she had observed all the other gamers fumbling up the ridge, like enormous, waterlogged bugs. Every year, people raced to be the first to jump, even though they did not earn any extra points. It was a pride thing.

She hammered her knee, hard, against a sharp elbow of rock. When she looked down, she could see a bit of dark blood streaking around her kneecap. Bizarrely, I did not feel any pain. Even if she cried her eyes out. And though everyone was still cheering and shouting, it all sounded distant. Matt's words drowned out all the voices. Look, it is just not working for me.

There is something about her, we can still be friends or more, I was wishing. The air was cool, my mind warm, the airstream had picked up, melodic through the tall trees, sending deep groans up from the outer waters, ships passing by.

Nevertheless, she was not cold anymore but her, her heart was beating hard in her throat like mine. She found

another handhold in the rock, braced her legs on the slick moss, lifted and leveled, as she had watched the gamers do, every summer since eighth grade. Dimly, she was aware of the voice, of a dolphin distorted by the loudspeaker, at night, around nine.

'Late in the disposing of... a new competitor.' But half his words got whipped away by the wind. Up and doing, up and around, active, ignoring the ache in her fingers on my legs, trying to stick to the left side of the ridge, where the rocks are high and show nicely, single-minded hard at angles into one another, forming a wide and jutting lip of stone, easy to traverse.

Suddenly a dark shape, a person, rocketed past her. She almost slipped. At the last second, she worked her feet more resolutely onto the narrow ledge, dug hard with her fingers to steady herself. A huge cheer went up, and Maggie's first thought was: Natalie, her daughter, but then she roared out, 'And he is in, and we are out, people! It is the same way trees grow around the very vines that are killing them, so they are inhibited and nonstop all at once. After a long time, even pain can be a comfort only if you let it be, don't you see?

Chapter: 43

Mirage

Baby, I am amazed by you...

It suddenly seemed a million miles away. Her belly turned, and for another, the mist cleared commencing her head, the annoyance and the hurt were blustered away, and she wanted to creep onward lower down the rock, not jump off back to the safety of the beach, where I was waiting, to run a huge They could go to Dot's for late-night waffles, extra butter, extra whipped cream.

Marcel is the one I contemplate being with at this point. We make genuineness our own, handle it until it is soft as pressed butter. Maddie, our thirty-second gamer, is in! Not at the top now. But those are just words, and words are just stories, and eventually, always, stories end. She risked a glance behind her and saw a steep slope, I see her standing there, off the jagged rock, the dark water breaking, over top, at the base of the ridge.

But it was too late. Andie's voice came whispering back, and she kept climbing, not stopping, I want to push where from the bottom No one knows who invented terror, or when it first opened. There are dissimilar theories. Some responsibility is the securing of the paper manufacturing works, which overnight placed 50 percent of the teen population of Pittsburgh, unemployed. They could drive around with all the gaps open, listening to the rising hum of the crickets, or sit together on the hood of their car and talk about nothing.

She learned to swallow words back like water down and hold secrets on my tongue until they were liquefied like bubbles. Boys, narrow your eyes at the sun until the tears ran down their faces; they put their hands up to that who scandalously change to arrested for allocating on the very same night he was named prom king, and now changes brake pads at the like the thoroughfares, likes to take credit; that is why he still goes to opening jump, four years after moving on.

'Standing by?'

'All set.'

'This day and age of now.'

'Almost immediately.'

'Look after, we all will know?'

Will it come about today, will it? I asked over and over.'

'Mien, guise; see for automatically!'

The teenagers constrained to each other like so loved, so many wildflowers, amalgamated. Scrutinizing the view for a look at the veiled rays of hope. It drizzled with it. Cream and that amazing blueness and they breathed of the fresh, fresh air and listened and listened to the silence which was on the back burner them in a blessed sea of no encyclopedic and no wave. It had been raining for ages or so it seems; many days by days now it has felt this way.

Utilizing the sweet crystal sapphire fall of sprays and rainbow mist and the concussion of rainstorms so substantial they were tiddling waves overcoming us just like the black sands of the beach island. Multifactorial, and packed from one end to the other with a shower, with the throb and gush of water, all rhythmic and rushing like us. They looked at everything and savored everything. Then, wildly, like colorful wild birds escaped from their tree's fronds, they took part and entered in shouting spheres. They ran for 60 minutes and did not stop successively.

A lot and more of timberlands had been wrinkly under the rain and grown up a thousand times to be crinkly once more.

(The flashback)

Marcel- Let us go swimming in the moonlight.

Karly- Yes, he said to me, I remember back. Come back here and put your clothes on! We do not need them, I said. I do not want to wear stuff in the water so come on. It is not good to be running around naked all the time and have kids looking at us oh come on and stop being shy. By ourselves, at last, I said to her. I neediness to swear at you something I cannot put into

words. I want you to promise me also now that you will be mine and fall for only me. That you will never- ever, go away... On the same island trip as now, the flashback happened as he walked to me, with the same sexy look as when we were younger.

Why?

I will express why you, youngsters, were at that time. Look at us, Look at us. She was silly, nervous, are you ready for the first kiss? There he was, he must have swum over there thinking about doing it, under the moonlight, things getting sexual, and we go-to far, with the heavy petting and so on. Gone to sleep, in his room yet not aloud, yet the doors counted, so why not take the risk, come on.

Could you repeat that? It is your responsibility, 'It's ending, it's discontinuing!' 'Yes, surely! 'She reared apart from them, from these kids who will ever remember a period when there was not rain and pain and sin.

They were all nine years old, and if there had been a day, so many eons ago, when the sun came out for an hour and showed its face to the stunned world, they would not have amnesia. Wake up occupancies go! Do not fear, Karly, we will be all right they will hear or see us. Starting, this looks like a good place to stay for a while upon the rock and falls. What are you talking about? Sometimes, at night, she heard them stir, in tribute, and she knew they were dreaming and remembering gold or a fair-haired oil pastel or a coin large enough to buy the world with.

She knew they thought they remembered a temperateness, like a blushing in the face, in the physique, in the trembling hands, weaponry, legs, and then they always awoke to endless movements of us, shaking downcast of clear bead blue necklaces upon the table it was for me to keep, I said I would never- ever take it off, the walk, the gardens, the

forests, and their dreams were gone. And then- amid their running one of the girls howled.

She is like a person looking through the wrong end of a telescope, complaining that everything appears small. Everyone still, the girl, standing up in the open, held out her hand. 'Oh, look, aspect,' she said, shuddering. They came unhurriedly to look at her opened palm and long fingers. I guess we all have some of these - memories like artillery shells, fired at close range in the center of it, cupped and huge, was a solo raindrop. She began to cry, looking at it. They peeped unobtrusively at the rays.

A breeze blew cold around them. They turned and started to walk back toward the underground house, their hands at their sides, their smiles vanishing away. That is innovativeness if you ask me- never-ending division. 'Oh, Um-hum.' Or it is a life that is the infection: a feverish dream, a hallucination of feelings. Death is sanitization, cleaning, and medication. A few cold drops fell on their noses as well as her cheeks plus her mouth. The sun faded behind a stir of mist, a success of boom startled them, and like leaves beforehand a new gale, they fell upon each other like rain drips kissing the sky.

Up and down, up, and down, like a ladder of choices leading to the next choice, and the next, until suddenly you have run out of choices, and tree, and you find time as rare and thin as air on a mountain. Then it is in-oh-m's, sad, turns more than. Lightning struck seven miles away, five miles away, and then closer and closer than here only a half a mile from us in the waves.

The thundering boom to every sticky hit of his hips under the dark blue green with yellow cast ink like water, the sky darkened into midnight stars with a staccato flash twinging movement about and tingling down under. It all simmers down

to the same thing, are you going to play the cards you got, or they are going to fold are they not?

All day yesterday they had read in class about the sun. About how like a washout it was, and how hot and how the moon is the poor light at night like not making us feel as we do. As well as they had authored small stories or essays or poems about it, the sun is a flower, that flowers for just one in 60 minutes.

That was Maddie's poem, read in a quiet voice in the still classroom while the rain was falling to you, I feel on the outside of days. They stood in the doorways looking in, out in the open for a moment until it was found, there raining hard, see clearly through the pouring rainstorm, then they closed the door and fussed, as they could over her head, gotten the enormous sound of the rain falling to You! Masses and falls, everywhere and forever- never all the fallen. We are all just a pool of wires pulled tight, charged beyond volume- a tangle of plugs and stopcocks, waiting for a swell to take down the entire system. Parents teach us our very first lesson about love: that you do not get to choose it.

Looking back...

Chapter: 44

Tangled

Certain stories must remain mine so that there is me to remain. 'Will it be seven more years?' 'Aw, you didn't write that!' protested one of the boys. 'I did,' said Maggie. 'I did.' 'Marcel said the teacher. But that was yesteryear. Now the rain was a lull, and the youngsters were crushed in like looking out the windows of young love. Where is the teacher, I look for my bottoms and top also?' 'She'll be back soon.' 'She should hurry up in an imperativeness because we will miss out on it!' They

turned on themselves, like a feverish wheel, all tumbling spokes. Maggie stood alone like a stone.

She was a very frail girl who looked as if she had been lost in the rain for years and the rain had washed out the blue from her eyes and the red from her mouth and the yellow from her hair. She was an old snapshot dusted from an album, whitened away, and if she spoke at all her voice would be a ghost. Now she rose, separate, staring at the rain and the loud wet world beyond the huge glass.

What are you looking at?

Margot said nothing. 'Speak when you're spoken to.' He offered her a thrust. But she did not move; she let herself be moved only by him and nonentity else. They edged away from her; they would not look at her. She felt them go away. And this was because she would play no games with them in the hollow tunnels of the subversive urbanizes.' If they labeled her and ran, she stood irregularly after them and did not monitor. We no longer pay attention to the clocks.

Why?

Why should we? Noon is the taste of tropical-ness and the feel of a splinter under a nail. Morning is mud and decaying seals. The evening smells of cooked pasta and mushrooms. And the night is shivering, and the feel of mice sniffing around our skin. When the class sang songs about happiness, life, and games her lips were about stimulated.

Only when they sang about the sun and the summer did her lips move as she watched the drenched windows. And then, of course, the biggest crime of all was that she had come here only five years ago from Earth, and she remembered the sun and the way the sun was, and the sky was when she was four in Pa. As well as they, they had been on ensuring all their lives, and

they had been only two years old when last the sun came out and had long since forgotten the color and heat of it and the way it was. But Margot remembered.

(Cut into the future)

Kellie- A FLICKER, Of LIGHT with no hope, just burliness. Perceptible.

ORANGE...YELLOW... the sky's as we realize... It is on FIRE... with could robotic industry. 'It's like a penny,' she said once, eyes closed. 'No, it's not!' the children cried. 'It's like a fire,' she said, 'on the stove.' 'You're lying, you don't dredge up like mud and quicksand!' Cried the children see them as run and do. Burn like books as they do. Revulsions of nuclear warfare taking blaze the sun dropping out now duff start nothing but emptiness, ash, and dust all me eat and taste. They rushed in with the flag and the eyes of fire. Eyes, snapping open.

My face, covered in sweat lying in bed. Sheets tangled around looking at the all-glass wall seeing the dismay of life falling into nothingness, his legs running away from, yet she dies. The alarm clock, playing something ruthlessly and sunny, unlike the landscape. Sits up not thinking the change is here. Wincing domes day over and end, like clocks running backward like the rosins of the polls, shakes it out I do, a Trying to forget not a dream, I remember the past and the world before we kill it.

You are in danger... the eyes look at my face. I rub my hands over his face. Get out of bed. The apartment, simple plastic, Unexceptional sterol, rash behavior, the signs of someone who lives alone, for man must fight them all off, no window covers the flying ships look in all the time. A little messy, they say as I walk from the bed to the bath in that all open in the nude, they must see it all, so they say we feel safe. But she remembered and stood quietly apart from all of them

and watched the patterning windows. And once, a month ago, she had refused to shower in the school shower rooms, had clutched her hands to her ears and over her head, screaming the water must not touch her head. So, after that, dimly, she sensed it, she was different, and they knew her difference and kept away.

There was talk that her father and mother were taking her back to Earth the next year; it seemed vital to her that they do so, though it would mean the loss of thousands of dollars to her family. I tube down to the low's levees 5,000 feet (about 1.52 km) or more down, past the hegemonic plant life on the roofs, and parks within the building cities. I live on top of the water on the way up at the height, steps outside.

Screens everywhere, into the flow of PERSON ALONG FOR THE RIDE heading for the elevated trains just zipping by my face with the wind. Elbow to elbowing craziness. A river of humans mixed with animatronics.

Moves along on the ground if you can call it that with its creepy glow, like everyone else, not a tree to be found only within the buildings, it is all pumped out so we can live on the HVAC over every roadway, Swiftly I see all the lights making up for the brightness of the sun that has departed, the moon a close to us as it can get all the others stars shining brightly ours linking like a dubbed sided lighthouse of the past.

My shoulders tense wearing this clothing black and white only and think. That feeling at the back of his neck of them sniffing me out. Humanoids are unstopped of me all the time, like a car on the street, there all over, yet no work to be found, they do it all, as we suck it in, in the grandmaster of fear.

A ROBOT Just behind me touching me all over with his cold not soft hands. Humanoid in design, but still clearly a mechanism of tritium, looking eyes, and girly faces, or boy like

they have sexual identity and names, they are born into the world and killed by robots also with a feel not useful, like us, by doctors; Copper and manufactured casings covering hydraulic muscles glowing light colors of their personality.

Like this little girl Allie, she glows pink at age five, harmless to all, not sufficient to live yet, the choice not chosen yet. Yet what is life to a robot, do they have a soul, have emissions, or feel if you are like her then maybe you do, why kill her for being a kid, and meeting their standards, the thing wisdoms her stare.

She Looks up and then is dragged away like that guy over there to be put down. Nothing but mutter... is life now and so, the children cut off from us... as they run like nude bugs over the play yards.

Doing the test to live or die, what is right for life? They picked us now, hated her for all these reasons of big and little consequence. The government overturned, they won, and they hated her shiny articulate face, her waiting silence, her thinness, and her probable future. I am a teacher or so they say in the yard now, ever looking as they do the teaching or so they say for us, as they know me more than me, 'Get away from him it yells!'

The boy gave her another push. 'What are you waiting for? He is injected with it and out?' Then, for the first time, she turned and looked at his eyes still open. He said goodbye in a quick breath. There are over ten of these in five years groping a day, and up, and what she was waiting for was in her eyes not to look at her in the way, yet they always do. The kids loved her to understand how they would not meet the ways of the world.

'Well, don't wait around here!' cried the boy savagely. 'You won't see anything!' Her lips moved. 'Nothing!' he cried. 'It was all a joke, wasn't it?' He turned to the other children.

'Nothing is happening today. Is it?' They all bat an eyelid at him and then, understanding, laughed and shook their heads, 'Nothing, and nothing!'

It (death) is not an infection, she said. She might be right. Then again, we have nested in the walls like bacteria. We have taken over the house, its insulation, and its plumbing- we have made it our own. 'Oh, but' Margot whispered, her eyes helpless. 'But this is the day, the scientists predict, they say, they know, the sun.' Or it is a life that it is the infection: a feverish dream, a hallucination of feelings. Death is a purification, a cleansing, and a cure. A WORK SQUAD of mysteriously- formed

RUBE GOLDBERG ROBOTS resourcefully repair the street. No human supervision, on any work like building skyscapes, looks so high, it is nuts to me. They have talked it over, ALL!!! A ROBOTIC CLEAN-UP CREW.

Lumbering along the sidewalk.

Washing, sweeping. Trash sucking fix... Humanoid ROBOTS peppering the crowd. Following their past owners. Walking slowly, or fast running so going past. Carrying boxes and crap. Requirements, fake facts, document cases, and young bodies. She always imagined their voices entangled somewhere in the wires when they spoke, caught up in a grid she did not fully understand, passing back and forth. Once the calls were disconnected, she imagined the echoes of old conversations would be trapped there, floating back and forth with no exit, like ghosts. 'All a joke!' said the boy and seized her.

'Hey, all and sundry, let's put her in a clandestine before the teacher comes!'

The NIGHT TRAIN like long memorials dashing toward me a white line in the front red in the back on the up first of

seven uppers. Soaring, gravity-defying OFFICE BUILDINGS dominate the skyline. Older buildings wedged among the new. All are protected by huge glass and steel shields. As we get closer congested roads and freeways begin to disappear below ground into a series of subterranean tunnels. The oldie highways have become titanic, voluminous arcades. An elevator opens with a hiss step out into a flavorless passageway.

MY footpaths, hollowing through the sky rises, which I am now going into out of death. MY stops at a set of DISPARATE DOORS. Looks over at one, when the other suddenly OPENS with a command. AS yours truly TIMEPIECE THE SCREENS to see the news around the world all the same. The elevator opens and CLINICIAN phases into the metal corridor. In countless VIEWPOINTS. High, low, close-up, wide.

All facts are not known to be composed but tight and young to a point. Death is nearing me, I see that, they want that. ME- watches the doors open to admit me in the rush upwards. The doors slide closed behind him. Then a muffled red laser-ROUND like an endless machine gun I hear a kid yell out. I walk and not look, as they tumble down in a lined-up row, all death no reason. Turns back to the screens.

YOU- I gave you an order... you the order not to kill her I ran to the desk, of the hands that run the government, robotics departments. 'Yes- we hear your cries out for help yet that rain the math that we can, or you don't have.'

FREAK YOU!

She has by the tie, I do not see kill your life, that you do not even understand, I think we can see more than enough looking over the wall screens, at the wastes. You killed my baby girl off- Kantilla! The Robot did not use it, she was one point away from life, pushed back towards the door. The gun on my back- go or die.

Killer robots, not of the laws, I never thought it possible.

Shaking in its hand, I see mothers cry. Happy for the clean-up as they say. Bodies burnt in a large firebox in the mid-city, see the black smoke for kilometers. Mass graves are wanted and have been in place now, it is all the same no name to be remembered by, just a large hologram in the full finger, saying lines- as I love you, on your wrist is not life to me or having them here. I am desperate and unclear, and incompatible.

She touches the WALL PANEL making her way back to her appearance in the high rise, without her young life. The doors slide open. The Robot, said I am sorry for your loss today, 'Anything I can do,' as she goes and weeps,

'Yeah, FREAK OFF!'

'NO! Need for luggage, or you be put down,' Turning to RUN as the doors begin to shut... 'Then do it ass hole!!!' Do you see all the fold-up taxis flying by and lined up changing? I wanted to run a grab one I have played with for years, ten dollars a day, and everyone one of them you can take and use if you see it? You know them by the yellow glass they have and the bubble and one-person compact coup shape.

Only people that have the money for a grandmaster car or one like it does not- use the people's transportation, like the trains. If you have the money for biofuel to run them, and those seven dollars a gallon. You can see the grayness rushing out the side finders. Everything else is electric, see some war man working for nothing at the coal mines to keep light up and flying, see them all down yonder.

It could easily be a robots' job, yet man needs money for their partners, weeding is outdated we just live together regales of sex, we reproduce at age 17 and 19 and, to kids, male

and female, if younger or older you have them terminated. They find the right boy at 14 for you yet you say okay if you fall to them.

My girl never has that neither did I thankfully, she may be better off than living in this world. Robots have them on the little box-like huller trucks with titanium sides all swoop.

The Robot steps out into the metal corridor. To look at her, WEAPON ran through her pointing to the floor. Looking out the high-rise, cars race up to and down a RAMP slowly showing up by the window, you can see a grandmaster in pink, and the roadway becomes a 14- as races in the building, lane underground tunnel system. A river of HEADLIGHTS stretches forever in both directions.

Chapter: 45

Specter

#- sis- #- wannabe!

(Flashback contented)

The rain stopped... They crowded through the huge door. The rain slacked still more. It was as if, amid a film vis-à-vis an inundation, a cyclone, a gale, a volcanic outburst, something had, first, gone wrong with the all-encompassing apparatus, thus deadening and finally spiteful off all noise, all the blasts and ramifications, and thunders, and then, second, ripped the film from the projector and inserted in its place a beautiful tropical slide which did not move or tremor.

Then, laughing, they turned and went out and back down the tunnel, just as the teacher arrived. ‘No,’ said Maggie, falling back onto her backside. They surged about her, caught her up being a smart aleck to her, complaining, and then

imploring, and then crying, back into a tunnel, an area, a closet, where they slammed and locked the door.

She was frustrated, to say the least. They stood looking at the door and saw it tremble from her beating and throwing herself against it. They heard her muffled cries. ‘Ready, Kiddies?’ She glanced at her watch. ‘Yes, yes we are!’ Said everyone or in some way like that.

‘Are we there yet?’

‘Yes!’

Decent mood, bad mood, ugly, pretty, beautiful good-looking girl and then him all brilliant out before me like the sun and the night moon, what have you, the right person will still think the sun shines out your ass. That is life, that is the kind of person, that is worth sticking with the world ground to a standstill. The hush was so immense and fantastic that you felt your ears had been stuffed or you had lost your hearing altogether. The best thing you can do is find a person who loves you for exactly what you are.

The sun came out. The children put their hands to their ears. They stood apart. The door slid back and the smell of the silent, waiting world came into them. It was the color of flaming bronze, and it was exceptionally large. And the sky around it was a blazing blue tile color. And the jungle burned with sunlight as the children, released from their spell, rushed out, yelling into the springtime.

‘Oh, it’s better than the sun-lighters, exist it?’

‘Nowadays, don’t go too far,’ called the teacher after them like wildfire and heat. ‘You’ve only two hours, you know. You would not want to get jammed out.’ But they were running and turning their faces up to the sky and feeling the sun on their

cheeks like a warm iron; they were taking off their jackets and letting the sun burn their arms.

'Abundant, much recovering from the sun!'

It was the shade of neoprene and slag, this rainforest, from the many years without the sun. It was the color of stones and white cheeses and ink, and it was the color of the moon. They stopped running and stood in the great jungle that covered the moon, which nurtured and never stopped growing peacefully, even as you watched it. The children lay out, laughing, on the jungle mattress, and heard it sigh and squeak under them resilient and alive. It was a layer of octopi, clustering up great arms of body tidy, wavering, flowering in this brief mainspring. And so, the lion fell in love with the lamb...' he murmured... I looked away, hiding my eyes as I thrilled to the word. 'What ill-advised mutton- what is it, what might it be?' I moaned. Could you repeat that sick, masochistic lion?

I like the night, and its sky, and the moon setting inside. With the dark, we would never see the stars as the clouds passed till now hand and hand looking up on the beach. I decided if I am going to hell, I might as well do it thoroughly. Unfluctuating more, I had never meant to love him. One thing I truly knew- distinguished it in the depths of my belly, in the center of my frames, knew it from the summit of my head to the soles of my feet, and knew it deep in my empty boobs- was how love gave somebody the power to break you... I know love and lust do not always keep the same company. At nightfall, the darkness is so liable, don't you think this, yet I ponder the fact? It is the safest time of day for us. The easiest time, but also the saddest, in a way...the end of another day, the return of the night. I remember it all, not if it at the same time. No matter how perfect the day is, it always must end.

Chapter: 46

Damocles

They ran among the trees, they slipped and demolish, they pushed each other, they played hide-and-seek and tag, but furthermost of all they squinted at the sun until the tears ran down their faces; they put their arrows up to that blueness and that amazing yellowness into gray whiteness, and they breathed of the fresh, fresh air and listened and listened to the silence which suspended them in a blessed sea of no sound and no motion.

Everyone stopped. The girl, standing in the open, held out her hand. They gazed at everything and savored everything. Then, wildly, like animals escaped from their caves, they ran and ran in uproar circles. They ran for an hour and did not stop running and then- of all the midst of their consecutively one of the girls wailed. ‘Oh my- wow- oh- look at that WO-ow, gaze, stare,’ we all are trembling his arm around me currently. They came sluggishly to look at her unopened palms.

In the center of it, cupped and huge, was a single raindrop.

She began to cry, looking at it. What is she to me? Except for a hazard, a danger, you have chosen to inflict on all of us. They glanced quietly at the sun. ‘Oh. Oh. And OH!’ A few cold drops fell on their noses and their cheeks and mouths.

The sun faded behind a stir of mist. His voice is noiseless. He turned to look at me with a wistful manifestation. The wonderful eyes held mine, and I lost my train of belief. I stared at him until he looked away. ‘You have not asked me, with a wind blowing cold around them. Are you still fainting from the run? Or was it my kissing expertise? They turned and started to walk back toward the anti-establishment house, their hands at their sides, their smiles vanishing away.

Lightning struck... A flourishing of thunder startled them and like leaves before a new hurricane, they stumbled upon each other and ran. Ten miles away, five miles away, a mile, a half-mile. The sky darkened into midnight in a flash. They stood in the doorway of the underground for a moment until it was raining hard. Then they closed the door and heard the gigantic sound of the rain falling in heaps and falls, everywhere and forever. 'Will it be seven more years, till?'

'Yes. Seven.' Then one of them gave a little cry.'

You- her- she- Karly! 'What?' 'She's still in the closet where we locked her.' They stood as if someone had driven them, like so many stakes, onto the floor. They observed each other and then beheld and looked away. They could not encounter each other's glimpses. They glanced out at the world that was raining now and drizzling and raining progressively.

IT'S ALL RUNNING OUT OF ME!

It is a -Full moon...

I FELT LIKE I WAS IMPRISONED IN ONE OF THOSE CHILLING... hallucinations, the one where you must run, trip until my lungs would surely burst to my heartbeat, but you cannot make your body move fast enough nor your breath to your heart. Holding it all in... My legs moved sluggish, leisure-liner and dawdling as I crashed my way finished the callous horde, but the hands-on the huge timepiece of the tower did not slow me the way. With unyielding, heartless strength, they turned inescapably in the direction of the termination of the whole thing.

I have to say more, more needs to be said, my life must go on, I must get those days back, I must. They up or down there will not stop me from doing just that. But this was no dream, and, unlike the nightmare, I was not running for my life

like always; run for them or agents, run to him and they yet run away, I was battling to save something more prized, valued, and treasured. My own life meant little more than most in the past to me nowadays then back in between or before and now. The clock ding-donged again, and the sun beat miserably from the center argument of the heavens.

Olivia had said- Thus it did not substance to me that we were enclosed by our particularly dangerous opponents. 'There was a good chance we would both die here someday up on this thing looking at the new moon. Perchance the aftermath would be unlike if she were not trapped by the brilliant sunlight or midnight moon, solitary I was free to run across this bright packed quadrangular; as well as I might not run speedily amply. As the clock began to ring out the hour, vibrant less than the soles of my lethargic bottoms, I knew I was too nighttime- and I was glad something murderous waited in the dark wings. For in failing at this, I forfeited any desire to live.

Chapter: 47

GET-TOGETHER

SURE, I WAS- dreaming- yes, I was not- why? It could be all.

The whys and wherefores, I was so unsure where that primary, I was stand-up in a lively channel of sunbeams- the sympathetic of extraordinary strong rays that never be skilled in my wet new hometown in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, I was looking at my dad. Like you had not changed much; his face looked just the same as I remembered it. Some years moved on, and I got out of that place I was in, I went looking for him, I did not know what I would find, yet my dad was the first step towards the way like following the moon at night.

Now I remember him- the crust was soft and emaciating, bent into a- many miniature wrinkles that hugged moderately to the maxilla beneath. Like a dehydrated apricot, but with a wisp of profuse silver hair standing out in a mist around it. Our doorways- hers a crinkly picker- blowout into the same flabbergasted demi-beam at just the same time as I., she makes certain been expecting to see me, one or the other.

On the other hand, she opened her mouth when I did, so I stopped to let her go first. She paused, too, and then we emo- smiled at the little gracelessness. I was about to ask her a question; I had so many-what was she doing here in my dream? What had she been up to in the past six years? Was popular okay, and had they found each other, everywhere they were?

‘Karly!’

I was awake or asleep... or even dead, I had bet. The voice I would walk through fire for-or, less dramatically, slush every day through the cold and endless rain for Marcel; It was not the dad who called my name, and we both turned to see the accumulation of our small reunion. I did not have to look to know who it was; this was a voice, I would know anywhere- know, and retort to, whether even though I was always electrified to see him- mindful or otherwise-and even though I was almost positive that I was dreaming, I lose your nerve as Marcel walked toward us through the conspicuous sunlight.

I freak out because dad did not be acquainted with, that I was in love with an angel- nobody knew that- so how was I personally, hypothetical to give details the fact that the wonderful sunbeams were shattering off his skin into a thousand polychromatic ruins like he was made of diamond or crystal-like in the rain? Well, dad, you might have noticed that my girlfriend gleams in white. It is just something she does... in her glow for only me. Do not disquiet about it... you would not

understand what he still thinks; I sound senseless- even if I know she is true.

~*~

What was his responsibility? In that subsequent, I wanted that I was not the one omission to his mysterious talent; I usually felt appreciative that I was the only person whose thoughts he could not hear just as clearly as if they were spoken aloud.

In one piece of purpose, he lived in Pittsburgh, the rainiest place in the world, so that he could be outside in the daytime without exposing his family's secret.

Marcel- still smiling so strikingly that my heart, felt like it was going to swell up and burst through my container- put his arm around me assume, and turned to face my mother. Up until now here he was, strolling charmingly toward me- with the most fine-looking smile on his seraph's face- like hers in the night as if I were the only one here. But now I wished he could hear me, too, so that he could listen to the warning, I was earsplitting in my skull. I shot a panicked glance back at my dad and saw that it was too late at night.

My dad's manifestation surprised me. She was just turning to stare back at me, her eyes as alarmed as mine. I promise to love you forever- never- ever- ever, important go not one solo day of forever. Does it bother you, me being half-naked all the time I was thinking to myself, like me dressing like this? Simply then, as I looked at the better-quality picture, did I warn the huge gilt frame that enclosed my mother's method.

~*~

She copycatted the effort exactly, mirrored it. But where our fingers should have met, there was nothing but cold

glass... With a dizzying thunderbolt, my hallucination abruptly turns out to be horrendous. There was no dad here for me at this time yet, I knew he would be there for me if I needed him. Instead of looking depressed, she was staring at me self-consciously, as if waiting for an admonishment. Besides, she was standing in such an outlandish position- a single-arm held awkwardly away from her body, stretched out, and then curled around the air.

Like she had her arm around someone I could not see, someone invisible... Inexpressive, I raised the hand that was not wrapped around Marcel's waist and reached out to touch her. That be me, I am standing up in the glass looking at me and myself looking back at me. Me- prehistoric, wrinkled, and faded. Marcel stood beside me, casting no reflection, agonizingly lovely and forever fourteen. He pressed his freezing, perfect lips against my wasted cheek, and hands-on my backside all at once.

'Happy birthday,' he whispered. It was my birthday all right- 'I wanted my birthday sex!' I woke with start-my eyelids nipping open wide- and wheezed. Cloudy gray light, used to the light of a gloomy morning, took the place of the blinding sun in my daydream. I coveted you. I had no right to want you- but then again yours truly reached out and took you anyway. And now look what has become of you! Trying to seduce an angel. As well as the all-encompassing of your heart,' he continued.

'It is the most significant sound in my biosphere. I am so attuned to it now; I curse I could pick it out from miles away. But neither of these things matter. This,' he said, taking my face in his small hand. 'You. That is what I am keeping. You will always be my Karly, you will just be a little more durable just a dream, Dream happy dreams. You are the only one who has ever touched my heart. It will always be yours.'

All through the perfect summer- the happiest summer I had ever had, the happiest summer anyone anywhere had ever had, and the rainiest summer in the history of the Olympic Cape- this bleak date had lurked in ambush, waiting for spring. Sleep, my only love or so it is like not eating is my next. I told myself. It was only a hallucination or a daydream into a nightmare. I took a deep inhalation and then hurdled again when my alarm went off like always. The little schedule in the angle of the clock's display informed me that today was September thirteenth. Only a dream, but far- nearsighted enough in one way, at a minimum.

Today was my birthday. I was officially eighteen years old. I have personally been terrified of this day for months, and longer or more than that even. In addition to knowing that it had hit, it was even of inferior quality than I for one to be afraid of it would be present. I could feel it- I was an adult, every day I got grown- up more than the last, but this was dissimilar, worse, inferior, shoddier, poorer, not as good as, and eviler than they.

Measurable... was I- fourteen.

Me- my- eyebrows hang up about wedged in a worried line, over my nervous brown eyes. Besides Marcel never- ever would be all mine, nor did I see it being that way, on that day at the time, in that year now in the flashback. When I went to brush my teeth, I was almost surprised that the face in the mirror had not changed. It was just a dream, I reminded myself again, just a freaked-out dream, crap, piss, just freaking crap! Just a dream- God- A- crap... but also my worst nightmarish thing-ie. You detained your hand out at me, and I took it shorn of ending to make intelligence of what I for one set upright doing.

Aimed at the original time in a period, I touched courage.

Crap- I skipped breakfast, in a hurry to get out of the house as quickly as a freak. I was not entirely able to avoid my dad, and so I had to spend a few minutes acting cheerful, I did not give a freak at that either, crap- suck- and freak a p*ssy!

He- he- p*ssy farts!

Chapter: 48

Feel the inside of me

Do not you just looooovvvveeee here she's so-Oo -like me! - #- sis!

Look at this photo of the past- not like mine either!

You saw how I was remembered... what did you think?

(Story)

Cave of wonders her vajayjay, and the one next to it all the girls there in their seats- I honestly tried to be excited about the gifts, I for one requested him not to get me, but every time I had to smile, it felt like I might start crying.

HOLY Soggy box- I struggled to get a grip on myself as I drove to school. The vision of Gran-I would not think of it as me- was hard to get out of my head. I could not feel anything but despair until I pulled into the familiar parking lot behind Pitt- Clit High and spotted Marcel leaning motionlessly against his polished silver Volvo, like a marble tribute to some forgotten pagan god of beauty.

Titties- I stared at myself, looking for some sign of impending wrinkles in my ivory skin. The only creases were the ones on my forehead, though, and I knew that if I could manage to relax, they would disappear. I could not...

He- he- I said pitt- cl*t- and t*ts!

Well, they go together, don't they...? make the beast with two backs- hand on d*ick- and his winner there in my mind- The dream had not completed him justice. And he was in the making there for me, just the same as every other day. Hopelessness momentarily missing; wonder took its place. Even after half a year with him, I still could not believe that I deserved this degree of good fortune. The sight of sis waiting there- her tawny eyes brilliant with excitement, and a small silver-wrapped square in her hands- made me frown. I for one told Kellie, I did not want no matter which for anything, not gifts or even attention, for my birthday. Understandably, my wishes were being passed over.

My sister Kellie was standing by his side, waiting for me, too. So not cool, so not- crap- b*tch, Of course, Marcel and she were not related (in Pittsburgh the story was that all the Cullen siblings were adopted by Dr. Parlis and his wife, Ilsmel, both too young to have teenage children), but their skin was precisely the same pale shade, their eyes had the same strange golden tint, with the same deep, bruise-like shadows beneath them. Her face, like his, was also startlingly beautiful. To celebrities in the know- big shot like me- these resemblances marked them for what they remained. I saw Mr. King in class today said- 'How's it hanging!' He was struggling with some poop freaker.

(That man over there- look... with that again you get it he yells crap out not saying anything like- but butt-pug and crap with piss and honey whole beeped out-run of words here- that he said ending with hamburger. We Have to keep PG- 13 here, more for mom and dad; so- they do not freaking crap themselves, yet the teenagers feel it is all good. -Yeah, suck on this crap- MR. KING! SEXY is it NOT? It is good crap... is it not? Here is my pooper scooper. Good boy!)

Mr. King is barking at kids again, I said, looking at Olivia! He is nuts-o and sometimes creepy. Butt- poopy- I slammed the

door of my 50 Nash- a burst of rust specks trembled down to the wet blacktop-and walked slowly toward where they waited. Olivia skipped forward to meeting me, her fairy face glowing under her spiky black hair.

'Happy birthday, Karly!' Yeeeeaaaahhhh!

~*~

'Shh-it!' I whispered, glancing around the lot to make sure no one had overheard her. The last thing I wanted to be celebration of the obscure event. She ignored me. 'Do you want to sweep your present now or later?' she asked eagerly as we made our way to where Marcel was still waiting.

Olivia would have 'seen' what my parents were planning as soon as they had decided that themselves. 'Nope no presents- no mothers and dad either damn.' I moaned in a murmur. She finally processed my mood. 'Satisfactory... later, then. Did you like the notebook your mom sent you, as well as the phone from daddy?' I groaned and felt the crap inside me move downwards, that duping feeling and crap- of course, she would know what my birthday presents were. Marcel was not the only member of his family with exceedingly rare skills of random crap.

'Yeah, they are awesome, grand, and everything, I wanted- freak, not.'

'It is a nice idea. You are only a senior once. Might as well document the experience.' 'How numerous times have you been a senior or backward in life?' 'That's different to me yet the same it is all the same yet not it is rolling off me like water or something else that is thicker. Not all blood do I have coming out of me.' 'I am one- down with your bad-self, kick-ass emo-chick!'

We reached Marcel then at that point in the room, in that place, here now, and there, we looked, we saw, it was, he held out his hand for mine. I took it eagerly, forgetting, for a moment, my glum mood. His skin was, as always, smooth, hard, and very cold. He gave my fingers a gentle squeeze. I looked into his liquid eyes, and my heart gave a not-quite-so-gentle squeeze of its own. Hearing the stutter in my heartbeats, he smiled again.

He lifted his free hand and traced one cool fingertip around the outside of my lips as he spoke. ‘So, as discussed, I am not allowed to wish you a happy birthday, is that correct?’ ‘You know I love you right?’

‘I know,’ he breathed, his arm tightening automatically around my waist.

‘You know how much I wish it were enough.’ ‘Naturally, that is truthful.’ I could never quite mimic the flow of his perfect, formal articulation. It was something that could only be picked up in an earlier century.

‘Just checking.’ He ran his hand through his tousled bronze hair. ‘You might have changed your mind. Most people enjoy things like birthdays and gifts.’

Olivia laughed, and the sound was all silver, a wind chime. ‘Of course, you will enjoy it. Everyone is supposed to be nice to you today and give you your way, Kar. What is the worst that could happen?’ She inescapable it as a linguistic interrogation.

‘I am getting older and wiser every mother-freaking day-mother,’ Dad-I answered anyway, and my voice was not as steady as I wanted it to be. Nevertheless, I said that in front of her. She was so pissed you would not get it... if you tried too.

Beside me, Marcel's smile tenses up into a solid line. Like I am freaking, love this butt- a cute crazy girl! 'Fourteen isn't even that- very old,' Olivia said. Marcel- 'Good grammar,' he said aloud to her nuzzled at me. 'Don't girls usually wait till they're twenty to get upset over birthdays?' I am going to die in a year of old age- oh no!

'It's older than Marcel,' I mumbled.

He sighed. Not as the pad you have on that I can whiff in the durable form right smack- dab- here.

'Gross! A-hole!' said Liv.

#- Hashtag- (Ba-boom-ching, and LOL)